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Encounter

Richard Lowenthal
RUSSIA, CHINA AND THE WEST: A NEW BALANCE

John Mander
SOUTH AFRICA: REVOLUTION? PARTITION?

Bernard Lewis
MIDDLE EAST: RECOIL FROM THE WEST

Ten Poems by Sylvia Plath

R. Prawer Jhabvala
A Story

Eric Rhode
Hitchcock's Art

Allen Tate
Theodore Roethke

John Hollander
On Fanny Hill

J. M. Cameron
Marxism

edited by
Stephen Spender and Melvin J. Lasky

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Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

OCTOBER 1963 VOL. XXI NO. 4

ASSISTANT EDITORS: *Margot Walmsley, John Mander, John Gross.* CIRCULATION & ADVERTISING: *John Hall*
Published monthly at 25 Haymarket London SW1. 4s. a copy (USA & Canada 75c. India Rs.1.50). Postage: 6d.
Annual subscription (inc. postage): 50s.: USA & Canada $8.50: India Rs.18. Six months: 27s.: $4.50: Rs.11.
Subscription & Trade department: Rolls House Publishing Co. Ltd. Breams Buildings London EC4 (Holborn 5708).
US & Canadian subscriptions may be entered with British Publications Inc. 30 East 60th Street New York 22
US newsstand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc. 415 Madison Ave. (8th Floor) New York 17 (Plaza 5–5133).
Second-class mail privileges authorised at the Post Office New York NY © *1963 by Encounter Ltd.*

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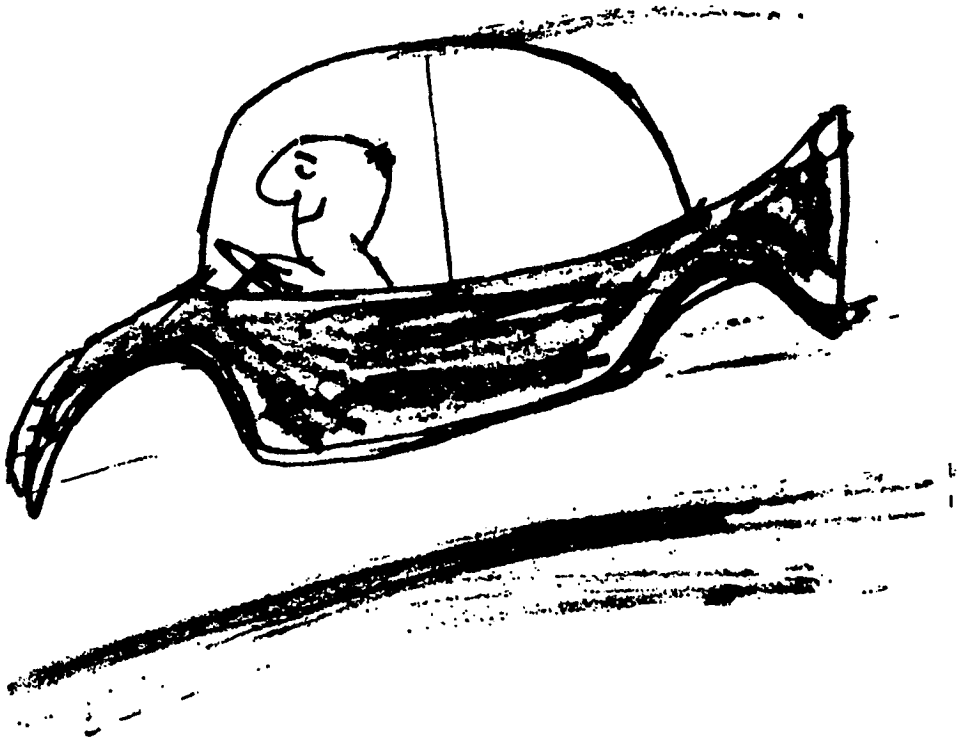

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Richard Lowenthal

The World Scene Transformed

THE COMMUNIST power bloc, whose ideologically motivated expansionism has determined the post-war shape of world affairs, has broken into two unequal parts. At the same time, the Soviet Union has had to break off its world-wide political offensive, which it began in the autumn of 1957 in the hope of achieving without world war a decisive breakthrough; and it has embarked on a new effort to relax East-West tension. Both decisions became definitely clear this past July in Moscow when the ideological talks between the party delegations of the Soviet and Chinese Communists were adjourned without positive result, and when the diplomatic negotiations between the representatives of the Soviet, American, and British governments ended in agreement on a partial banning of nuclear test explosions—an agreement promptly denounced by the leaders of Communist China as a "dirty fraud."

The world scene appears strikingly transformed, and the players themselves are showing signs of uncertainty as to how far their roles have changed. True, both events had been foreseeable for months: the turn in Soviet strategy towards the West derived from the failure of Khrushchev's Cuban adventure last autumn, and the Sino-Soviet break at least since the open opposition of the two powers during the Indo-Chinese "border conflict" at the same time. Nevertheless, opinions on the extent and significance of the change differ widely. One school regards the events of the summer of 1963 as the beginning of the end of the "Cold War"; it sees the bipolar field of force, in which the Communist and anti-Communist systems of alliances were grouped around the two thermonuclear giants, as giving way to a new international pluralism, a concert of fully sovereign powers forming varying combinations according to their national interests and without regard to ideology —as in the classical age of the balance of power. In that view, the Moscow agreement appears as the first step towards a broader understanding between the Anglo-American powers and the Soviets, the Sino-Soviet break as the model for the inevitable emancipation of a Gaullist Little Europe from Washington—a reversal of alliances hailed by British neutralists and continental chauvinists from opposite motives, but with equal enthusiasm.

On the other hand there are those who still doubt that anything essential has changed. Their sceptical voices warn us that the Sino-Soviet break may not be irreversible, and that at any rate it does not end the hostility with which both Communist powers look on the non-Communist world. They interpret the Soviet turn from the policy of creating crises (e.g. Berlin) to the campaign for a *détente* as a mere trick, adopted in order to achieve more easily the unchanged objective of breaking up the Western system of alliances. These advocates of a static defensive policy cling rigidly not only to the well-tried Atlantic alliance, but to a Metternich-like immobilism that distrusts any new proposal because it might lead to a loosening of fronts.

Obviously, the different interpretations of the causes and extent of the change in the world situation imply radically different conclusions for the future of the Western alliance and for the policy to be followed by each of its member states.

THE FIRST POINT to be made is that the two events which have resulted in the present transformation of the world scene are not as closely linked in their origin as might appear on the surface. The Sino-Soviet schism is not the cause of the Soviet turn towards a *détente* with the West, and the *détente* has itself been only the final occasion for a break that had long been in the making. Both are the results of developments that were initially independent in their causation, even though they intersected at a few points. Above all, though both events are important, their importance is of an entirely different order. Khrushchev's turn from the

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offensive to the pursuit of *détente* is a major change, but as yet of no more profound significance than the comparable turns in Soviet foreign policy that were effected by Lenin in 1921, by Stalin in 1934–5, or by Stalin's heirs in 1953–4. By contrast the break-up of the Sino-Soviet bloc is historically unique: it spells the end of the Communist movement we have known for more than forty years, and the beginning of the disintegration of the Leninist world view.

True, it is the event of lesser historical rank, the strategic turn executed by Khrushchev, which touches our lives more immediately, because it reduces the risk of nuclear war. This turn springs neither from a sudden willingness of the Soviet leaders to renounce their antagonism to the non-Communist world, nor is it a mere trick: it is the outcome of a defeat or rather of a series of failures which have forced the Russian leaders to make a reappraisal of the international relation of forces. From the launching of the first Sputnik to the Cuban confrontation, Soviet foreign policy based itself on the expectation that the new vulnerability of the United States to intercontinental rockets would make it possible to force the dissolution of the Western alliances by nuclear blackmail and support for colonial revolutions, while preserving at the same time the harmony among old and new Communist powers in their joint advance. Under the umbrella of the nuclear "balance of terror," a decisive tipping of the political balance of power was thus to be achieved.

Immediately following the Cuban crisis, I tried to show in these pages[1] why the Soviet hopes that the revolutionary process of decolonisation would swell the current of world revolution, and why the Western system of alliances could be broken up by nuclear blackmail without risk of world war, remained unfulfilled. I interpreted the adventure of stationing intermediate range rockets on Cuba as a desperate attempt to force by surprise the breakthrough which years of Soviet efforts at Berlin, the point originally selected for the decision, had failed to bring off. Failure in Cuba finally forced the abandonment of an offensive whose costs and risks had risen to a dangerous level without yielding the expected results. In January, 1963, Khrushchev's speech at the East Berlin congress of the "Socialist Unity Party" confirmed the fact that the determined stand by the United States over Cuba had caused him to abandon the political siege of West Berlin as well.

Undoubtedly Khrushchev's inability to preserve harmonious co-operation with his Chinese allies during those years of the offensive was a contributory factor to its failure, but it was only one and not the decisive one: Chinese support was not materially indispensable for Khrushchev's actions during those years, and Chinese troublemaking, while it may have diminished his tactical flexibility, could not paralyse it for any length of time. Conversely, the continuing need to answer, in the forum of the Communist world movement, Chinese complaints that Soviet diplomacy was too inclined to compromise must surely have made the final Soviet turn from the offensive to the effort at *détente* more difficult: if the Soviets previously had to defend themselves against charges of insufficient revolutionary militancy because they tried to limit the risks of their offensive by the simultaneous use of "coexistence diplomacy," then the new attempt to carry on this diplomacy *without* immediate offensive goals, in order to relax tension, was bound to expose them to the accusation of an open betrayal of principles. In signing the partial test ban and thus visibly announcing his turn, Khrushchev accepted this consequence—because the diplomatic turn had become inevitable, and because further concessions to Peking could no longer serve any useful purpose.

Since Lenin's time, such turns have taken place in Soviet foreign policy whenever the Bolshevik leaders recognised that a particular period of real or presumed opportunities for revolutionary expansion was over. The pauses may be long—Stalin, during the fifteen years between Lenin's death and the outbreak of World War II, made no direct attempt at territorial expansion—without necessarily leading to the abandonment of the expansionist aims of the party régime; in fact, after a long period, Stalin ruthlessly exploited the opportunities for expanding the sphere of Communist power which turned up in 1939–40 and again in 1945–7. The intervals are used for the consolidation of conquests, for building up the economic and military foundations of power, last not least for the diplomatic effort to split potential enemies into mutually antagonistic groups. Normalisation of diplomatic relations between the Soviets and the non-Communist world and relaxation of tensions is needed if a pause is to serve those objectives.

In the present Soviet turn, the same purposes are recognisably present. Herr Ulbricht's régime,

[1] Cf. "After Cuba, Berlin?" ENCOUNTER, December, 1962.

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still politically ailing, is to be consolidated; the costs of the arms race are to be reduced while modernisation of the economic system is to be speeded up both in the Soviet Union and in Eastern Europe; the Western network of alliances, which pressure has failed to tear apart, is to be untied in an atmosphere of "mutual concessions." But in the present world situation, these objectives are combined with the genuine common interest of the nuclear powers in reducing the risk of world war. That partial community of interests is not a new discovery: both the Soviets and the Americans have been fully conscious of it since the Geneva summit conference of 1955, and in the past few years that understanding has helped to limit the forms of the Soviet offensive. But only a period of *détente* will allow it to bear constructive fruit in the shape of joint efforts to close the "nuclear club" and to limit the arms race. Such partial communities of interest do not diminish the antagonism of the *political* aims of the superpowers—however much the Soviets may wish to suggest that, in order to drive a wedge between the United States and their continental allies.

THE BREAK between Moscow and Peking, however, is not the consequence of this latest turn in Moscow's policy; it had been in preparation long before, taking shape in fact during the years of Khrushchev's worldwide political offensive against the West. It is not the result of mere personal rivalry for leadership of the world Communist movement between Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung (as late as 1957, it was Mao who insisted on including "the leading role of the CPSU" in the Moscow declaration of ruling Communist Parties); nor is it the outcome of a mere doctrinaire quarrel about the correct interpretation of the "Marxist-Leninist" creed. Its unique historical significance lies in the fact that it is the product of a conflict of interests rooted in the profoundly different national situations of the two Communist powers, but that, because both states are governed by totalitarian parties who justify their rule by a common ideology, their conflict has taken the form of an unbridgeable doctrinaire schism, with mutual anathemas and excommunication.

The difference in the situation of the two Communist powers is indeed profound. Economically, there is the contrast between a highly developed industrial country and a poor agricultural state, with intense population pressure, still struggling to achieve the beginnings of industrialisation. Militarily, we find the corresponding contrast between a thermonuclear world power, protected by its deterrent against any deliberate attack, its existence threatened only by the unintended escalation of local conflicts, and a regional power which is, thanks to the ruthless militarisation of its huge population, a grave menace for its equally underdeveloped Asian neighbours, but which dares not risk a direct confrontation with an industrial great power because it lacks a broad basis for modern armaments. Diplomatically, the Soviet Union has been in a position to vary its tactics between "crisis creation" and *détente*, between the stirring up of local conflicts, manœuvres in the United Nations and summit conferences, while China, though capable of causing conflicts on its own (e.g. Laos), has had to depend hitherto on the good offices of its Soviet allies for their settlement.

On one side, that differential in power created a highly lopsided material dependence of China on Russia, but Moscow was never willing wholly for the sake of Chinese interests to make the sacrifices and incur the risks which Peking considered necessary. On the other, it produced, again and again, disagreements on the proper strategy to be used against the common enemies: disagreement on the relative importance of revolutionary "wars of liberation" as against the manœuvres of "co-existence diplomacy"—which were viewed by the Soviets as necessary safety valves for controlling the risk, but by the Chinese as tending to produce opportunist "horse-trading"; disagreement on the usefulness of capital aid for such strong, independent neutral states as India or Egypt, whose goodwill was sought by Moscow in order to influence their attitude in the U.N. and thus bring indirect pressure against Western policy, while Peking regarded these countries as rivals for its own influence on the colonial and ex-colonial world; above all disagreement on the desirability of the direct diplomatic dialogue between Moscow and Washington, which the Soviets were at no time willing to renounce, while the Chinese were forever fearful of an agreement at their expense. Finally, the gross disproportion of strength between the two Communist allies, and the lack of scope for an independent Chinese diplomacy, made it impossible for Peking to exert an effective pressure on Soviet foreign policy regarding the matters in dispute by normal diplomatic methods.

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Yet the experience of the East European destalinisation crisis of 1956–7, when Khrushchev had to appeal to the authority of Mao Tse-tung in order to consolidate Soviet paramountcy within the bloc, must have suggested to the Chinese leaders that China's unilateral material dependence on the Soviets might be compensated by an ideological dependence in the reverse direction. The natural inclination of the two party régimes to formulate their disagreements in ideological terms was thus reinforced by the growing conviction of the Chinese that an ideological criticism of Soviet policy, presented in the forum of the Communist world movement, was the only effective means of pressure at their disposal. From the winter of 1959–60, the hidden conflict of interests thus took the form of an increasingly public ideological dispute. But in a dispute among totalitarian allies, ideological criticism is a poisoned weapon indeed, for the legitimacy of the leaders of party and government on either side is based on their ability to interpret the doctrine "correctly"; hence neither may bow to the ideological criticism of the other, without casting doubt on his right to rule his own country.

THUS SOVIET RESISTANCE to all kinds of Chinese demands hardened from the moment the doctrinal dispute came into the open. From 1960, its history has consisted on the Soviet side of attempts to strike the ideological weapon from the hands of the Chinese—either by "de-ideologising" the quarrel on the basis of a pragmatic toleration of inevitable disagreements among sovereign Communist powers, or by the demand for disciplined submission to the will of the majority of the world movement; on the Chinese side of persistent efforts to carry the debate not only into the Communist world movement in general, but into the European Soviet bloc (as in the case of Albania) and finally into the CPSU itself, with increasingly undisguised attacks on Khrushchev personally, culminating, on the eve of the recent Moscow talks, in the Chinese Central Committee's root and branch criticism of the "revisionist" Soviet party programme of 1961. But months before that culmination, the practical conduct of both powers proved that neither believed in the possibility of an understanding, which in their competition for the allegiance of other Communist parties both still pretended to seek; for that conduct showed that each was determined to pursue its own foreign policy without further regard for the "partner." The Chinese attempts to make the withdrawal of Soviet rockets from Cuba morally impossible, and the continuation of Soviet capital aid for India during its military conflict with China, spoke a more convincing language than all the verbal proposals for dropping public polemics or for preparing joint conferences.

It is more than doubtful whether the conflicts of interest between the Russians and the Chinese would, by themselves, have produced the present break: for all their seriousness, they appeared to most observers as of subordinate importance, compared to the common conflict with the non-Communist world. In the alliances of non-ideological ages, and in our own Western alliance of to-day, partial disagreements of comparable extent have been settled by compromises again and again. The crucial new element in the present case is precisely the role of ideology: it is the existence of a common doctrine, which in the Communist view should have guaranteed the preservation of unity, that has prevented pragmatic compromise, for a conflict of interests which might have been manageable in itself becomes insoluble once it assumes the form of a doctrinal dispute. The break-up of the Communist bloc seems to demonstrate that an ideological alliance between independent totalitarian states offers less scope for settling national conflicts among the partners than does an alliance between states with a heterogeneous mixture of political and socio-economic systems, based on naked self-interest.

THE BREAKUP of the Communist bloc and the schism in the Communist world movement are demonstrable facts. Whether the Sino-Soviet alliance will be formally denounced or will be preserved in spite of all mutual insults as a kind of "reinsurance treaty" (e.g. to operate in case of a massive, American-supported landing by Chiang Kai-shek on the mainland of China); whether or not we shall see in the near future two rival Communist world conferences, or even world organisations—those are certainly questions of some importance, but they no longer affect the basic situation. The crucial point is that we now have two different Communist "camps" that are contesting each other's territory and international following and conducting foreign policies in complete independence: whether they will be on the same side of any given international conflict depends henceforth

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exclusively on the view each takes of its own interests—it can no longer be deduced in advance from their common profession of a "Communist" faith.

The simple outline of the bipolar world of the Cold War, already modified by the rapid increase in the number and importance of the ex-colonial, uncommitted states, is thus blurred by a further complication. But what we have said so far does not settle the question whether the conflict between the Soviet bloc proper and the system of alliances centred around the United States remains the main axis of world politics, or whether we now have a plurality of power groups facing each other in conflicts of interest of similar type. To attempt to answer it, one must recall the two chief factors which brought the bipolar post-war world into being.

One of these factors was the change which modern weapons technique wrought in the economic and geographical conditions of independent great power politics. The industrial requirements of modern armaments—for the build up of an arsenal, the productive capacity for current replacement, and for the maintenance of the breathtaking pace of technical developments in this field—have long surpassed the potential of single sovereign states other than those that are at once most populous and most highly developed. Defence in depth against a motorised conventional attack nowadays demands enormous room for manœuvre, while a nuclear attack can only be deterred by a country whose retaliatory weapons are widely enough dispersed to be able to strike back with intolerable effect even after an all-out surprise blow by the enemy. The special position of the United States and the Soviet Union as the two super-powers of the post-war era would have resulted from those technical facts, quite apart from any ideological considerations.

Yet at the same time, the nature of alliances has been transformed by the totalitarian ideologies—temporarily by Nazism, more lastingly by Communism. Party régimes imposed from outside stay chained to their "protecting power" by their domestic need for self-preservation, whether that power physically occupies their territory or not; satellite states tied to an "ideological bloc" in this manner cannot leave it except by a successful revolution. In response to the totalitarian threat from outside, the democracies as well as some backward authoritarian states have formed defensive alliances which, though ideologically often heterogeneous, have shown remarkable stability. The bipolar world of the Cold War has been brought into being by the combination of those two factors: the new role of military technology and the fact that one of the two super-powers of the post-war era is governed by a totalitarian party with worldwide, expansionist aims.

In evaluating the world scene, it is of decisive importance that neither of *these* two factors that created the bipolar structure of the international field has ceased to operate. The technological and geographical conditions that have caused the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. to outdistance all other powers remain unchanged, and no runner-up is likely to reach them in a foreseeable time. China's break with the Soviet Union is not due to a relative growth of Chinese strength, but to her increasing dissatisfaction with her continuing material dependence—and however overwhelming a power China, with her immense territory and population, would be once she reached a modern industrial level, she is still incalculably remote from approaching it, and her break with the Soviets has now cut off her only past source of capital aid. The China of to-day, less industrialised than the Russia of 1917 and barely recovered from the bitter failure of the first attempt at pulling herself up by her own bootstraps, may be a terrible menace for her underdeveloped, uncommitted neighbours—but even in relation to American-protected Formosa she remains a "paper tiger." Still less will China be in a position within a foreseeable time to threaten Soviet territory; even a few Chinese atom bombs would not seriously change the relation of forces so long as China does not possess the broad, industrial basis for modern armaments. At present, China is a threat to Soviet influence in some Asian countries and to the ideological authority of the Soviet leaders in a number of Communist parties; but the Western powers remain the only potential danger to the actual power base of the Soviet Union and to its East European empire. Once again: Khrushchev's turn towards a *détente* is not due to fear of China, but to the successful repulsion of his offensive by the West.

Similar arguments apply also to the vision of a new European "Great Power," pursuing an independent policy under French leadership. President de Gaulle's striving for independence, too, is not based on a real growth of European power compared to that of the United States, but on the increasing uneasiness with which he

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views Europe's unchanged dependence on the protection of the American deterrent. Though the uneasiness is understandable in view of the vulnerability of the United States to intercontinental rockets, the concept of an independent European deterrent remains unrealistic for both geographical and financial reasons: seeing how far ahead the two superpowers have gone in building up their nuclear arsenals and means of delivery, such a new force could neither acquire within a foreseeable time sufficient strength to survive a preventive blow, nor could it keep pace with the continuing progress of arms technique. A French atomic force may play a limited role within the Atlantic alliance, and possibly as a political means for influencing its joint strategic planning; it cannot become the basis for independent power politics *outside* that alliance.

Finally, the ideological factor which has brought the bipolar world into being has not, so far, disappeared either. The Soviet Union under Khrushchev remains a totalitarian one-party-state; the Soviet bloc without China remains an ideological bloc. The Soviet turn towards a diplomatic *détente* is being accompanied by an intensified propaganda campaign against "ideological coexistence," i.e. against any toleration of Western ideas within the bloc; the break with China became inevitable precisely because Mao attacked the Soviet Union's role as the doctrinal centre of world Communism. Inspired by its sense of mission, the party régime of the Soviet Union remains a permanent potential threat to the security and freedom of the non-Communist world as well as the gaoler of the forcibly sovietised peoples of Eastern Europe—during the present pause no less than during the past period of acute, offensive pressures.

The conflict between the democratic Western powers and the Soviet bloc has lost some of its acute explosiveness for a phase of as yet uncertain duration. It has irrevocably lost its role as the *only* important axis of world affairs since the "third World" emerged from the process of decolonisation, and even more obviously since the Sino-Soviet break. Yet it still remains their *main* axis: the basic situation that gave rise to the bipolar alignment is bound to continue so long as the Soviet Union is ruled by an ideologically motivated one-party-régime.

BUT CAN WE STOP with that statement? The breakup of the Sino-Soviet bloc, in demonstrating the impossibility of political unity among sovereign powers on the basis of a common Marxist-Leninist ideology, is a turning point in the history of that ideology. The contest between Moscow and Peking for control of the minor Communist states and of the broken pieces of the Communist world movement is taking the form of a bitter ideological struggle. Can this process of decay fail to affect the substance of the doctrine itself, can it fail to have its repercussions on the character and the motivating forces of the Soviet régime?

It is in the nature of a doctrinaire schism that differences which were originally no more than the ideological expression of concrete disagreements on current political issues tend to be systematised by either side until, finally, two complete and mutually incompatible versions of the doctrine have been created. During the past few months, this process has advanced by leaps and bounds. We can see the Leninist world view disintegrating into a European-industrial and a colonial-revolutionary variant—one is tempted to say: into its Marxist and non-Marxist elements.

To Marx, it had been the mission of the proletariat of the advanced industrial countries to bring about the Communist order. Lenin transformed the Marxian theory of revolution in seeking to apply it to semi-developed, predominantly agrarian Russia; and when no proletarian revolutions in the industrial countries followed his victory, he discovered the national revolutions of the colonial and semi-colonial peoples as important potential allies of the Soviet state and the proletarian world revolution in fighting the "imperialist" powers. To-day, under the impact of the Sino-Soviet conflict, the link thus forged by Lenin is beginning to dissolve: the latest documents of the Chinese Communists describe the anti-imperialist struggle of the Asian, African and Latin-American peoples as the *focus* of contemporary world events and as *decisive* for the eventual victory of the proletariat in the industrial countries, while the Soviets reply with dire warnings against the tendency to underestimate the proletarian class struggle and to isolate the anti-colonial movement in a chauvinistic or even racialist spirit from the industrial main bulwark of "socialism," the Soviet Union. It is, indeed, only as the champions of the underdeveloped and coloured nations, not as the leaders of the working classes of the advanced industrial countries, that the Chinese Communists can

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possibly aspire to leadership of a world movement. In consequence, their growing tendency to assign the messianic role of overthrowing the old order to the "external proletariat," in Toynbee's sense, rather than to the "internal" proletariat of the Marxian vision, is profoundly rooted in their situation—just as the rejection of this argument with Marxist arguments is natural for the industrialised Soviet Union. Hence it is not easy to see how even the death of either Khrushchev or Mao could still bridge the conflict at this stage (in the manner that Stalin's death paved the way for a partial reconciliation between the Soviets and Yugoslavia), so long as the Peking régime is not prepared to relinquish this emerging claim to leadership of an International of a new type.

It is surely not accidental that the leadership of the CPSU chose last autumn to rediscover a forgotten statement of Lenin's concerning the primacy of economic tasks after the seizure of power; the practical need of preparing for a pause in foreign affairs and of concentrating for a period on the modernisation of their own economic system, converged here with the ideological needs of arguing against their Chinese rivals. But the coincidence of this shift of ideological emphasis with the profound historic disappointment at the breakup of the unity of world Communism is bound to start the modern Soviet élite on processes of thought which may far transcend the intentions of the originators of the present turn. Such a development will not quickly lead to a dropping of the expansionist ideological aims; for that, the justification of the party régime is too closely bound up with the idea of world revolution. But it may in the long run undermine, along with the ideology, the very belief in the need for the primacy of the party machine—with what effect, only the next succession crisis can show.

IN FACING the transformed world scene, Western policy must take account both of the present limits of the change and of the prospects of more far-reaching consequences. It cannot overlook the fact that the undiminished hostility of the Soviet régime still constitutes the most immediate problem for the Western democracies, even during the period of pause, and that this requires the unweakened preservation of the Atlantic alliance. But it must also take note of the new forms which the conflict has assumed, largely owing to the successful Western resistance of recent years—forms which may in the short run permit a substantial reduction in the risks of recurrent crises as well as in the burden of armaments, and may even contribute in the long run to a serious change in the character of our antagonist.

In short, Western policy must be equally aware of the dangers of the new situation and of the opportunities it offers. The danger is that the Soviets might achieve, by the warm sunshine of a policy of *détente,* what the cold blast of their threats has been unable to accomplish: the legal consolidation of the partition of Germany and the disintegration of the Atlantic alliance. The opportunities lie in agreements in the military field for specific forms of arms limitations; in the economic and cultural field for the lowering of the barriers separating the people of Russia and Eastern Europe from the West, and hence for the indirect promotion of reforms within the Soviet "camp" that would create favourable conditions for a more fundamental change in the future. It is characteristic of a phase of loosening and *détente* that its dangers cannot be avoided, nor its chances exploited, by a purely defensive or even a purely waiting attitude: we have entered into a political war of movement, in which immobolism is the worst possible tactics and success depends on our seizing the initiative.

Militarily, this means that the effectiveness of the Atlantic alliance cannot be preserved unless we find *new* methods for harmonising its forms with the effort to limit the risks of war and the burden or armaments by East-West agreements. The nuclear test ban can be supported without destructive effect on NATO only if the United States follows up its recognition of France as the "fourth atomic power" by technical aid for the French atomic force—not because this force makes sense in itself, but because such a build-up would cause infinitely more harm if carried out in conflict with France's allies. But France's admission to the "atomic club" will in turn open the door to an endless series of new dangers unless the German Federal Republic can be persuaded, on certain political conditions, to renounce permanently any claim to nuclear "equality," not only in the sense of independent production of atomic weapons, as under the existing treaties, but in the sense of independent national disposal over such weapons, and to content itself with a share in the strategic control of their use by the alliance.

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On certain political conditions: a permament power difference between the position of the Federal Republic and those of Britain and France in the atomic field can be justified to the German people only as the contribution they should make to a general *détente* in order to keep open the chances of German reunion. Hence the first, and indeed inevitable, condition for such renunciation would be the continued refusal by the Western powers to recognise the Soviet-imposed East German régime, and their continued efforts for an eventual solution of the German question in accord with the principle of self-determination. A second condition would be the effective consideration of German security interests in negotiating a reduction of military tension in Europe. This would exclude plans of the Rapacki type, because the creation of an atom-free zone in Central Europe would make it impossible to defend Western Germany against an attack by superior conventional forces, and because this is incompatible with the continued stationing of American forces in Germany. But it by no means excludes *all* plans for reducing military risks on the continent.

On the contrary: Khrushchev's new proposal for the mutual stationing of inspection posts on airfields, rail and road junctions as a guarantee against surprise concentrations of conventional forces (which is a new version of an earlier American proposal) is as much in the interest of Western Germany and France as of the Soviet bloc. Once the United States became vulnerable to nuclear missiles, Europe began to fear that a massive conventional attack on Western Europe would not automatically bring American retaliatory weapons into action. That was the principal reason for de Gaulle's quest for independence, and generally for the tensions within NATO. Anything which diminishes the likelihood of such a conventional attack thus contributes both to the security of Western Europe and to the cohesion of NATO. Hence Western policy ought to explore the possibility of reducing conventional risks in Europe as well as seeking to establish atom-free zones in those regions where no forces of the atomic powers are stationed—certainly in Africa and Latin America, possibly also in the Near East.

On the German question as a whole, which remains the major political problem in Europe, there is still limited scope for Western initiative. Apart from the continuing efforts to secure more precise guarantees for civilian access to Berlin, I believe that the time has come when the Western powers should no longer be content with the negative policy of non-recognition of the East German régime, but should work out and put forward positive proposals for an all-German peace treaty. True, the chances for this are poor so long as Khrushchev rules the Soviet Union: he has committed himself to the permanence of the East German régime more definitely than any Soviet leader before him, and in this field he continues to act as the true exponent of the ideological party régime. But it remains important to prove, in the eyes of world opinion, that it is not the West that prevents an honest "liquidation of the consequences of World War II." Here, too, it is our interest to overcome an immobilism that only helps the Soviets to maintain the status quo of German and European partition.

FINALLY, WE MUST use the opportunities of a period of *détente* in order to develop a maximum of economic and cultural contacts with the countries of the Soviet bloc. The Russians want the pause partly in order to reform the methods of planning within the bloc and to bring about a more strictly integrated division of labour among its members. The more vigorously the Western world, including the Common Market countries, trades with the East, the more convincingly will the need for reforms, giving increased scope to individual enterprise, be demonstrated to the authorities within the bloc, but the less encouragement will there be towards inner-bloc autarchy; thus it is in the Western interest to keep the channels of trade across the bloc frontiers open. As for intellectual contacts, the events of the past few years have shown conclusively that such contacts are dangerous only to a system based on monopolistic thought-control; in fostering them, we contribute to the slow preparation of a more fundamental change—in the Soviet Union no less than in Eastern Europe.

We cannot know how long the present pause will last, and how far off the "de-ideologisation" of the Soviet régime may still be. We dare not jeopardise our security and unity during a temporary *détente*. But we may, and indeed must, use the present phase not only to reduce the risks of the atomic age as far as possible, but also to contribute, within the measure of an influence, to the kind of profound change in the nature of our opponent which alone can open the road to real peace.

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John Mander

South Africa: Revolution or Partition?

THE JOURNALIST who hopes to combine work and pleasure on a trip to South Africa must be a glutton for punishment. "But what did you expect," one is told, "surely you *knew* it would be like that?" In a sense, of course, one did. One had not let the *Observer* spoil one's Sunday mornings all those years for nothing. *Apartheid* was "like that": as black-and-white an issue to liberal Englishmen as to illiberal Afrikaners. Flying to Cape Town, I confess I detected a wilful impulse in myself to react against these rigidities. I would not meet only the local liberals: I would not meet only English-speaking whites and oppositionist Africans: I would also meet Afrikaners and hear what they had to say. It was my impression that few visiting Englishmen took the trouble to meet Afrikaners at all. Yet this hide-bound, tough, clannish little people were, surely, the key to the situation. How did they view the future? What concessions would they make? Or would they, under the pressure of black nationalism, break rather than bend? Looking back, I feel that my curiosity in this respect was rewarded—though what I found was not quite what I had expected to find.

Thus, one's first impression is that the British press paints too black a picture. The British visitor is at once astonished by the amount of criticism of the government in the South African English-language press. True, the day I flew in, the front page of the Johannesburg *Star* displayed large pictures of a new—and extremely *farouche*—police dog the South African security services had just purchased. (*There,* one said to oneself, is your true face of *apartheid.*) Yet in that morning's *Cape Times* I found also a scathing and brilliant piece by Mr. Anthony Delius, the paper's parliamentary correspondent, "The Mystery of the Missing Millions." Mr. Doenges, the Minister of the Interior, had just claimed that if the military threats made by African powers at Addis Ababa should ever be realised, "five million souls would gather round us to defend the fatherland." Out of what hat, Mr. Delius was asking, does Mr. Doenges conjure his extra two millions to help defend the supremacy of South Africa's three million Whites? Does he seriously suppose that South Africa's two million Coloureds and Indians would fight for that cause? The hidden assumption—that South Africa's eleven million "Bantu" are already categorised, by Government and opposition alike, as enemy aliens—is not lost on the visitor. Yet he is surprised, if he has in the past relied on British press comment, to find these issues so openly discussed. The suspicion arises—which subsequent enquiry confirms—that most reporting of South Africa in the British press is in the hands of exiled South Africans. It must be said frankly that one meets in South Africa with much criticism of the London exiles, not least among liberals. When they leave South Africa, it is said, they too readily assume that liberal values left with them. The exiles point, naturally, to the limitations on press freedom. Yet the struggle of a courageous handful of English-speaking editors and commentators to keep press freedom alive is impressive, and deserves to be acknowledged. It is likely to strike the visitor that as long as even this much survives, comparisons with Nazi Germany do more harm than good.

CERTAINLY, as soon as you leave those comfortable white suburbs the picture changes. In Langa, Cape Town's African township, with its grim barbed wire and its rows of identical wooden barracks, you have to remind yourself sharply that what you have before you

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is not Buchenwald or Vorkuta. South Africa's apologists will tell you that in the Republic the African is materially better off than anywhere else in Africa. Perhaps—though I don't know how such figures are arrived at or whether, in terms of actual human lives, they have much significance. I do know that the African proletariat of Johannesburg—tattered and sullen by day, drunken and menacing by night—struck me as the most *visibly* wretched human community I have seen. True, the South African government has invested much money in rehousing and welfare schemes. Yet I spent one evening in Johannesburg's Orlando with African friends—a last sad but engagingly unembittered remnant of the gay Sophiatown crowd of ten years ago—which I shall not quickly forget. An impression of Orlando, seen from the distance, remains with me vividly. There it lay, an endless sparkling ocean of tiny lights—Orlando, part of what is probably the largest African community on the continent of Africa, yet somehow more like a vast nomadic encampment than a permanent city. More closely examined, the lights turned out to be street lamps, marking broad swathes for night-time police patrols through the location—Africans themselves having no electricity supply, no telephones, no lighting. Having seen this, your feelings veer again: nothing that the exiles say can now seem too violent, too extreme. Immediate, inescapable, the stark sense of two nations: a white nation, placid, powerful, insolent; a black nation, sullen, bitter, vengeful. For the former, South Africa is incomparably freer than Nazi Germany in the thirties; for the latter, it is already an occupied country.

It is a melancholy distinction; but one perhaps too often blurred in the hostility to all things South African. The fact is, an extremist party has now controlled the machinery of government in South Africa for fifteen years. Yet an almost unanimously hostile English-language press (the crypto-Communist *New Age* was only banned at the beginning of this year) is still in existence. The parliamentary and legal structure has been encroached upon, but by no means *gleichgeschaltet*. The radio, admittedly, is wholly government-controlled; but only a handful of books, magazines, and films from the outside world have so far been banned. (The plight of the individual "banned" South African writer —particularly the Afrikaans writer, who has no alternative audience—is a different matter: see Nadine Gordimer's article in ENCOUNTER of June this year). The English-reading South African—and educated Africans, Indians, Coloureds, and Afrikaners are all potential English-readers—can be as well informed, therefore, about James Baldwin's doings as is the British or American reader. (I was amazed, for instance, to find *To Kill a Mockingbird* running at Cape Town cinemas—though not, admittedly, at non-white cinemas.) South Africa may be heading towards the totalitarian state, but it is still a very imperfect example. The Afrikaner community, of course, lives in a political cocoon of its own, with its own newspapers, churches, and societies. But English-speaking South Africa is still a remarkably open society. Theoretically, then, this should offer a certain comfort. It does point to a fluidity in the situation which is not comparable to fascist or communist experience (though the present set-up in Poland offers certain parallels). In practice, unfortunately, it makes little difference. The English South African is not a proud specimen of his race; he is opportunistic, indolent, politically indifferent, and, with it all, hypocritical. He is the *mitläufer,* the collaborator; where the Afrikaner is the party stalwart, the committed man. You cannot help, after meeting both types, confessing to a sneaking preference for the latter. Nevertheless, it is the presence of the English that has kept the situation as fluid as it is, even to-day. The English element provides a dilutant, a buffer, to more extreme Afrikaner ambitions. South African opponents of *apartheid,* in and out of the country, speak with great contempt of the feebleness of English opposition over the years. I am afraid they are right; but they seldom stop to consider what South Africa would be like if that buffer had not existed.

IF THERE'S HOPE of a multiracial solution, after all, it must come from the English element. How likely is such a solution? Multiracialism is, *par excellence*, the "English" solution. The Liberal Party, with no parliamentary representation, stands for one man, one vote. The Progressives—represented by the lone, courageous Helen Suzman—stands for a limited black franchise. The United Party—the official opposition—is at least for the restoration of the old Cape franchise abolished by the Nationalists. All are predominantly English parties. The English South Africans, then, are still haunted by Rhodes' "equal rights for all civilised men." Until recently, the Rhodesian experiment in multiracialism was quoted as an example. What

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chances are there of advance along these lines? Liberals I met—Peter Brown, Alan Paton—seemed remarkably optimistic. But it was difficult not to feel, with all the respect due to their amazing courage and perseverance, that this optimism is unfounded. The basic datum of South African politics is that the Afrikaners form, as they have done since Union in 1910, a numerical majority (60 per cent) of white South Africans. Parliamentary change can only come, therefore, from a change of heart among a significant number of Afrikaners: many liberals are convinced that this is a possibility. Yet it is a striking fact that, since Union, there has been no English-speaking Prime Minister of South Africa—the English-speaking element has always been dependent on its need to woo Afrikaans-speaking voters. Yet the past fifty years show that collaboration with the English is ultimately ruinous to an Afrikaner politician. The truth is, Afrikaans nationalism has been, since Hertzog broke with Smuts in 1912, the most potent political force in South Africa. The chances of parliamentary change, therefore, depend on one's estimate of the Afrikaner mentality. As I have said, the visiting Englishman is surprised to find himself often liking Afrikaners (whom he feels to be foreigners) better than those whom he may regard (and who certainly, if ambivalently, regard him) as his "English kith and kin." I must admit that most of the Afrikaners I met were frank and charming people. (Let me except the gentleman who asked my wife over lunch—apropos of *apartheid*—whether, in a game reserve, she had ever heard of tigers and giraffes mating....) The Afrikaner does not care for what the contemporary Briton says about him. But he has got over his former inferiority complex towards Britain. I seldom heard the kind of anti-British remark from Afrikaners that I heard so often from people of British stock, who display that colonial mixture of deference-cum-resentment, which the metropolitan visitor finds so trying. In supporting *apartheid,* one remembers, the Afrikaner is fulfilling his heritage, such as it is. But the English South African is betraying his heritage. Beneath his veneer of political indifference, he knows this, and hates you for it.

Is there a parallel to this situation? I cannot think of another state in which a large community of British stock has surrendered, not only its liberal principles, but even its political will-to-survive. In the past, nationalist activity was directed as much against the English as against the non-white. Indeed, the much-invoked spectre of the "swart gevaar" conceals a fear that the English only want a multiracial franchise (however limited) in order to scoop the Afrikaners. (Witness the government's extraordinary dog-in-the-manger policy over television: because most important programmes would be in English, and because most Africans now refuse to make use of Afrikaans, South Africa may not now have television at all....) Each of South Africa's other communities—Coloureds, Indians, Africans, Jews and Afrikaners—is intensely political. South Africa is by far the most politically conscious country in Africa to-day. The English alone, most political of stocks, have failed to generate a political will-to-survive. It is here that comparison with the non-party German under Hitler is appropriate: these people are politically emasculate. Nothing, perhaps, is more shocking to the English visitor in South Africa for the first time. Standing on that lion-flanked ascent to the famous Memorial above Grote Schuur—where Rhodes' "immense and brooding spirit" still gazes into South Africa's hinterland, lusting to "quicken and control"—is an experience likely to stir some pretty complicated emotions to-day in even the least imperial of Englishmen. I had, I suppose, been inclined to think of Cecil Rhodes as a specifically colonial, South African phenomenon. Standing there, it struck me the Great Amalgamator was rather the Great Anomaly.[1]

I have said that multiracialism is the "English" solution. Does it still have a chance? I think it should be said frankly that it does not. It requires, after all, not only that the English community act resolutely and in consort, but that it carry a section of the Afrikaans community with it. Yet if English South Africans will not act to protect their own interests, how should they act to protect other people's? As for the chances of detaching a sizeable part of

[1] "When I first entered Cape politics two conspicuous factors weighed with me. One was the constant vacillation of the Home Government, which never knew its mind about us.... That was one factor, but there was another.... The 'English' party in the Cape Assembly was hopelessly divided and individually incapable. And it had no policy beyond that of serving office. On the other side was a compact body of nominees of what afterwards came to be called the Afrikander Bond, who acted all together at the dictation of Hofmeyr. Hofmeyr was, without doubt, the most capable politician in South Africa...." (*Rhodes,* by J. G. Lockhart and C. M. Woodhouse, Hodder and Stoughton).

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the Afrikaner vote, these are, I believe, nil. What, then, of pressure from outside, on which South African liberals base great hopes? The effect of economic and other sanctions—and it has to be shown that these can be effectively organised—will almost certainly be to strengthen the *laager* mentality among the whites. When things begin to get tough—and the Afrikaners expect them to get very tough indeed—the English will have to choose between emigration and complete identification with *die volk*. As long as the state can guarantee internal security —and it can guarantee that, I believe, for a long time ahead—few English are likely to leave the country (at present there is a net inflow of British immigrants of some five thousand a year). The minute section of the English community which is to-day prepared to resist the government will, I fear, be gradually squeezed out. (That seems to be the real purpose of the 90-day arrest and other recent measures.) Even now, the ranks of English liberals are sadly depleted. Twelve years ago the Torch Commando could raise tens of thousands for its protest marches. Where are those thousands to-day? During the fifties, each new governmental outrage produced its crop of protests. This spring, the government's "No Trial" Bill —for which the United Party opposition voted —raised scarcely a whimper.

If this sounds ungenerous and unappreciative, I am sorry. No one could admire the astonishing —and, to the comfortable Western liberal, deeply shaming—courage and resilience of Dr. Verwoerd's opponents more than I do. But I believe it is not realistic to pretend that multiracialism, given the constituent elements I have mentioned, can have a future in South Africa—except after an upheaval on the scale of the American Civil War. What, then, is likely to happen? From talks I had with certain leading Afrikaners, I gather they see the future in something like these terms (though they would not, of course, express themselves so freely in public).

FIRST OF ALL, they see the advance of black nationalism as an inevitable process. Many of them, nationalists themselves, find this development, however distasteful, not altogether unexpected. Indeed, so highly do they rate its appeal that they expect to see all the barriers that have been thrown up to contain it—"multiracial" Rhodesia, "assimilationist" Angola and Mozambique—crash before many years have passed. Fears that South Africa is aiming at a White Supremacy block, extending from the Cape to the Zambesi and the mouth of the Congo, seem therefore to be misplaced. As a temporary expedient, the Nationalists may give limited support to the project. But I doubt whether they will go beyond, say, the measure of financial assistance which Southern Rhodesia will need if it should break with London. To accept a long-term military commitment to defend this extended frontier would be suicidal when, as one Afrikaner put it, "a bullet in Lisbon could bring down Portugal's empire tomorrow." In Southern Rhodesia the black/white ratio is 16:1, vastly more unfavourable than South Africa's 4:1 (Mr. Doenges' optimistic estimate of the loyalties of "the missing millions" would bring the ratio down to 2:1). And nothing is more surprising than to hear the contempt with which leading Afrikaners speak, in private, of Sir Roy Welensky and Mr. Winston Field.

That contempt, I believe, is the key to the Afrikaner mentality. The Afrikaner draws a sharp distinction between his own mentality and that of the "settler." A subtle, and I think persuasive, analysis of this distinction was offered me by Mr. Cillier, editor of *Die Burger*, the slightly unorthodox (though not "liberal") organ of the Cape Nationalists. Mr. Cillier argues that the "white settler" in North Africa, Kenya, Rhodesia, Mozambique and Angola is a different political animal from the Afrikaner. (It is clear that, in Mr. Cillier's view, the English-speaking South African, whether or not of British stock, belongs essentially to the "settler" type.) What is the basis of this distinction? First, it has not much to do with length of residence in Africa. The Afrikaners are, admittedly, by far the oldest White African people —they are, in a real sense, "just another African tribe," as English-speaking South Africans readily tell you (intended as a sneer, I think Mr. Cillier would take this as rather a compliment). Compared with the three hundred years of the Afrikaner's treks, the seventy years of Kenya and Rhodesia and the hundred-odd years of Algeria may seem historically unimpressive. But this is not the basis of the distinction. Nor are size and racial homogeneity critical. The Afrikaner community—at present about one million seven hundred thousand—is only marginally stronger than, say, the English-speaking community in South Africa, or the former French-speaking community in Algeria. True, the French Algerians were not "racially"

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homogeneous—the majority were of Spanish, Italian or Maltese origin. But the Afrikaners are less homogeneous than they like to imagine. I do not refer only to the fact that many Afrikaners have Bantu, Hottentot and Malay blood in their veins (Kruger is the most illustrious example, but at least one member of the present government was named to me...). The Afrikaner community has absorbed a very large French, Huguenot, German, Scots and "Hollander" element—Dr. Verwoerd himself is a born Dutchman, not an Afrikaner. Culturally, the Afrikaners have been greatly influenced both by the English-speaking world with which they have so long been in contact, and by influences from modern Europe—including both Rilke and Adolf Hitler. The cultural isolation of the *biltong*-chewing, Bible-punching, backveld Boer is something of a myth. (He is often said to have stepped straight into the twentieth century from the seventeenth; but I understand that his church-going propensities to-day are only marginally greater than those of English-speaking South Africans.) Like his white-skinned brother in Europe, America, and Australia, the modern Afrikaner is basically an urbanised, middle-class man, an obedient consumer and law-abiding citizen.

The distinction is rather that whereas the British and French in Africa remained "settlers," "colonials," the Afrikaners—like the Israelis—have acquired the characteristics of a *nation*. It is not simply, as so often said, that the Afrikaner has "nowhere to go." For that matter, the English South African or Rhodesian has nowhere to go either. England is no more "home" to him to-day than it is to the Australian. (I remember catching the phrase "going home" quite often in Kenya, in Rhodesia very seldom, in South Africa not at all.) It would no doubt be easier for the English-speaking South African to make a new home in Britain, America or Australia, than it would be for the Afrikaner. But most South Africans of British stock show little desire to emigrate to Britain. South Africa is their country, as Algeria was the country of the *pieds noirs*. But it is not their country in quite the same sense as it is the Afrikaner's. Like the *pied noir*, the English-speaking South African has never succeeded in generating a political will of his own. In view of Britain's troubles with her settlers in Kenya and Rhodesia, and France's with her Algerian *colons*, this may seem a paradoxical statement. But in all these cases the real hope of the settlers was not to set up house on their own—as did the Afrikaners in the Voortrekker republics of the 19th century—but to manipulate metropolitan politics to their advantage. The assumption all along was that power lay with the metropolis—this assumption underlay the jingoism of a Rhodes or a Welensky—half Afrikaner, half Lithuanian Jew—as it underlay the fanatical chauvinism of Algerians with names like Susini or Ortez. While the metropolitan power sustained them, these were formidable figures. The moment that power was withdrawn, they were seen to be men of straw. The difference is this: under extreme pressure both will fight for their survival. But the settler will bend; the Afrikaner and the Israeli will break.

THAT, AT LEAST, is the Afrikaner assessment—an assessment that may give comfort to the African nationalists of Rhodesia, though hardly to the increasingly desperate Africans of the Republic. I should add that it seems to me correct and realistic, however distasteful its implications to liberal sentiment. What are these implications? Let me outline them briefly, as they were put to me by Mr. Cillier of *Die Burger*. Within a few years, South Africa's protective girdle to the north will have broken down. A great many white settlers will have preferred emigration to life under black rule north of the Limpopo. Yet, sooner or later, the irresistible force of black nationalism will meet with an irremovable object: Afrikaner nationalism. Neither is under any illusion that the struggle between them will not be long and bitter. But the Afrikaner is optimistic. He is quite confident of his ability to ensure internal security. He does not believe that South Africa offers suitable terrain for guerrilla warfare. He knows that it will be many years before black nationalism can present a credible military threat to South Africa. He does not believe that the Western powers, with their great interests in South Africa, can be persuaded to support a Congo-like military intervention.

On the other hand, since he knows that a line will have to be drawn, the Afrikaner is concerned to draw it at the point of maximum advantage to himself. This implies two things. First, he must choose a unit which is not only strategically defensible, but also economically and politically viable. Second, rejecting multi-racialist hopes of appeasing black nationalism within the country, he must alter the black/white ratio as far as possible to his advantage. Logically, then, the answer is some kind of

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partition. The number of Afrikaners who are at present prepared to envisage this solution is probably not large. But there is no doubt that this is the direction in which Dr. Verwoerd and his advisers are now moving. *Die Burger*, which has begun to prepare Nationalist opinion for this change, is therefore to some extent thinking aloud for Dr. Verwoerd. What does partition imply? The more "idealistic" Afrikaners will tell you that it is a logical development of present Bantustan policy, a projection of the Afrikaner's basic *Weltanschauung*. I think it would be better described, as one Afrikaner described it to me, as a policy of discarding ballast. Self-preservation dictates that the subject black majority, if it is not to be given political rights, must be reduced to manageable proportions. It so happens that the areas of densest black settlement are situated on the fringes of the Republic. The ethnic map shows a black band extending from the western Transvaal along the low veld, south of the Limpopo, down through the eastern Transvaal, Swaziland, and Zululand, to the sub-tropical lowlands of Natal and the eastern Cape, and the highland fastnesses of Bantuland. The natural frontiers of a "radical" Bantustan of this kind (not to be confused with the present scattered, half-hearted, and ill-financed Bantustans the government is in the process of setting up) would be the Drakensberg Mountains between the Afrikaner-settled high veld of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State and the south-eastern region of the country. If the High Commission territories of Basutoland and Swaziland were included (the High Commission territory of Bechuanaland also falling, presumably, under black suzerainty), this could form the basis of a geographically discrete state. A similar process in South West Africa and the Transvaal, dividing the black north from the largely white-settled south, might be expected to reduce the black/white ratio (or at least the Bantu/non-Bantu ratio) to something more like 1:1. The majority of these—admittedly politically unenfranchised—five-million-odd Africans in rump-South-Africa would be migrant workers, living and working on the Rand and on the farms, but with their permanent homes either in independent African territories to the north or in a large, and politically independent, South East African Bantustan. And why, Afrikaner apologists ask, should such an arrangement shock a Europe where France and Germany employ some half million Algerian and Italian labourers each without giving them political rights in the country in which they work? If this projected Bantustan were truly independent, would not the moral objections to *apartheid* fall away?

I BELIEVE this argument should be taken seriously. When such plans for "geographical" *apartheid* were first put forward by Stellenbosch intellectuals in the early fifties, they were widely condemned as no more than a smokescreen for the brute realities of *apartheid*. At the time, this criticism was certainly justified: neither the average white South African, nor his government, was prepared to make the financial sacrifices that "radical *apartheid*" would have required.[2] But the situation is now very different. Ten years ago, with Federation newly entrenched in Rhodesia, and no black African state as yet independent, the external pressure on South Africa was negligible. The Nationalist government preferred the growing material well-being of its supporters to the abstract theories of its intellectuals. The mass of white South African—and particularly English-speaking—opinion is probably no less complacent to-day. But there is plenty of evidence that the government is not. Dr. Verwoerd, as his enemies acknowledge, is a far more intelligent and informed man than was Mr. Strijdom. It is true that pressure from outside has had the effect of hardening Afrikaner opinion, and has driven the majority of English-speaking whites into the *laager*. But this does not mean that the government is not acutely sensitive to the pressures of world opinion—as the visitor to South Africa soon discovers. The government knows that it will have to demand great sacrifices from its followers if it is to persevere in its present course. How far will white South Africans sacrifice their material comfort to preserve their political hegemony? It is not easy to guess. But it should be said that the concept is much more likely to gain acceptance among Afrikaners than among the English-speaking community. To quote Mr. Cillier once again: "Say what you like about

[2] The Tomlinson Commission, set up by the Nationalist government itself, estimated that £110 million would be needed over a ten-year period to develop the black areas. Mr. F. P. Spooner, the South African economist, argues in his book *South African Predicament* that an annual capital outlay of no less than £90 million over a period of 40 years would be required. In fact, the government's Bantu Development Corporation was founded with a derisory initial capital of £500,000.

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us, you must admit we are a *radical* party. It's the English in this country who are the conservatives. . . ."

How far would "geographical" *apartheid*, even if feasible, remove the moral objection to *apartheid* as at present practised? In the abstract, it does seem to me that much of the objection to the present political disenfranchisement of Africans would fall away if the African acquired a fully enfranchised status in a "black homeland" of his own, and was in a position (as he is not now) to make free use of his bargaining power. But the pre-supposition is, of course, that a future Bantustan must be genuinely independent, and internationally guaranteed. Even more important, perhaps, this Bantustan must possess some kind of political or economic leverage in order not to be crushed by rump-South-Africa. It so happens that a partition of South Africa along the Drakensberg Mountains *could* theoretically provide a built-in mechanism of balance. For the Afrikaner, one appealing element in the partition plan is, to put it bluntly, that it would be the English Natalians who would get it in the neck. Since the British thwarted attempts to set up a free Boer republic in Natal in the mid-19th century, Afrikaners have tended to regard the province as a nest of jingo-imperialists. It was with some *schadenfreude*, therefore, that *Die Burger* recently accused the English in Natal (who are not unlike the settlers of Southern Rhodesia) of "outdated colonialist attitudes towards the Bantu." One charm of the plan, then, is that it is the nigger-loving English who are to be thrown to the wolves, strengthening the Afrikaners' hold on the remaining provinces (the Western Cape, the Orange Free State, and the industrial core of the Transvaal). A section of the English-speaking community in Natal—largely a settler, not a business or professional community, as elsewhere in South Africa—would no doubt depart. But there are too many South African interests at stake in Natal for any South African government to be indifferent to its fate. The great port of Durban would remain vital to the industries of the Rand—especially if a collapse of Portuguese power endangered Johannesburg's other outlet to the sea at Lorenço Marques. A South East African Bantustan would therefore possess valuable hostages in its dealings with Pretoria.

How far is the plan practicable? I see two main objections, one economic, one political. The economic objection to any partition plan is the existence in South Africa of more than five million urbanised, detribalised Africans. This vast urban proletariat is unique in Africa. The solution that Afrikaner intellectuals used to propose amounted to a forcible retribalisation of this proletariat. Male Bantus would spend part of their adult lives working in the white cities, and return to their tribal homes to rear families and till the soil. Chiefs would reassume their ancient authority; through education in a Bantu-language medium, the black majority would happily pursue its "separate development." In fact, this is a mirage; it is based on a false analogy with the Afrikaners' own national experience (the Afrikaners willed their own segregation; Africans desire to integrate into the larger community). African workers are no more able to return to a tribal milieu than are Afrikaner clerks to return to cattle-ranching on the veld. During the years since the project was first mooted, the number of Africans in the towns has actually increased (a 50% increase since the Nationalist victory in 1948 has been claimed). The Rand is now the centre of a catchment area of human labour that includes the whole of Southern Africa as far north as Nyasaland and Tanganyika. In other words, industrialisation is destroying old tribal habits and loyalties at least as fast—and probably much faster—than the Nationalists can reinstate them.

The Nationalists see the emergence of this proletariat—rightly—as a very real threat. But can they reverse the process? It is probably true that the African labour force could be drastically reduced without loss to the economy. As used at present, African labour is enormously inefficient. Industrialists would undoubtedly prefer to give their African workers proper training, and reduce their numbers. But, in Nationalist South Africa, ideology takes precedence over efficiency. The original conception of Afrikaner intellectuals was that the white community must do without non-white labour altogether. Not unnaturally, the government felt that this extremism was more than its supporters would swallow. (These intellectuals may have had the Israeli example in mind; the decision to insist on Jewish labour on the farms and in the factories proved to be crucial in ensuring the survival of Israel.) Nevertheless, automation in the factories and mechanisation on the farms *are* factors that could make for a decrease in the African labour force over the next twenty years. But even if these factors came into play, a proletariat of some millions would remain.

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At the moment, the authorities are using drastic methods to reduce the African population in the Cape. Even the number of domestic servants whites may keep (oh horror!) is to be limited by legislation in future. But these "radical" measures only serve to increase misery and unemployment in the already overcrowded reserves —and to breed new political troubles. The alternative is to build up, in the future Bantustan, new industries to absorb the surplus population. (At present, industries are being built only on the fringes of the reserves, in order to exploit African labour more expeditiously.) With the awakening interest among industrialists in the potentialities of the African market, many white industrialists might be prepared to do this. The factors that made the European and American proletarian of the past into the wooed consumer of to-day are also operative in Africa. But it is clear that a "radical" Bantustan policy will demand very heavy investment in the black areas, if rump-South-Africa is not to have a chronically unstable slum on its doorstep.

IT IS THE ECONOMIC difficulties that are usually stressed—perhaps mistakenly. For the criterion of partition's workability is surely political: can it be made acceptable to African nationalists? Afrikaner intellectuals will tell you that, being nationalists themselves, they understand African nationalism well—far better than the colonially-minded British. But this can only be true of a sophisticated minority. The average Afrikaner is as "colonialist" as the despised British settler—he knows Africans only as servants or labourers, as hewers of wood and drawers of water. He may appreciate the humiliation for the non-white of the daily practice of *apartheid*; but he imagines that by "removing the pin-pricks" the African can be reconciled to the system. The average white South African, in other words, is quite sincere when he assures the visitor that "the African has no political consciousness." It is, of course, a complete misconception. Nationalist policy has made of non-white South Africans the most politically conscious subject-race in the world. Whether or not partition can be made acceptable to the African is therefore a very practical question. It is plain, for instance, that the present Bantustans, in the Transkei and elsewhere, will fail for exactly the same reason as British policies of "indirect rule" ultimately failed. The government is looking for "reliable" politicians to whom it can transfer power. But what makes a man reliable in the eyes of the government will make him a stooge, a Tshombe, in the eyes of the African opinion. As soon as internal political freedom is granted the "reliable" man will be outbid by the nationalist: the government will then be faced with the alternative of reimposing control or conceding independence. After all, this has been the experience of all colonial powers in Africa so far. Why should South Africa be an exception to the rule?

Then again, I must record that I met no African who was even willing to look at the partition plan. The commonest reaction is: "Yes, but do we get Johannesburg?" It is pointed out that no more than 13 per cent of the country is designated for Bantu development at present —and that the Bantu form 80 per cent of the total population (though a South-Eastern Bantustan, together with the High Commission territories and the Northern Transvaal, would bring the black share of the country up to 40 per cent—much of it well-watered, whereas rump-South-Africa would contain large areas of semi-desert). If Africans were to draw the partition line—and I asked this question often in conversation—they would be inclined to concede little beyond the Western Cape and the Orange Free State to permanent white settlement—the areas where there has never in fact been permanent Bantu settlement. The African considers Johannesburg to be as much his city as the white man's. At the moment, it is quite clear, the African nationalist is not interested in partition. He wants a share in the political control of South Africa proportionate to his numbers—in other words, majority control on the basis of one man, one vote. The African can, perhaps, be *forced* to accept partition—as a poor second-best. But there should be no illusion that there is any "natural" line of compromise between black and white nationalism. Their demands are essentially irreconcilable. Both know very well where political power lies. Indeed, the black nationalist would probably not disagree with the Afrikaner that, in South African terms, the political contest is a struggle for supremacy. What is the likely result of such a contest?

I think we must discount the chances of successful internal revolt. In modern conditions, a successful popular revolt—as in Cuba or Hungary—seems to require the connivance or active support of some section of the government apparatus. Lacking this, the unarmed mass is not likely to get the better of modern security

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forces. And it is quite clear that this indispensable element of success is lacking in South Africa. No doubt there is scope for individual sabotage and terrorism of the Poqo type, organised increasingly from outside the country. But it is hard to see what effect terrorism can have except to stiffen white resistance—it would not seem to offer any coherent programme of political liberation. The same applies, I believe, to guerrilla warfare on the Algerian model ("don't forget," one Afrikaner told me, "what happened to you Britons in the Boer War. We're the Algerians here."). There is also, I think, another fact that Africans should face. No country in black Africa has so far made the same sacrifices for independence as did the Indians, the Cypriots, or the Algerians—or, for that matter, the Afrikaners themselves. This is something which newly independent Africans are, naturally, not eager to admit. But it is reflected in the poor organisational quality of most black African independent movements. The fact is, the nationalists of black Africa have not so far been up against a first-class opponent. That is why the experiences of liberation movements between the Zambesi and the Sahara are not likely to be of much value to the oppressed peoples of South Africa. It is also why these peoples will probably not be able to organise any very formidable resistance within the next decade.

MANY SOUTH AFRICAN oppositionists now rest their hopes on outside intervention—intervention amounting, as in one recent proposal, to an act of war.[3] I must say at once that I found the reliance put on this factor distressing. Coming from people who have struggled against hopeless odds for so long, it is certainly understandable. But it is equally certainly a symptom of despair. More than once, I found myself arguing whether there were not objections, in terms of general political morality, to military interference in the internal affairs of sovereign states. I was told, of course, that *apartheid* was a moral issue of universal significance; and I was discomfited to find myself thrown back on precisely those weary arguments so often used by Britain's representative at the UN, Sir Patrick Dean. Nevertheless, I stick to my guns. It is not good enough for anybody, and certainly not for liberals who have applauded the transfer of sovereignty to one African state after another, to pretend that the infringement of sovereignty is a matter of indifference. It is plainly not true that South Africa is, in the normal sense of the word, "a threat to peace."[4] The explicit threat to international order comes, on the contrary, from those countries who, at Addis Ababa, agreed on a policy of force against South Africa. These are, I realise, unpopular statements. South African liberals are understandably obsessed with the monstrous evil of *apartheid*. But are there not other "moral issues of universal significance" which one or other of us might like to see corrected by military interference? Tibet, Cuba, or East Germany, for instance? Or, seen from the opposite camp, Siam, Persia, or Greece? Liberals would surely recoil at military intervention in these cases. Is it only because war is more *dangerous* in these areas that liberals recoil? Or are there rational, universal principles that apply? My own view is that to harness, say, the United Nations to a

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[3] "What kind of sanctions could be effective against South Africa? Probably the quickest and the least damaging to world trade patterns would be an embargo on the sale of petrol and other fuel oils. At present the government corporation, SASOL, making oil from coal, is South Africa's only local source of oil; but this constitutes a negligible percentage of its total requirements. But since there is little chance of agreement between the oil producers not to supply South Africa, the embargo would have to be enforced. The simplest way of doing this would be by imposing a blockade of South African ports. The UN could invite all its members who control navies to contribute suitable ships to maintain patrols outside the territorial waters of South Africa. They would confront ships and order them to turn round—as President Kennedy did in his brief embargo of Cuba. If they refused they would be boarded and taken in tow. If they resisted boarding they might have to be attacked. . . . What could the Verwoerd régime do against such a blockade? It could not hope to attack the blockading ships from the air, since South Africa's planes would be no match for the aerial defence available to modern navies. South Africa would, in fact, be helpless." (From *The Coming Struggle for South Africa,* Fabian Tract 345, by "Sandor," a South African liberal, still permanently resident in the Republic.)

[4] Article 2, paragraph 7 of the United Nations Charter states: "Nothing contained in the present Charter shall authorize the UN to intervene in any matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state, or shall require the members to submit such matters to settlement under the present Charter. This principle shall not prejudice the application of enforcement measures under Chapter 7." Chapter 7, however, concerns action, on the part of the General Assembly and the Security Council, "with respect to threats to the peace breaches of the peace, and acts of aggression."

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military crusade against South Africa would be an invitation to universal anarchy.

This does not mean, however, that pressure ought not to be applied. Nor that it will be ineffective. But one must be clear that pressure works both ways. Arms bans, trade sanctions, sport boycotts and the rest—and I am in favour of these measures—will inevitably strengthen the hands of the Nationalist government. They may cause suffering to those whom it is intended to help—though every African will assure you that his people are ready enough to pay that price. It would also be a pity if any action from outside contributed to a reduction of even such openness in the situation as at present exists in South Africa. But these are tactical matters. The cumulative effect of this pressure on South Africa will certainly be to break down the complacency of the white community. Paradoxically, then, pressure may have the effect *both* of stiffening resistance *and* of encouraging the white community to make concessions, if only for appearances' sake. There is no doubt at all that the government cares for its reputation in the outside world, and this is a factor that we can exploit to mitigate the effects of *apartheid*. Indeed, I believe that were it not for the existence of this factor, the policies of the Nationalists would have been far more ruthless than they have been. Of course, this is small comfort for those who have to bear the burden of *apartheid*. But it is something to know that the outside world cares, and that its concern does set a limit to what the government dares to do. Here, the somewhat monotonous hostility of the British press may be doing a disservice to the enemies of *apartheid*. It is liable, I think, to breed a sense of impotence, a belief that things could not be worse, that all avenues are closed. But this is not the case, as the relative press freedom enjoyed by the English-language press shows. It is still important to be specific, to differentiate.

How will the situation look in ten years from now? Personally, I cannot see South Africa taking the multiracial way out. But nor can I see white supremacy being crippled, either from within or without, by the efforts of the Addis Ababa powers. In any case, then, South Africa would seem to have several years grace. No doubt Southern Rhodesia, Mozambique and Angola will fall in the end; but even they may well last out the decade. At this point, but from a position of considerable military strength, South Africa may decide on a policy of strategic withdrawal—acquiescing in permanent black control in parts of South West Africa and the Transvaal, in Bechuanaland, and, conceivably, in a South-East-African Bantustan that included the High Commission territories. What I believe will happen is that Southern Africa will move towards something like that uncomfortable, but curiously stable equilibrium that exists between Israel and the Arab world. The formal analogy, after all, is rather close. The Afrikaners, like the Israelis, are the only white settlers in Afro-Asia to have succeeded in forging a nation out of settler elements. Both peoples—and the Afrikaners at least are aware of this resemblance—share the same Bible-bred mythology of persecution, fierce struggle, and God-guided trek to a land set apart for their redemption. To speak of equilibrium may seem a little optimistic. But the fact is surely that while the Israelis maintain their present strength, the situation *is* remarkably stable. Like South Africa, Israel is vastly outnumbered; but South Africa, like Israel, will be able to count on her superior expertise and efficiency to hold the balance against black Africa for a very long time ahead—with a South-East-African Bantustan, perhaps, as a kind of African Jordan. Again, as in the Middle East, the attitude of the great powers will be one of careful neutrality; they will act to maintain the equilibrium. That is why black nationalists who look for direct British or American intervention are likely, I think, to be disappointed.

For South Africa, and indeed for ourselves, the future I have sketched is not an inviting one. I can only say that it is not what I should wish to see happen, but what I think likely to happen. Israelis will tell you that they base their hopes for ultimate peace—even the most optimistic do not put this at less than ten years ahead—on the economic and other advantages that would accrue to the Arabs from a reconciliation with Israel. Israel, to put it crudely, may one day be in a position to buy her enemies. There is no doubt at all that South Africa, like Israel, has a great deal to offer her neighbours: they need her skill quite as much as she needs their labour. For both South Africa and Israel, of course, this is a remote and uncertain prospect, but it is not, I think, wholly Utopian. The hope is that when the passions of the coming struggle for power die down, economic self-interest will get the better of embattled ideology.

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Bernard Lewis

The Middle East versus the West

IT HAS BEEN our practice for some time now to speak of the group of countries to which we belong as the West—a term which is no longer a purely geographical expression, but which also denotes a cultural, social, and latterly also a political and military entity. What are the geographical boundaries of this entity—not merely of the Western alliance, which are fairly obvious, but of the larger entity whose will to survive the alliance expresses? The westernmost limit of the West is clear enough; the Pacific coast—and dependencies—of North America. The eastern limit is more problematic. Leaving aside the local American concept of the West, which sometimes ends at the Rockies, the Mississippi, and, for New Yorkers, the Hudson, the West is generally understood to cover both shores of the North Atlantic, and to extend into Europe to a point which has been variously fixed, at various times and for various purposes, on the Channel, the Rhine, the Elbe, the Oder, the Vistula, the Bosphorus, and the Ural mountains, the conventional boundary between Europe and Asia.

The West is most easily defined in relation to the East—and of course there is more than one East. In the West, when we talk nowadays of East-West contrasts and conflicts, we usually mean the Cold War and its ramifications. In this sense, the East means the Soviet or Communist blocks (the two are no longer identical); the West means the Western alliance and its associates, sometimes humorously called the free world. It includes, in this context, a string of more or less dictatorial régimes on several continents, but excludes Sweden, Switzerland, Ireland, and of course Finland.

The Soviet East is not, however, our only point of reference. There is also what one might call, with only apparent tautology, the Oriental East—the many countries, societies, and peoples of Asia, and for that matter of Africa who, however they may differ among themselves, have this much in common; that the white, Christian civilisation of Europe and her daughters is alien to them, that they have for long been subject to its domination or influence, and that they are now bringing that subjection to an end. For many in the Middle East, as also, to a diminishing extent, in other parts of Asia, the real East-West struggle is this, and its purpose is to remove the last vestiges of Western Imperial domination in the East. The Western-Soviet conflict, according to this view, is an irrelevance—useful in many ways, no doubt, but not directly of concern to the oriental peoples. One might even argue that the Soviet Union itself is really a part of the West, with which it is linked by its dominant European population, its Judæo-Christian and Greco-Roman background, its scientific and industrial development, and, some would add, its predatory habits. This view, however, does not yet command general support, and for most Easterners the term West is still used in a narrower, more conventional sense.

In the Middle East the term West, expressing a cultural and political entity, is a comparatively new one—almost as new as the term Middle East, and like it of Western origin. But again like the term Middle East, it denotes an ancient reality, for long known and familiar under other names. In recent years some attention has been given to the problem of national images and stereotypes, and some writers have sought to describe and classify the memories and prejudices that shape Western attitudes to the Middle East, and their influence on the formation of Western policy. Far less attention has been given to the origins and development of Middle Eastern attitudes towards the West, though these are of at least equal importance in

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the determining of relations between the two. In the absence of the rather Western habits of self-analysis and self-criticism, they may even be of greater importance.

The word West has been used since mediæval times by Muslim writers—but not to denote Christian Europe. Islam had its own West, in North Africa and Spain, reaching as far as the Atlantic, and had no reason to apply this term to the infidel and barbarian lands that lay to the north of the Mediterranean Sea. For the mediæval Muslim, the world was divided into two great zones, the house of Islam and the house of war, with a perpetual state of war, or at best truce, between them. South and east of the house of Islam, the house of war was inhabited by pagans and idolators, ready for conquest and ripe for conversion. North and northwest lay the empires and kingdoms of Christendom, the greatest rival of the Islamic faith, the deadliest enemy of Islamic power. At first it was the Greek Christians of Byzantium who sustained the shocks of Islamic attack; later, while the Byzantines faltered and finally succumbed to Turkish conquest, the Franks of Western Europe counter-attacked from Spain to Palestine, in Africa and in Asia. From late mediæval times onwards the image of the European Christian has changed in Muslim minds. The orthodox Greek, now a fellow-subject of the Turkish Sultan, ceased to be a redoubtable foe and became a harmless neighbour. His place as enemy-in-chief was taken by the Frank. This term, commonly applied to the Crusaders in contemporary Arabic writings, was generalised to cover the Catholic—later also Protestant—peoples of central and western Europe, to distinguish them from the Muslims on the one hand, and the Greek orthodox Christians on the other.

FOR THE MEDIAEVAL Muslim the Franks were a race of barbarous infidels, of little interest or concern to the peoples of Islam. In the Muslim world view, Christianity, like Judaism, was in origin a true faith, representing an earlier link in the chain of divine revelations which had culminated in the final and perfect revelation vouchsafed to Muhammad. What was true in it was preserved in Islam; the rest was accretion and distortion. Christianity, and with it the Christian civilisation founded upon it, could accordingly be dismissed as something incomplete, superseded, and debased. This view is certainly more tolerant than that of contemporary Christian Europe, which regarded Islam as something wholly false and evil, and it is reflected in the far greater tolerance accorded to the followers of the rival faith. This, however, did not make for any greater esteem. The Greeks were custodians of an ancient civilisation, from whom something could be learnt, and with whom a form of co-existence had been evolved in the course of the centuries. The wild, fierce tribes of darkest Europe were thought to have no such redeeming features. It is noteworthy that while many works were translated into Arabic from Greek, Syriac, old Persian, and other languages, only one book—a late Roman history—was translated from Latin, and none from any other Western language throughout the Middle Ages.

This attitude may have been justified in the Dark Ages, when Frankish Europe was really backward and inferior; it can only have been reinforced by the conduct of the Crusaders in the Middle East and elsewhere. But already in the high Middle Ages it was becoming dangerously out of date.

From the end of the 15th century, the peoples of Europe embarked on a vast movement of expansion—commercial, political, cultural, and demographic—which by the 20th century had brought almost the whole world into the orbit of European civilisation. It was an expansion at both ends; while the Portuguese and the Spaniards, the English, Dutch, and French sailed across the oceans from Western Europe to discover new worlds and conquer old ones, the Russians advanced southwards and eastwards across the steppes, towards the Middle East and into Asia. This process of expansion has gone through various forms and phases, and has been known by various names. One of them is colonisation; others are the White Man's Burden, Manifest Destiny, and whatever synonym the Russians may use for the process that carried them from Muscovy to the Urals and from the Urals to the Pacific. In some areas the process of colonisation was so successful and so complete that the previous inhabitants were displaced or reduced to insignificance, and the colonisers were strong enough to stand on their own feet without needing to lean any longer on the mother country. The French in North Africa did not quite reach this point; the English in North America did. In most of Asia and Africa the original cultures and peoples were too strong and too deeply rooted to be displaced, and the colonisers were limited to the role of overlords

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and rulers. The result was the classical colonial system of government, as it existed in the 19th and early 20th centuries.

In the Middle East the impact of European imperialism was late, brief, and for the most part indirect. The impact of Europe was, however, profound and overwhelming.

At first it might well have seemed that the region was about to be caught between the two pincers of the Portuguese, advancing by sea from the South-east, from their bases in India, and the Russians coming down from the North. But that danger was averted. A new power had arisen in the Middle East, able to hold both the Black and Red Seas for Islam, and to halt the Northern and the Southern intruders. The beginnings of European expansion had coincided with the emergence of two new Middle Eastern empires, the Safavid state in Persia, and the Ottoman state in Turkey. In the early years of the 16th century a bitter struggle between the two for supremacy in the Middle East resulted in an Ottoman victory. The Arab lands, already long accustomed to the rule of Turkish and other alien military castes, became part of the Ottoman Empire for 400 years.

Shielded by the military might of the Ottoman Empire from invasion and by the panoply of traditional learning from reality, the peoples of the Middle East continued to cherish the ancient human myth of self-sufficiency—to believe, as other societies before and after them have believed, in the immeasurable and immutable superiority of their own way of life, and to despise the barbarous Western infidel from an attitude of correct doctrine reinforced by military power.

The succession of Ottoman victories over Christian adversaries during the 16th century can only have encouraged this attitude; the military stalemate of the 17th century brought no real reason to modify it. The real change begins only when the Ottoman Empire suffered decisive and unmistakable defeats—defeats in battle, followed by loss of territory, and peace treaties dictated by victorious enemies. It was a new and painful experience, and initiated a long and difficult adjustment that is not yet completed.

THE PROCESS began with the second Turkish siege of Vienna, in 1683. The Turkish failure this time was decisive and final, and was followed by a rapid advance of the Austrians and their allies deep into Ottoman territory. In 1696 the Russians seized Azov, thus gaining their first foothold on the Black Sea; in 1699 the Austrians imposed the treaty of Carlowitz—the first to be signed by the Ottoman Empire as a defeated power. Despite occasional rallies, the processes of defeat, humiliation, and withdrawal continued during the 18th century, the bitterest blow of all being the Russian annexation, in 1783, of the old Turkish, Islamic land of the Crimea.

The problem first appeared as military, and the first remedies propounded were also military. The Ottoman armies had been defeated in the field by European armies; it might therefore be wise to adopt European weapons, training, and techniques. From time to time during the 18th century military instructors were imported from Europe, technical schools established, and Turkish officers and cadets instructed in the European arts of war. It was a small beginning, but an immensely significant one. For the first time young Muslims, instead of despising the uncouth Westernisers, were accepting them as guides and teachers, learning their languages, and reading their books. By the end of the 18th century the young artillery cadet who had learnt French to read his gunnery manual could find other reading matter, more explosive and more penetrating.

The military reforms, though the first and for long the most important, were not the only breaches in the wall of self-sufficiency. In 1729 the first Turkish printing press was established in Istanbul; by 1742, when it was closed, it had printed seventeen books, including a description of France by a Turkish ambassador sent there in 1721, and a treatise on the military arts as applied in the armies of Europe. The loss of cultural self-confidence can also be seen in the European influences that begin to affect Ottoman architecture, even religious architecture, as for example in the baroque ornamentation of the Nuruosmaniye mosque, completed in 1755.

The feeling of weakness and decline induced by military defeat must have been reinforced by the rapid increase in European exports to the Middle East, now extending beyond luxury products to include such staples as sugar and coffee. Both of these had once been exported from the Middle East to Europe; now they were brought, by European merchants, from the Americas to the markets of the Middle East. It was a time of discouragement, that variously found expression in a withdrawal of consent from Ottoman supremacy, in a first, tentative groping towards

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European ways—in the repetition of the old Islamic saying, with a new meaning and a new poignancy, that "This world is the prison of the believers and the paradise of the unbelievers."

DURING THE 18TH CENTURY the chief territorial threat to the Middle East came from the North, where the military Empire of Russia advanced steadily towards the Black Sea and the Caucasus. England and France—by now Asian as well as European powers—were the chief commercial rivals, competing in the markets of Egypt, the Levant, and Persia.

The invasion of Egypt by a French expeditionary force under General Bonaparte in 1798 opened a new phase in the history of Western impact. Both Western and Middle Eastern historians have seen it as a watershed in history—the first armed inroad of the modern West into the Middle East, the first shock to Islamic complacency, the first impulse to Westernisation and reform. In all these respects it was to some extent anticipated by the Turkish defeats in the North, and by the Turkish response to them. Its importance, however, remains considerable. To the Muslims, Bonaparte demonstrated how easily a modern European army could invade, conquer, and govern one of the heartlands of Islam; to the English, how easily a hostile power could cut their overland route to India. Both parties, in their different ways, learnt the lesson, drew inferences, and took action. The French expedition brought the problems of impact and response, in an acute form, to the Arab lands; it also inaugurated a century and a half of direct Anglo-French involvement in the affairs of these lands.

The menace from the North had by no means ended. By the 18th century the Russians had won control of the northern and eastern shores of the Black Sea, now no longer a Muslim lake. In 1800 they annexed Georgia; in 1806 they captured Baku, and in the early decades of the 19th century took from Persia and from local rulers the provinces now forming the Soviet republics of Armenia and Azerbaijan. The eighteen-fifties and sixties were a period of rapid and significant development in the Middle East. The Crimean War had the usual catalytic effect of a major war, bringing swift and sudden changes and a new intensity of feeling and experience. The alliance with Britain and France, and the arrival of British and French troops in Turkey, brought contacts with the West on a scale without precedent. Halted in the nearer East by the Western Allies, the Russians turned their attention to Central Asia, where in the eighteen-sixties and seventies they subjugated the Khanates of Khokand, Bokhara, and Khiva. The annexation of the area between the Caspian Sea and the Oxus river in the eighties consolidated their position in Central Asia and on the north-eastern frontier of Persia. A different kind of problem arose in Ottoman Europe, where the rise of nationalist movements threatened the Turks both with the loss of territory and the contamination of dangerous ideas.

In the Arab lands, the interference and influence of the West passed through several phases. In the first half of the 19th century, the Western interest was chiefly in trade and transit. True, there was some territorial encroachment, as in the Persian Gulf and in southern Arabia, where the British seized Aden in 1839, but these advances were limited to the far periphery, and concerned primarily with the security of the sea-lanes. The interests of Great Britain, by now the most active Western power in the Middle East, were served by the famous policy of "maintaining the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire." It seemed reasonable to assume that the Turks, as the dominant and established power in the area, would align themselves with those whose interests were purely economic and strategic, against a potential enemy whose aims were expansionist and disruptive. This policy was abandoned only with extreme reluctance, and with many nostalgic hankerings. In a sense, first British and then American policies in the Middle East in recent years have represented a series of inconclusive attempts to discover or, failing that to create, a Middle Eastern power, whose integrity and independence we could maintain.

The second half of the 19th century brought important changes. The rapid modernisation of the transit routes, the growth of direct Western economic and financial interests in the area, and, from the eighteen-eighties onwards, the extension of German influence in Turkey, led to a realignment of British policy. The occupation of Egypt, undertaken in 1882 for a limited purpose and a limited time, became permanent, and was extended to the Sudan. In 1918 the Ottoman Empire, which for four centuries had held the Arab lands, was defeated and destroyed, and a series of new, unfamiliar political structures was assembled from the debris.

Between 1918 and 1945 Britain and France,

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in fitful association and rivalry, were the dominant powers in the Arab East. Aden, Palestine, and the Sudan were ruled directly through régimes of a colonial type; elsewhere control—if that is the right word—was indirect. It was maintained through local governments, some of them under Mandate, others nominally independent, with a variable and uncertain degree of responsibility for their own affairs. These arrangements ended in the years immediately following the Second World War, when, with the exception of the last British footholds in Arabia, all the countries of the Arab Middle East acquired full political independence, and found new leaders and guides to exercise it on their behalf.

THE CENTURY and a half of Anglo-French pre-eminence in the Middle East—from the mighty conflict of Nelson and Napoleon to the futile collaboration of Eden and Mollet—and the somewhat longer period of westernising influences in Turkey, brought immense and irreversible changes, on every level of social existence. By no means all the changes were the work of Western rulers and overlords, most of whom tended to be cautiously conservative in their policies. Some of the most crucial changes were due to vigorous and ruthless Middle Eastern westernisers—rulers who sought to acquire and master the Western instruments of power, merchants anxious to make use of Western techniques for amassing wealth, men of letters and of action fascinated by the potency of Western knowledge and ideas. The processes of change are symbolically reflected in the progressive adoption of Western dress. Only once before in history had the Muslims departed from their own customs and adopted a foreign style of dress; that was when the Mamluk emirs of late 13th-century Egypt, by order of the Sultan, wore Mongol robes and accoutrements and let their hair grow in the Mongol manner. The same kind of sympathetic magic no doubt inspired the adoption of trousers, tunics, and frockcoats in the 19th century—first in the army, by order; then in the civil service, again by order; finally among the non-official urban literate classes, by a kind of social osmosis. The Mongol style was abandoned at the beginning of the 14th century, perhaps because the Mongols themselves were becoming Muslims. The coats and pants of Europe still remain, and have become the outward sign and symbol of literacy and modernity. In our own day the last bastion of Muslim conservatism is falling, as the turban and the tarbush disappear, and the brimmed, peaked, and vizored headgear of the West replaces them.

The beginning was purely military—the simple desire for survival, in a world dominated by an expanding and advancing Europe. This required armies in the European style—a simple matter, so it seemed, of training and equipment, to be solved by borrowing a few instructors and indenting for the appropriate supplies. Yet the task of running the new-style armies led inescapably to the building of schools to officer them—and the reform of education; to the formation of departments to maintain them—and the reform of government; to the creation and administration by the state of services and factories to supply them—and, very tardily, to the reform of the economy.

Economic and technological progress was for a long time largely the work of Europeans. It was they who built roads, railways, bridges, and ports, brought the steam-engine in the 19th and the petrol-engine in the 20th century, gas and electricity, telegraphy and radio, and the first beginnings of industrial development. Sometimes they came in their own interest, as servants of their governments or of concessionary companies; sometimes as experts or advisers employed by Middle Eastern governments and other entrepreneurs. At first they employed only unskilled local labour, then also semi-skilled artisans; finally they were able to draw on important local reserves of technical and professional skill—of the men who ultimately took over from them.

With European weapons and technology came another importation, European ideas, which were to prove at least equally disruptive of the old social and political order. Until the 18th century, the world of Islam had been cut off from almost all intellectual and cultural contact with the West. The Renaissance and the new learning, the scientific, technological, and intellectual movements of Christian Europe, found no echo and awoke no response among peoples for whom they were profoundly alien and utterly irrelevant. Even the impact of European commerce and diplomacy, though it could not be wholly avoided, was cushioned and absorbed by an intermediate class of native Christians and Jews who, as merchants, agents, go-betweens, and interpreters, protected their Muslim masters from the contamination of direct contact. The Ottoman Empire in the days

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of its greatness maintained no resident embassies abroad. Even its dealings with the foreign embassies in Istanbul passed through the hands of the Grand Dragoman, who was usually a Greek. There can have been very few Muslims with a reading knowledge of a Western language; with a few, trifling exceptions, there were no Arabic, Persian, or Turkish translations of Western books. In the words of an Ottoman historian, "Familiar association with heathens and infidels is forbidden to the people of Islam, and friendly and intimate intercourse between the two parties that are to one another as darkness and light is far from desirable."

The military reform changed all that. Instead of an ignorant barbarian, the Frank became a teacher of the noblest and most crucial of arts—that of war. His language was no longer an "uncouth jargon," as one writer had called it, but the key to essential knowledge.

The military reformers had intended to open a sluice gate in the wall, with a limited and regulated flow. Instead they admitted a flood—a foaming, frothing flood that came seeping and bursting through a thousand cracks, bringing destruction and the seeds of new life. It was a flood that seemed to have no end, as the apparently inexhaustible inventiveness of Europe produced more and newer ideas for each generation to master. During the 19th century two trends predominated, sometimes in harmony, often in conflict with one another—the radical liberalism of the French Revolution, and the authoritarian reformism of the Enlightenment.

THERE WERE MANY new channels through which Western ideas could percolate and penetrate to the hitherto sealed world of Islam. Such for example were the Muslim visitors from the Middle East, who now begin to appear in increasing numbers in the capitals of Europe. Some few intrepid travellers had ventured, even in earlier times, to brave the dangers of unknown Europe, but from the Crusades to the 17th century barely a score have left any written record—almost all of them official envoys on special missions. In 1791 the Ottoman Sultan Selim III sent Ebubekir Ratib Efendi to Vienna, where he produced a detailed report on enlightened despotism at work, with recommendations for reform in the Ottoman Empire. In the succeeding years, the Sultan established the first resident embassies in London, Vienna, Berlin, and Paris. They were followed by Persian embassies in the 19th century and, informally, by representatives of the new independent power that had arisen in Egypt under Muhammad Ali and his successors. At a time when a knowledge of foreign languages and an acquaintance with foreign countries were rare and vital qualifications, these embassies provided unique opportunities for acquiring them, and the men who had served in them formed an important element in the new political *élite*. Neither the *ulema* nor the army, but the translation chambers and the embassies were now the high road to influence and power.

After the diplomats, the second—and in the long run more important—group of Middle Easterners to appear in Europe were the students. The first Egyptian mission student was sent to Italy by Muhammad Ali Pasha in 1809, and by 1812 there were 23 Egyptian students in Europe. The first Persian student mission appeared in England at about the same time. In 1826 the Pasha of Egypt sent the first large Egyptian mission, of 44 students, to Paris. What the Pasha could do, the Sultan could do better, and in 1827 Sultan Mahmud II, despite strong religious opposition, sent a Turkish mission of about 150 students to various countries. In the course of the years hundreds of others followed them—the forerunners of the countless thoustands that were still to come. It is a well-known fact that students learn more from one another than from their teachers; and in the universities of Europe in the eighteen-twenties, thirties, and forties there was much to learn.

It was no doubt in part because of this instruction that, during the eighteen-sixties, a third group of visitors appeared—exiles. The Young Ottomans were a group of more or less liberal patriots who found it expedient to leave Turkey and continue their criticisms of the Sultan's ministers from Europe, where they published opposition journals in London, Paris, and Geneva, and had them smuggled into Turkey. They were followed in the later 19th century and early 20th century by other liberal and patriotic groups, collectively and rather loosely known as the Young Turks. From time to time other groups of political exiles came from the Middle East, but on the whole they have been surprisingly few and inactive.

BESIDES MIDDLE EASTERN visitors to the West, there were Western visitors to the Middle East—teachers and scholars, experts and advisers, missionaries and propagandists, as well as political and commercial entrepreneurs of many

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kinds. The first to exercise personal influence over young Muslims were the European military instructors, employed in Turkey, Egypt, and later Persia. Most of them were French. The revolution in France did not break this link, and as late as 1796 the Imperial Ottoman government sent a request to the Committee of Public Safety in Paris, to supply a number of military experts and technicians. They came—under the orders of the new French ambassador, General Aubert Dubayet, a native of New Orleans and a fervent revolutionary who had fought in America under Lafayette. The military school in Istanbul, we are told, had a library of 400 books, many of them French, including a set of the *Grande Encyclopédie*. Every university teacher knows that the presence of books in an academic library does not prove that anyone reads them—particularly when the books are in a foreign language and express unfamiliar ideas. All we can say is that the books were accessible—and that some of the ideas appear in later generations. Muhammad Ali in Egypt also recruited French officers, of whom many were available after 1815. His school of mathematics in Cairo also had a library with French books, including works of Rousseau and Voltaire, and books on European political institutions. Many other military missions followed, from a variety of countries, among them a first group of American officers who went to Egypt after the Civil War. Of all groups in Middle Eastern society, the army officers have had the longest and most intensive exposure to Western influence, and have the most vital professional interest in modernisation and reform. This may help to explain the Middle Eastern phenomenon, unusual in other parts of the world, of the professional officer as the spearhead of social change.

The officer-instructors were the first Western teachers; there were many others—teachers of every subject, in every kind of school. Some taught in the modern style schools and colleges that were being set up, in increasing numbers, by Middle Eastern governments; others in schools created by foreign missions and governments, as a service to humanity and an instrument of cultural policy. They were joined in both groups by growing numbers of westernised Middle Easterners, who had studied in Western schools at home or abroad, and mastered a Western language and skill.

THE DISSEMINATION of Western knowledge and ideas was enormously helped by the spread, in various forms, of the European book. As a knowledge of European languages became commoner, European books found readers and, what is more important, translators. During the 16th century two books of Western origin are known to have appeared in Turkish; one was a history of France, translated in 1572 by order of the Re'is Efendi, the Chief Secretary, in charge of foreign affairs; the other was an account of the discovery and wonders of the new world, compiled from European sources in about 1580. The 17th century brought a couple of books on history and geography and a treatise on the diagnosis and treatment of syphilis, which the Turks call Firengi; the 18th added a few more, including some translations of French books on the military sciences, which were printed in Istanbul. Until the end of the 18th century there were still only a handful of Western works available in Turkish, most of them dry and factual compilations prepared for official use; there were none at all in Arabic or Persian.

The first impulse to the new translation movement seems to have come from the French, for frankly propagandist purposes. Thus, for example, the address of the National Convention to the French people of 9th October, 1794, was translated into Arabic and published in a quarto booklet with the French and Arabic texts on facing pages—a useful aid to students of language and of other things. Other French political writings were translated into Arabic and Turkish and distributed in the Middle East. The French expedition to Egypt made detailed arrangements for the publication of French news and opinion in Arabic.

The immediate impact of all this was, as far as we know, limited. Far more influential was the translation movement that developed during the 19th century in the three main centres—in Turkey, Egypt, and Persia. At first it was all officially sponsored and reveals a rather different trend of thought. The first translations made and published under the auspices of Middle Eastern rulers include works on Napoleon and Catherine of Russia, Voltaire's *Peter the Great* and *Charles XII*, Robertson's *Charles V*, and the Instructions of Frederick the Great to his commanders. Later it was taken up and immensely developed by the enterprise of editors, publishers, printers, and translators.

The West had offered new media of communication—printing in the 18th, journalism in the 19th, wireless and television in the 20th cen-

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tury—all of which played a great role in the dissemination of Western and other ideas. The first newspapers were mainly official; the leading article in the first issue of the Ottoman official gazette, published on 14th May, 1832, defines the function of the press as to make known the true nature of events and the real purpose of the acts and commands of the government, in order to prevent misunderstanding and forestall uninformed criticism; a further purpose was to provide useful knowledge on commerce, science, and the arts. The first non-official newspaper in Turkish was a weekly founded in 1840 by an Englishman called William Churchill. It was followed by many others, in Turkish, Arabic, and Persian, as well as other languages.

WITH THE PRESS came the journalist—a new and portentous figure in Middle Eastern life. Another newcomer, no less important, was the lawyer. In the old days, law was holy law, a branch of religious learning, and the only lawyers were the *ulema*. Legal and constitutional reform, the creation of modern law and of courts to administer them, brought into existence a new class of secular advocates, who played a great role in the new political life, and in the application of new political ideas and methods.

The journalists and lawyers, like the new-style officers and officials, required a new type of education, in place of the traditional religious and literary learning of the past. Their pabulum was Western languages and literature, history, geography, and law, to which were later added economics and politics. Most of these subjects were new and strange; they were, however, familiar in that they were all literary in form, capable of being learnt from books or lectures, and then memorised. They could thus be assimilated to traditional methods of education, relying chiefly on the authority of the teacher and the memory of the student.

The practical and physical sciences, however, were another matter. The once great Muslim tradition of scientific inquiry and experiment had long since atrophied and died, leaving a society strongly resistant to the scientific spirit. In the words of a Turkish historian of science, "The scientific current broke against the dykes of literature and jurisprudence." No less serious an impediment was the deep-rooted social attitude to power, work, and status that often makes the Muslim, even to-day, a bold and resourceful driver but a reluctant and unpredictable mechanic. Medicine, engineering, and other useful sciences were taught at the very first military schools; scientific treatises were among the first Western works translated into Turkish and Arabic—but many medical graduates preferred to become administrators rather than soil their hands with patients, and the scientific schools remained alien and exotic growths, in need of constant care and renewed graftings from the West. There has been no real development of original scientific work, such as exists in Japan, China, or India, and each generation of students must draw again from the sources in the West, which has meanwhile itself been making immense progress. The result is that the disparity in scientific knowledge, technological capacity, and therefore of military power between the Middle East and the advanced countries of the West is greater now than a hundred or fifty years ago, when the whole process of Westernisation began.

From time to time in recent years Middle Eastern thinkers have put the question: what is the result of all this Westernisation? It is a question which we of the West may well ask ourselves too. It is our complacent habit in the Western world—the more so the further West one goes—to make ourselves the model of virtue and progress. To be like us is to be good; to be unlike us is to be bad; to become more like us is to improve; to become less like us is to deteriorate. It is not necessarily so. When civilisations clash, there is one that prevails, and one that is shattered. Idealists and ideologues may talk glibly of "a marriage of the best elements" from both sides, but the usual result of such an encounter is a cohabitation of the worst.

The impact of the West in the Middle East has brought great benefits and will surely bring others—in wealth and comfort, knowledge and artifacts, and the opening of new ways that were previously shut. They are good roads, though it is not always certain where they lead.

WESTERNISATION—the work of Westerners and still more of Westernisers—has also brought changes of very doubtful merit. One of these is the political disintegration and fragmentation of the region. Until modern times there was an established political order in the Middle East, with the Shah as ruler of Persia and the Sultan as sovereign or suzerain of the rest. The Sultan may not always have been loved by his subjects, but he was respected and, what is more important, accepted, as the legiti-

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mate sovereign of the last of the Muslim universal Empires. The Sultan was overthrown and the Empire destroyed. In his place have come a succession of kings, presidents, and dictators, who have managed for a time to win the acclamation and support of their peoples, but never that spontaneous and unquestioning acceptance of their right to rule, which the old legitimate sovereigns possessed, and which dispensed them from the need either for violent repression or for demagogic politics.

With the old legality and loyalty, the peoples of the Middle East also lost their ancient corporate identity. Instead of being members of a millennial Islamic imperial policy, they found themselves citizens of a string of dependencies and then nation-states—most of them entities new to history, and only now beginning to strike roots in the consciousness and loyalties of their peoples.

The undermining and collapse of the old political order was accompanied by a parallel process of social and cultural disintegration. The old order may have been decayed, but it was still functioning, with a mutually understood system of loyalties and responsibilities binding the different groups and classes of society together. The old patterns were destroyed, the old values derided and abandoned; in their place a new set of institutions, laws, and standards were imported from the West, which for long remained alien and irrelevant to the needs, feelings, and aspirations of the Muslim peoples of the Middle East. It may well be that these changes were "necessary" and "inevitable," as these words are used by historians. The fact remains that they brought a period of formlessness and irresponsibility deeply damaging to Middle Eastern polity and society.

The economic consequences of Westernisation are too well known to need more than a brief mention—the explosive rise in population, above all in Egypt, unaccompanied by any corresponding increase in food supply; the widening and more visible gap between rich and poor; the creation of new appetites and ambitions, more rapidly than the means of satisfying them. These tensions have been building up for some time past. In our day they have come to breaking-point.

The attitude of the people of the Middle East towards the West has gone through several phases. For many centuries, while Europe was rising to greater and greater heights of achievement, the East sank in the comfortable torpor of decay, unwilling and unable to perceive or to understand the vast changes that were taking place. In the 19th century their illusions of superiority and self-sufficiency were finally shattered, and they awoke to a disagreeable reality in which their countries, their resources, their civilisations, their very souls were menaced by a Europe which was rich and powerful beyond belief, and which, in its limitless self-confidence, aggressiveness, and acquisitiveness, seemed to be bringing the whole world within its grasp.

In this situation, the mood of the Easterner began to change from ignorant complacency to anxious emulation. The West was great and strong; by study and imitation, it might be possible to discover and apply the elusive secret of its greatness and strength, and generations of eager students and reformers toiled in the search. They may not have loved us, or even understood us, but they did admire and respect us. To-day they usually do neither.

The mood of admiration and imitation has given way to one of envious rancour. This change has no doubt been helped by our own lamentable political and moral failures; it has also been helped by the lessons of liberty and human self-respect which we of the West have taught. In the words of Muhammad Iqbal, in a poem addressed to England, on the desire of the Easterner for freedom—

It was the scent of the rose that drew the nightingale to the garden:
Otherwise the nightingale would not even have known that there was a garden.

But most of all the present wave of hostility is due to the crisis of a civilisation, reacting at last against the impact of alien forces that have dominated, dislocated, and transformed it.

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R. Prawer Jhabvala

My First Marriage

LAST WEEK Rahul went on a hunger-strike. He didn't have to suffer long—his family got very frightened (he is the only son) and by the second day they were ready to do anything he wanted, even to let him marry me. So he had a big meal, and then he came to tell me of his achievement. He was so proud and happy that I too pretended to be happy. Now his father and Daddy are friends again, and they sit downstairs in the study and talk together about their university days in England. His mother too comes to the house, and yesterday his married sister Kamla paid me a visit. The last time I had met Kamla was when she told me all those things on their veranda, but neither of us seemed to have any recollection of that. Instead we had a very nice conversation about her husband's promotion and the annual flower show for which she had been asked to organise a raffle. Mama walks around the house looking pleased with herself and humming snatches of the national anthem (out of tune—she is completely unmusical). No one ever mentions M. any more.

It is two years now since he went away. I don't know where he is or what he is doing. Perhaps he is meditating somewhere in the Himalayas, or wandering by the banks of the Ganges with an orange robe and a begging-bowl; or perhaps he is just living in another town, trying to start a newspaper or a school. Sometimes I ask myself: can there really have been such a man? But it is not a question to which I require any answer.

The first time I saw M., I was just going out to tennis with Rahul. I hardly glanced at him—he was just one of the people who came to see Daddy. But he returned many times, and I heard Daddy say "That young man is a nuisance." "Of course," said Mama in a sarcastic way, "you can never say no to anyone." Daddy looked shy: it was true, he found it difficult to refuse people. He is the Director of Education, and because it is an important position, people are always coming, both to the house and to his office, to ask him to do something for them. Mostly there is nothing he can do, but because he is so nice and polite to them, they keep coming again. Then often Mama steps in.

One day, just as I was going out to Rahul's house, I heard her shouting outside the door of the study. "The Director is a busy man!" she was shouting. She had her back against the door and held her arms stretched out; M. stood in front of her, and his head was lowered. "Day after day you come and eat his life up!" she said.

I feel very embarrassed when I hear Mama shouting at people, so I went away quickly. But when I was walking down the road, he suddenly came behind me. He said "Why are you walking so fast?"

I said nothing. I thought it was very rude of him to speak to me at all.

"You are running away," he said.

Then in spite of myself I had to laugh: "From what?"

"From the Real," he said, and he spoke so seriously that I was impressed and stood still in the middle of the road and looked at him.

He was not really young—not young like I am, or like Rahul. His hair was already going grey and he had lines round his eyes. But what eyes they were, how full of wisdom and experience! And he was looking at me with them. I can't describe how I felt suddenly.

He said he wanted Daddy to open a new department in the university. A department for moral training. He explained the scheme to me and we both stood still in the road. His eyes glowed. I understood at once; of course, not

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everything—I am not a brilliant person such as he—but I understood it was important and even grand. Here were many new ideas, which made life seem quite different. I began to see that I had been living wrongly because I had been brought up to think wrongly. Everything I thought important, and Daddy and Mama and Rahul and everyone, was not important: these were the frivolities of life we were caught up in. For the first time someone was explaining to me the nature of reality. I promised to help him and to speak to Daddy. I was excited and couldn't stop thinking of everything he had said and the way he had said it.

He often telephoned. I waited for his calls and was impatient and restless till they came. But I was also a little ashamed to talk to him because I could not tell him that I had succeeded. I spoke to Daddy many times. I said "Education is no use without a firm moral basis."

"How philosophical my little girl is getting," Daddy said and smiled and was pleased that I was taking an interest in higher things.

Mama said "Don't talk so much. It's not nice in a young girl."

When M. telephoned, I could only say "I'm trying."

"You are not trying!" he said; he spoke sternly to me. "You are thinking of your own pleasures only, of your tennis and games."

He was right—I often played tennis, and now that my examinations were finished, I spent a lot of time at the Club and went to the cinema and read novels. When he spoke to me, I realised all that was wrong; so that every time he telephoned I was thoughtful for many hours afterwards and when Rahul came to fetch me for tennis, I said I had a headache.

But I tried to explain to Rahul. He listened carefully; Rahul listens carefully to everything I say. He becomes very serious, and his eyes, which are already very large, become even larger. He looks so sweet then, just as he did when he was a little boy. I remember Rahul as a little boy, for we always played together. His father and Daddy were great friends, almost like brothers. So Rahul and I grew up together, and later it was decided we would be married. Everyone was happy: I also, and Rahul. We were to be married quite soon, for we had both finished our college and Rahul's father had already got him a good job in a business firm, with very fine prospects.

"You see, Rahul, we live in nice houses and have nice clothes and good education and everything, and all the time we don't know what reality is."

Rahul frowned a bit, the way he used to do over his sums when they were difficult; but he nodded and looked at me with his big sweet eyes and was ready to listen to everything else I would tell him. Rahul has very smooth cheeks and they are a little bit pink because he is so healthy.

One day when M. telephoned he asked me to go and meet him. At first I tried to say no, but I knew I really wanted to go. He called me to a coffee-house I had never been to before, and I felt shy when going in—there were many men and no girls at all. Everyone looked at me; some of them may have been students from the university and perhaps they knew me. It was noisy in there and full of smoke and the smell of fritters and chutney. The tablecloths were dirty and so were the bearers' uniforms. But he was there, waiting for me. I had often tried to recall his face but I never could: now I saw it and—of course, of course, I cried to myself, that was how it was, how could I forget.

Then I began to meet him every day. Sometimes we met in that coffee-house, at other times in a little park where there was a broken swing and an old tomb and clerks came to eat their lunch out of tiffin-carriers. It was the end of winter and the sky was pale blue with little white lines on it and the sun was just beginning to get hot again and there were scarlet creepers all over the tomb and green parrots flew about. When I went home, I would lie on the bed in my room and think. Rahul came and I said I had a headache. I hardly knew anything anyone was saying. I ate very little. Mama often came into my room and asked "Where did you go to-day?" She was very sweet and gentle, the way she always is when she wants to find out something from you. I would tell her anything that came into my head—an old college friend had come from Poona, we had been to the cinema together—"Which cinema?" Mama said, still sweet and gentle and tidying the handkerchiefs in my drawer. I would even tell her the story of the film I had not seen. "To-morrow I'm meeting her again." "No, to-morrow I want you to come with me to Meena auntie—"

It began to be difficult to get out of the house. Mama watched me every minute, and when

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she saw me ready to leave, she stood in the doorway: "To-day you are coming with me."

"I told you, I have to meet—"

"You are coming with me!"

We were both angry and shouted. Daddy came out of the study. He told Mama "She is not a child...."

Then Mama started to shout at him and I ran out of the house and did not look back, though I could hear her calling me.

When I told M., he said "You had better come with me." I also saw there was no other way. On Friday afternoons Mama goes to a committee meeting of the All India Ladies Council, so that was the best time. I bundled up all my clothes and jewels in a sheet and I walked out of the house. Faqir Chand, our butler, saw me, but he said nothing—probably he thought I was sending my clothes to the washerman. M. was waiting for me in a tonga by the post office and he helped me climb up and sit beside him; the tonga was a very old and shaky one, and the driver was also old and so was the horse. We went very slowly, first by the river, past the Fort and through all the bazaars, he and I sitting side by side at the back of the tonga with my bundle between us.

WE HAD SUCH a strange wedding. I laugh even now when I think of it. He had a friend who was a sign-painter and had a workshop on the other side of the river. The workshop was really only a shed, but they made it very nice—they turned all the sign-boards to the wall and they hung my saris over them and over the saris they hung flower garlands. It looked really artistic. They also bought sweetmeats and nuts and put them on a long table which they had borrowed from a carpenter. Several friends of his came and quite a lot of people who lived in sheds and huts nearby. There was a priest and a fire was lit and we sat in front of it and the priest chanted the holy verses. I was feeling very hot because of the fire and of course my face was completely covered by the sari. It wasn't a proper wedding sari, but my own old red sari which I had last worn when Mama gave a tea-party for the professors' wives in our drawingroom, with cakes from Wenger's.

M. got very impatient, he kept telling the priest "Now hurry hurry, we have heard all that before."

The priest was offended and said "These are all holy words."

I couldn't help laughing under my sari, even though I was crying at the same time because I was thinking of Daddy and Rahul and Mama.

There was a quarrel—his friends also told him to keep quiet and let the priest say his verses in the proper manner, and he got angry and shouted "Is it my marriage or yours?"

At last it was finished and we were married and everyone ate sweetmeats and nuts, even people who just wandered in from the road and whom no one knew.

WE STAYED a few days with his friend. There was a little room built out of planks just off the workshop and in that we all slept at night, rolled up in blankets. In the day, when the friend painted signs, we stayed in the room by ourselves, M. and I, and no one came in to disturb us. When he slept, I would look at him and look; I studied all the lines on his face. After I had looked my fill, I would shut my eyes and try and see his face in my mind, and when I opened them again, there he was really, his real face, and I cried out loud with joy.

After some days we went on a bus to Niripat. The journey was four hours long and the bus was crowded with farmers and labourers and many old women carrying little bundles. There was a strong smell of poor people who can't afford to change their clothes very often and of the food which the old women ate out of their bundles and the petrol from the bus. I began to feel a little sick. I often get car-sick: when we used to drive up to Naini Tal for the summer holidays, Daddy always had to stop the car several times so that I could go out and take fresh air; and Mama would give me lemon-drops to suck and rub my temples with eau-de-cologne.

In Niripat we stayed with M.'s cousin, who had a little brick house just outside the town. They were a big family, and the women lived in one side of the house, in a little set of dark rooms with only metal trunks and beds in them, and the men on the other side. But I ran all over the house; I was singing and laughing all the time. In the evenings I sat with the men and listened to them talking about religion and philosophy and their business (they had a grinding-mill); and during the day I helped the women with their household work. M. and I went out for walks and sometimes we went

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swimming in a pond. The women of the house teased me a lot because I liked M. so much. "But look at him," they said, "he is so dark; and see! his hair is going grey like an old man's." Or, "He is just a loafer—it is only talking talking with him and never any work." I pretended to be annoyed with them (of course, I knew they were only joking) and that made them laugh more than ever. One of them said "Now it is very fine, but just wait, in the end her state will be the same as Savitri's."

"Savitri?" I said.

SO THAT WAS HOW I first heard about Savitri and the children. At first I was unhappy, but M. explained everything. He had been married very young and to a simple girl from a village. After some years he left her. She understood it was necessary for him to leave her because he had a task to fulfil in the world in which she could not help him. She went back to her parents, with the children. She was happy now, because she saw it was her duty to stay at home and look after the children and lead the good, simple, self-sacrificing life of a mother. He talked of her with affection: she was patient and good. I too learned to love her. I thought of her in the village, with the children, quietly doing her household tasks; early in the mornings and in the evenings she said her prayers. So her life passed. He had gone to see her a few times and she had welcomed him and been glad; but when he went away again, she never tried to keep him. I thought how it would be if he went away from me, but I could not even bear the idea. My heart hurt terribly and I stifled a cry. From that I saw how much nobler and more advanced Savitri was than I; and I hoped that, if the time ever came, I too could be strong like her. But not yet. Not yet. We sold my pearl brooch and sent money to her; he always sent money to her when he had it. Once he said of her: "She is a candle burning in a window of the world," and that was how I always thought of her—as a candle burning for him with a humble flame.

I had not yet written to Daddy and Mama, but I wrote to Rahul. I wrote "Everything is for the best, Rahul. I often think about you. Please tell everyone that I am all right and happy." M. and I went to the post office together to buy a stamp and post the letter. On the way back he said "You must write to your father also. He must listen to our ideas." How proud I was when he said *our* ideas.

Daddy and Mama came to Niripat. Daddy sent me a letter in which it said they were waiting for me at the Victoria Hotel. M. took me there, and then went away; he said I must talk to them and explain everything. The Victoria Hotel is the only hotel in Niripat and it is not very grand—it is certainly not the sort of hotel in which Mama is used to staying. In front there is the Victoria Restaurant where meals can be had at a reduced rate on a monthly basis; there is an open passage at the side which leads to the hotel rooms. Some of the guests had pulled their beds out into the passage and were sitting on them: I noticed a very fat man in a dhoti and vest saying his prayers. But Daddy and Mama were inside their room.

It was a very small room with two big beds in it and a table with a blue cotton tablecloth in the middle. Mama was lying on one of the beds; she was crying, and when I came in, she cried more. Daddy and I embraced each other, but Mama turned her face away and pressed her eyes with her handkerchief and the tears rolled right down into her blouse. It made me impatient to see her like that: every mother must part with her daughter some time, so what was there to cry about. I squeezed Daddy's hands, to show him how happy I was, but then he too turned his face away from me and he coughed. Here we were meeting after so many days, and they were both behaving in a ridiculous manner. I spoke to them quite sharply: "Every individual being must choose his own life and I have chosen mine."

"Don't, darling," Daddy said as if something were hurting him.

Mama suddenly shouted "You are my shame and disgrace!"

"Quietly, quietly," Daddy said.

I felt like shouting back at her, but I controlled myself; I had not come there to quarrel with her, even if she had come to quarrel with me. I was a wiser person now than I had been. So I only said: "There are aspects of life which you will never grasp."

A little servant-boy came in with tea on a tray. Mama sat up on the bed—she is always very keen on her tea—but after a while she sank back again and said in a fainting sort of voice: "There is something dirty in the milk." I had a look and there were only bits of straw, from the cowshed, which I fished out easily with a teaspoon.

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Daddy gave a big sigh and said "You had better let me speak with the young man."

So then I was happy again: I knew that when Daddy really spoke to him and got to know him, he would soon realise what sort of a person M. was and everything would be all right.

AND EVERYTHING was all right. It was true, Daddy couldn't start the department of moral training for him, as we had hoped, because the university didn't have enough funds for a new department; and also, Daddy said, he couldn't get him an academic post because M. didn't have the necessary qualifications. (How stupid are these rules and regulations! Here was a wonderful gifted person like M., with great ideas and wide experience of life, who had so much to pass on; yet he had to take a backward place to some poor little M.A. or Ph.D. who knows nothing of life at all except what he has read in other people's books.) So all Daddy could do was get him a post as secretary to one of the college principals; and I think it was very nice of M. to accept it, because it was not the sort of post a person such as he had a right to expect. But he was always like that: he knew nothing of petty pride and never stood on his dignity, unlike many other people who have really no dignity at all to stand on.

I was sorry to leave Niripat where I had been so happy with everyone and to go home again. But of course it was different now, because M. was with me. We had the big guest-room at the back of the house and at night we made our beds out on the lawn. Sometimes I thought how funny it was—only a few weeks ago Mama had tried to turn him out of the house and here he was back in the best guest-room. It is true that the wheel of fate has many unexpected revolutions. I think he quite liked living in the house, though I was afraid at first he would feel stifled with so many servants and all that furniture and carpets and clocks and Mama's china dinner-services. But he was too great in soul to be bothered by these trivial things; he transcended them and led his life and thought his thoughts in the same way as he would have done if he had been living in some little hut in the jungle.

If only Mama had had a different character. But she is too sunk in her own social station and habits to be able to look out and appreciate anything higher. She thinks if a person has not been abroad and doesn't wear suits and open doors for ladies, he is an inferior type of person. If M. had tried, I know he could have used a knife and fork quite as well as Mama or anyone, but why should he have tried? And there were other things like not making a noise when you drink your tea, which are just trivial little conventions we should all rise above. I often tried to explain this to Mama but I could never make her understand. So it became often quite embarrassing at meal-times, with Mama looking at M. and pretending she couldn't eat her food on account of the way he was eating his. M. of course never noticed, and I felt so ashamed of Mama that in the end I also refused to use any cutlery and ate with my hands. Daddy never said anything—in fact, Daddy said very little at all nowadays, and spent long hours in his office and went to a lot of meetings and, when he came home, he only sat in his study and did not come out to talk to us.

I OFTEN THOUGHT about Rahul. He had never answered my letter, and when I tried to telephone, they said he was not at home. But I wanted very much to see him; there were so many things I had to tell him about. So one day I went to his house. The servants made me wait on the veranda and then Rahul's married sister Kamla came out. Kamla is a very ambitious person and she is always scheming for her husband's promotion (he is in the Ministry of Defence) so that she can take precedence over the other wives in his department. I was not surprised at the way she talked to me. I know a person like Kamla will always think only petty thoughts and doesn't understand that there is anything transcending the everyday life in which she is sunk up to her ears. So I let her say what she wanted and when she told me to go away, I went. When Mama found out that I had been to Rahul's house, she was furious. "All right, so you have lost all pride for yourself, but for your family—at least think of us!" At the word pride I laughed out loud: Mama's ideas of pride were so different from mine and M.'s. But I was sorry that they wouldn't let me see Rahul.

M. went out every day, and I thought he went to his job in the university. But one day Daddy called me into his study and he said that M. had lost his job because he hadn't been going there for weeks. I had a little shock at first, but then I thought it is all right, whatever

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he wants to do is all right; and anyway, it hadn't been a suitable post for him in the first place. I told Daddy so.

Daddy played with his silver paper-knife and he didn't look at me at all; then he said, "You know he has been married before?" and still he didn't look at me.

I don't know how Daddy found out—I suppose he must have been making enquiries, it is the sort of thing people in our station of life always do about other people, we are so mistrustful—but I answered him quite calmly. I tried to explain to him about Savitri.

After a while Daddy said, "I only wanted you to know that your marriage is not legal and can be dissolved any time you want."

Then I told him that marriages are not made in the sight of the law but in the sight of God, and that in the sight of God both Savitri and I were married to M., she there and I here. Daddy turned his head away and looked out of the window.

M. told me that he wanted to start a school and that he could do so if Daddy got him a grant from the Ministry. I thought it was a very exciting idea and we talked a lot about it that night, as we lay together on our beds. He had many wonderful ideas about how a school should be run and said that the children should be taught to follow only their instincts which would lead them to the highest Good. He talked so beautifully, like a prophet, a saint. I could hardly sleep all night, and first thing in the morning I talked to Daddy. Unfortunately Mama was listening at the door—she has a bad habit of doing that—and suddenly she came bursting in. "Why don't you leave your father alone!" she cried. "Ins't it enough that we give you both food and shelter?"

I said, "Mama, please, I'm talking important business with Daddy."

She began to say all sorts of things about M. and why he had married me. Daddy tried to keep her quiet but she was beyond herself by that time, so I just covered my ears with my hands and ran out. She came after me, still shouting these horrible things.

There in the hall was M., and when I tried to run past him, he stopped me and took my hands from my ears and made me listen to everything Mama was saying. She got more and more furious, and then she went into one of her hysterical fits, in which she throws herself down and beats her head on the floor and tears at her clothes. Daddy tried to lift her up, but of course she is too heavy for him. She went on screaming and shouting at M.

M. said "Go and get your things," so I went and wrapped everything up in the sheet again, his things and mine, and he slung the bundle over his shoulder and went out of the house, with me walking behind him.

I HOPED we would go back to Niripat, but he wanted to stay in the city because he had several schemes in mind—there was the school, and he also had hopes of starting a newspaper in which he could print all his ideas. So he had to go round and see a lot of people, in Ministries and so on. Sometimes he got quite discouraged because it was so difficult to make people understand. Then he looked tired and the lines on his face became very deep and I felt such love and pity for him. But he had great inner strength, and next day he always started on his rounds again, as fresh and hopeful as before.

We had no proper home at that time, but lived in several places. There was the sign-painter, and another friend had a bookshop in one of the government markets with a little room at the back where we could stay with him; and once we found a model house which was left over from a low-cost housing exhibition and we lived in that till workmen came to tear it down. There were plenty of places where we could stay for a few days or even weeks. In the evenings there were always many friends and all sat and discussed their ideas, and some of them recited poetry or played the flute, so that sometimes we didn't go to sleep at all. We never had any worries about money—M. said if one doesn't think about money, one doesn't need it, and how true that is. Daddy sent me a cheque every month, care of the friend who kept the bookshop, and we still had some of my jewellery which we could sell whenever we wanted; so there was even money to send to Savitri and the children.

Once I met Rahul, quite by chance. That was at the time when we had just moved out of the exhibition house. M. had to go to one of the Ministries to see an Under-Secretary, and I was taking our bundle to an orphanage, run by a friend of M.'s, where we were going to stay. I was waiting for a bus, holding the bundle; it wasn't heavy at all any more, so there was no need to take a tonga. Rahul came out of a music-shop with some records which he had just bought (he is very fond of dance-records—how

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often we have danced together to his gramophone!). I called to him, and when he didn't hear me I went up to him. He lowered his eyes and wouldn't look at me and hardly greeted me.

"Rahul," I said in the stern voice I always use with him when I think he is misbehaving.

"Why did you do it?" he said. "My family are very angry with you and I'm also angry." He sulked, but he looked so sweet; he still had his pink cheeks.

"If you have your car, you can give me a lift," I said. Rahul is always a gentleman, and he even carried my bundle for me to his car.

It took us a long time to find the orphanage —it was right at the back of the Fatehpuri mosque somewhere—so there was plenty of time for me to talk to him. He listened quite quietly, driving the car through all that traffic. When at last we found the orphanage and I was ready to get out, he said "Don't go yet." I stayed with him for a while, even though the car was parked very awkwardly in that crowded alleyway, and men with barrows swore at us because they could not get past.

Soon afterwards a friend of M.'s who was in the railways got transferred, and as he lived in a house with a very low rent, it was a good opportunity for us and we took it over from him. There were two rooms and a little yard at the back, and upstairs two families were living. Daddy used to send a cheque for the rent. I cooked for us and cleaned the house and talked with the families upstairs, while M. went out to see people about his ideas. But after a time he began to go out less and less, and he became depressed; he said the world had rejected him because he was not strong enough yet. Now it was his task to purify himself and make himself stronger. He stayed at home and meditated. A strange change came over him. Most of the time he sat in one of our rooms, in a corner of the floor, all by himself, and he wouldn't let me come in. Sometimes I heard him singing to himself and shouting—he made such strange noises, almost like an animal. For days he ate nothing at all and, when I tried to coax him, he upset the food I had brought and threw it on the floor. I tried to be patient and bear and understand everything.

His friends stopped coming and he hardly ever left that little room for two months. Then he started going out by himself—I never knew where and could not ask him. He had an expression on his face as if he were listening for something, so that one felt one couldn't disturb him. When he talked to me, he talked as if he was someone else and I was someone else. At night I slept in the yard at the back with the families from upstairs, who were always kind to me.

Then visitors began to come for him—not his old friends, but quite new people whom I had never seen before. They sat with him in the little room and I could hear him talking to them. At first only a few men used to come, but then more and more came, and women too. I also sat in the room sometimes and listened to him talk; he told strange stories about parrots and princes and tigers in the jungle, all of which had some deep meaning. When the people understood the deep meaning, they all exclaimed with pleasure and said God was speaking through his mouth.

Now they began to bring us gifts of food and money and clothes and even jewellery. M. never took any notice, and I just piled the things in the other room, which was soon very crowded. We ate the food and I also gave it to the families upstairs, but there was still plenty left over, and at night someone used to come from the beggars' home to take it away. I sent a lot of money to Savitri. The house was always full of people now, and they spilled over into the yard and out into the street. More and more women came—most of them were old but there were some young ones too, and the young ones were even more fervent and religious than the old ones. There was one plump and pretty young widow, who was always dressed very nicely and came every day. She said she was going mad with love of God and needed words of solace and comfort from M. She touched his feet and implored him to relieve her, and when he took no notice of her, she shook him and tugged at his clothes, so that he became quite angry.

Mama often came to see me. In the beginning she was very disgusted with the house and the way we lived and everything, but afterwards, when she saw how many people came and all the things they brought and how they respected M., she kept quiet on that subject. Now she only said, "Who knows what is to become of it all." Mama is not really a religious person, but she has a lot of superstitions.

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When holy men come begging to her house, she always gives them something—not because of their holiness, but because she is afraid they will curse her and bring the evil eye on us all. She no longer said anything bad about M., and when she talked about him, she didn't say "that one" as she used to, but always "He." Once or twice she went and sat with the other people in the little room in which he was, and when she came out, she looked so grave and thoughtful that I had to laugh.

Rahul also visited me. At first he was stiff and sulky, as if he were doing me a favour by coming; but then he began to talk, all about how lonely he was and how his family were trying to persuade him to marry girls he didn't like. I felt sorry for him—I knew it is always difficult for him to make friends and he has never really had anyone except me. I let him talk, and he kept coming again and again. There was a little space with a roof of asbestos sheet over it in the yard, where I did my cooking, and it was here that Rahul and I sat. It was not a very private place because of all the people in the yard, waiting to see M., but Rahul soon got used to it and talked just as he would have done if we had been sitting in Mama's drawing-room. He was very melancholy, and when he had finished telling me about how lonely he was, he only sat and looked at me with big sad eyes. So I let him help me with the cooking—at first he only sifted the rice and lentils, but after a time I let him do some real cooking and he enjoyed it terribly. He would make all sorts of things—fritters and potato cakes and horse-radish pancakes—and they were really delicious. We ate some ourselves and the rest we sent to the beggars' home.

There were always a few young men who stayed at night and slept outside the door of the room where M. was. I often heard him get up in the night and walk up and down; and sometimes he shouted at the young men sleeping outside his door "Go home!" and he kicked them with his foot, he was so impatient and angry with them. He was often angry nowadays. I heard him shouting at people and scolding them for coming to pester him. When he scolded them, they said he was right to do so, because they were bad, sinful people; but they did not go away and, on the contrary, even more came.

ONE NIGHT I felt someone shaking me to wake up. I opened my eyes and it was M. I jumped up at once and we went out into the street together and sat on a doorstep. Here and there people were sleeping on the sidewalk or on the platforms of shuttered shops. It was very dark and quiet. Only sometimes someone coughed in his sleep or there was a watchman's cry and the tap of his stick. M. said, "Soon I shall have to go away."

Then I knew that the time I had always feared was near.

He said, "It will be best for you to go home again." He spoke very practically, and with gentleness and great concern for me.

But I didn't want to think about what I was going to do. For the moment I wanted it to be only now—always night and people always sleeping and he and I sitting together like this on the doorstep for ever and ever.

The plump young widow came every day, and every day in a different sari, and she made such scenes that in the end M. forbade her to come any more. So she hung about outside in the yard for a few days, and then she started peeping into his room, and after that she crept in behind others and sat quietly at the back; till finally she showed herself to him quite openly and even began to make scenes again. "Have pity!" she cried. "God is eating me up!" At last he quite lost his temper with her. He took off his slipper and began to beat her with it, and when she ran away, screaming and clutching her sari about her, he ran after her, brandishing his slipper. They were a funny sight. He pursued her right out into the street, and then he turned back and began to chase all the other people out of the house. He scattered them right and left, beating at them with his slipper, and cursing and scolding. Everyone ran away very fast—even Rahul, who had been cooking potato cakes, made off in a great fright. When they had all gone, M. returned to his room and locked the door behind him. He looked hot and angry.

And next day he was gone. People came as usual that day but when they realised he was no longer there, they went away again and also took their gifts back with them. That night the men from the beggars' home were disappointed. I stayed on by myself, it didn't matter to me where I was. Sometimes I sat in one of the rooms, sometimes I walked up and down. The families from upstairs tried to make me eat and sleep, but I heard nothing of what they said. I don't remember much about that time. Later Daddy came to take me away. For the

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last time I tied my things up in a sheet and I went with him.

I think sometimes of Savitri, and I wonder whether I too am like her now—a candle burning for him in a window of the world. I am patient and inwardly calm and lead the life that has been appointed for me. I play tennis again, and I go out to tea and garden-parties with Mama, and Rahul and I often dance to the gramophone. Probably I shall marry Rahul quite soon. I laugh and talk just as much as I used to and Mama says I am too frivolous, but Daddy smiles and encourages me. Mama has had a lot of new pieces of jewellery made for me to replace the ones I sold; she and I keep on quarrelling as before.

I still try and see his face in my mind, and I never succeed. But I know—and that is how I can go on living the way I do, and even enjoy my life and be glad—that one day I shall succeed and I shall see that face as it really is. But whose face it is I shall see in that hour of happiness—and indeed, whose face it is I look for with such longing—is not quite clear to me.

James McAuley

Legendary

You are the fish that hides
In the dangerous sea-cave
Or darts in the breaking wave.
Mine the thread that slides

From the evening star above.
Your greedy mouth once caught
You jerk the nylon taut
With the silver body of love.

And played before you are landed,
Fighting upon the hook,
For all the time you took

At length you lie gasping, stranded.
For us the legends waken,
This fish meant to be taken.

Marine

Drowning my grappled sight
Amongst seaweed and shells
The tide heaves and swells
Under gold chains of light.

I see in its rock bower,
Predatory in its bed,
Anemone, deep-red,
Unclose its tactile flower.

Senses and memory
Brined to saturation,
We are re-made from

Light and marine sensation.
Your body has become
A woven text of the sea.

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FILM

Hitchcock's Art

By Eric Rhode

As far as film criticism goes, this is an age of superstition. Before the great altars of evaluation the various sects shuffle about each other gracelessly; no one seems to know what they are looking for and everyone thrusts forward large, loose judgments. All the time the major question, as to whether there is such a thing as "pure cinema", or whether the critic should proceed by analogy, by applying the criteria of literature, music and the fine arts, remains unanswered.

"Only a young art can be popular," wrote Arnold Hauser in 1951, "for as soon as it grows older it is necessary, in order to understand it, to be acquainted with the earlier stages in its development." This prediction has turned out to be true, though at the time Hauser had little to base it on. The cinema was at a low ebb when *The Social History of Art* was published: surrealism was out of favour, Eisenstein's experiments had led nowhere, and neo-realism appeared to be played out. Most serious critics subscribed to the literary tenets of the neo-realists, few of them questioned the narrative conventions of Hollywood. Then an event of double importance occurred at the 1960 Cannes Film Festival: the first showing of Antonioni's *L'Avventura*. *L'Avventura* created a scandal such as Cannes had never known. It was greeted with boos, yawns and hisses. The audience was dismayed by its seeming portentousness, dismayed above all by a sustained shot of a girl running down a corridor. Antonioni's sense of narrative was thought to be outrageous. Why hadn't he cut this shot out, why indeed wasn't the film an hour shorter?

At the same time as this scandal a group of young French directors, most notably Alain Resnais, François Truffaut, and Jean-Luc Godard, were also playing around with the narrative line, by resorting to such silent film tricks as captions, slow and fast motion and jump cuts. The critics, to be contrary, attacked *them* as frivolous—until, gradually, they began to realise that these directors, like Antonioni, were making a new kind of film, one that was more than an embellished script or illustrated novel.

The question was: how were we to look at these films if they were more than embellished scripts? The answer was plain: we were to look at them with our eyes, to scrutinise the images with the sort of intensity demanded of us by the silent film. Our eyes had grown lazy. As Hauser predicted we had to go back into the past to understand the present. We had to relearn the cinema's language, to think through a syntax of images (*pace* Chiaromonte—see January's Encounter), much as one thinks through a symbolic syntax when one reads a poem by Mallarmé. The products of the new cinema were different in the sense that their vision could not be translated into any other medium. The French directors, who wrote for a critical monthly, *Cahiers du Cinéma*, described this vision in terms of *mise en scène*: the director's sense of film, his ability to use the ever-changing *visual* relationship of man to his environment and to the camera.

In this way confusion set in and the age of superstition began. Critics probed their consciences: if films were no longer embellished scripts, then perhaps their semi-literary yardsticks were inadequate; perhaps their principal, if not sole duty was to search out examples of *mise en scène*. Undeterred by the fact that creative energy and critical judgment are seldom found in the same person, they looked anxiously to the pages of *Cahiers*. They had been caught out once—and, well, perhaps they were the ones who were being provincial if some of the *Cahiers* pronouncements seemed a little odd. At any rate, *mise en scène* was made into a fetish, and many an argument ended with a grunting of that sacred word.

—*Je ne suis pas réaliste de tout. Je suis attiré par la fantastique. Je vois les choses* larger than life.

—*Métaphysique?*

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—Thank you.
(Hitchcock in an interview with Truffaut and Chabrol)

The master of *mise en scène, Cahiers* decided, was Alfred Hitchcock, and Hitchcock's work was placed high amongst their *films d'auteur.* And even now their admiration for him is almost boundless; François Truffaut, one hears, has taken a year off filming to work on a book about him. In their monograph, *Hitchcock*, Claude Chabrol and Eric Rohmer claim that Hitchcock is one of the few great explorers of cinematic forms, and that only Murnau and Eisenstein, perhaps, can bear comparison with him . . . *"à partir de cette forme, en fonction de sa rigueur même, tout un univers moral s'était élaboré."*

Chabrol and Rohmer reach this unusual point of view, I think, because they are excited by Hitchcock's feeling for *mise en scène*, and are determined to justify this feeling in the grandest terms. It is easy to read large meanings into a best-seller when it has a well constructed plot; plot devices are limited and the weak stereotype situation usually has a powerful mythical prototype. And so, on the slenderest of pretexts, Chabrol and Rohmer dissect Hitchcock's *oeuvre* with the scalpels of Roman Catholic theology. (*Il ne faut pas oublier que cet Anglais a fait des études chez les Pères Jésuites.*) The result is that they present just about every one of Hitchcock's fifty-seven films as dripping with such ideas as The Web of Evil, the Need for Compassion, the Transference of Guilt and The Search for Good (or is it God?).

The way in which Hitchcock has "concurred" with this analysis is worthy of a Hitchcockian situation. The *Cahiers* critics are brought up short by his *cuirasse d'humeur,* and the late André Bazin, their doyen, has left on record *—une conversation où subsistait une certaine obscurité due, sans doute, à mon peu d'agilité intellectuelle dans la langue anglaise, mais aussi, je le crois bien, à la volonté ironique de mon interlocuteur. Car j'ai remarqué plusieurs fois chez lui un goût pour la formule élégante et ambiguë allant parfois jusqu'au jeu de mot. Ce penchant correspond assurément à une forme d'esprit, mais sans doute aussi à un certain camouflage intellectuel.*

At the age of sixty Hitchcock still enjoys a hefty practical joke. Recently he gave a party in a room lined with gravestones and coffins; eight hearses waited by the front door; the guests, dressed in black, drank Bloody Marys. You only have to remember the publicity for *Psycho* to realise that Hitchcock likes to joke with his audiences. In interview he presents a face as bland as a mirror; and in just the same way his work is liable to reflect whatever you want it to. Hitchcock's protagonists are often caught up in a series of deceptions, and you could say that his films are also attempts to deceive us. (*Pourquoi Hitchcock ment-il?* asks Truffaut—*Il a été élevé chez les Jésuites.*) The trouble is that this theory sounds suspiciously like one of Hitchcock's traps, and makes you wonder whether it is a case of reading too little or too much into his work.

The Birds positively throws this question at you: is it merely a shocker, or is it more, a "catastrophe film" as Hitchcock claims? Based on a story by Daphne du Maurier, an author to whom Hitchcock is partial (cf. his versions of *Rebecca* and *Jamaica Inn*), this basis is pretty well lost beneath the complications of Evan Hunter's script. Miss du Maurier's story is a brief account of how our feathered friends mass together in order to obliterate the human race—"how many years of memory were stored in those little brains, behind the stabbing beaks, the piercing eyes, now giving them this instinct to destroy mankind with all the deft precision of machines?"

You can see why Hitchcock was attracted to this idea. In the past the stimulus of a technical problem, such as the problem of the ten-minute take in *Rope,* has often been his starting point; and in this *The Birds* provides him with a real teaser: how is he to fake the movements of these huge predatory flocks? In fact Hitchcock manages to solve this problem so successfully that for most of the time one is not aware of it. It comes as a surprise to learn that the last shot for instance, a landscape of birds, "took thirty-two pieces of film, all put together in the lab." Above all, though, *The Birds* gives Hitchcock the chance to create an ornithologist's nightmare, a terror in comparison with which *Psycho* seems tame: a glistening white gull is crucified on a cracked window while a corpse, its eyes pecked out, lies beside the bed; orange-billed crows sweep down on to a crocodile of children and feast off their necks; unseen gulls shriek outside a boarded-up house, smash through doors, shatter windows and gobble through the roof. . . . Some of these sequences remind us that during the twenties Michael Balcon sent Hitchcock to work for the German company, Emelka. The camera, besieged in a blood-splattered telephone booth, becomes our eyes as the seagulls dive-bomb it. But in general Hitchcock is chary about resorting to such expressionistic tricks; it is almost as though he prides himself on being able to terrify us with the minimum of effort. At the end, on the bird-infested beach, he shows us fear in the slightest shudder of a gull's body, or in the least chuckle

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of a crow. Such moments are beautiful in the way a snake is beautiful, and remain vividly in the memory long after the rest of *The Birds* has begun to fade.

STILL, these moments of tension, however telling, are far too brief to fill up two hours of screen time, and so Hitchcock provides us with a great deal of padding: there is a theme—"It's about people who are complacent"—and a love interest and a dominating mother. I say "padding" because this material is very much at second hand—lifeless and unexplored. It is also immensely contrived. A lawyer (Rod Taylor) plays a joke on a blonde socialite ("Tippi" Hedren) in a San Francisco birdshop, which prompts her, in turn, to drive down to his Bodega Bay home and play a joke on him. This ponderous behaviour is quite out of character. Unlike the slow, mood-setting opening to *Rear Window,* this prologue does no more than introduce us to a number of characters and set the field of action. Not that it gets going even then. There is a lachrymose confrontation amongst sand dunes, worthy of the *Saturday Evening Post,* during which the lawyer and the socialite discover they both have mother trouble: she was deserted by hers while he, alas, is still saddled by his. Meanwhile this mother (played with brittle elegance by Jessica Tandy) is doing her best to break up their relationship. All this takes up the first third of the film; when the birds start to attack these problems are more or less shelved.

You cannot blame Hitchcock for padding out a good idea; and it isn't surprising either that despite a fairly witty script the content of this padding should be so banal. Hitchcock is no Balzac: he has never shown much insight into the workings of society or of peoples' minds. What does surprise though is the tortured construction of these scenes; they are so much on the defensive, the characters so knowingly throw about psychological jargon. Perhaps Hitchcock believes that half-baked Freudianism is as necessary an ingredient in films nowadays as cheesecake, or is it the case perhaps that he has something he wants to hide?

HITCHCOCK is surely aware of how the findings of psycho-analysis have undermined the art of holding people in suspense. Suspense is a state of half-knowing; there needs to be a mystery in the creating of horror, a sense of controlled power. When you know how he does his tricks, the conjuror is no longer a magician. In some ways Hitchcock must be as frustrated as Poe would have been had he read *The Interpretation of Dreams*. Somewhat grossly Hitchcock acknowledges this situation: "Of course the fireworks scenes (in *To Catch a Thief*) are pure orgasm. Just as the tunnel at the end of *North by North West* is a sexual symbol." Nothing is more painful than the thriller that turns out to be unintentionally ridiculous, and by suggesting a control that isn't really there, Hitchcock betrays the unease of the practical joker, afraid that his joke may boomerang. Not surprisingly, then, he takes care to gird on his *cuirasse d'humeur*. In *Psycho* we are supposed to be frightened by the Gothic paraphernalia and yet, at the same time, to accept the film as a parody of the Gothic convention; we are supposed to accept the implausible schizophrenic Norman Bates on realistic grounds and yet, at the same time, to be amused by the analyst's interpretation of his case. In the old days villains could be omnipotent figures of evil, scapegoats to be destroyed in the final reel. Now such wickedness is either parodied, as in *North by North West,* or shown as a form of sickness. If you make an exception of *Dial M for Murder,* a commission for which Hitchcock had little regard, you can see the transition being worked out in Bruno Anthony, the half psychotic, half motivelessly malign stranger on a train. Hitchcock is able to suggest the demonic, but unfortunately neither he nor, presumably, his script writers are able to create realistic, fully rounded characters.

In *The Birds* Hitchcock gets round this flaw by having no villains humanly speaking. The birds are left, figuratively, up in the air. Miss du Maurier's theory that they are taking revenge is discarded, and the motive of these billion upon billion of Iagos is never given. This I find satisfactory: the speaking bird is really outside Hitchcock's province. The snag though is that an unexplained phenomenon usually opens the way for the triumphal entry of those Prime Motives: God and/or the Devil, and this is what happens here. We may not wish to know why the birds are behaving so but we still ask the question—what do they signify?—a question which Hitchcock has difficulty in suppressing. He has often been embarrassed by such awkward questions. In *Psycho* he had trouble with the young man who had stuffed his mother, and who said he liked "to stuff birds"—surely not an example of *un goût pour la formule élégante et ambiguë*?—and in *The Birds* Hitchcock knows that we know what the birds are supposed to signify in casebook terms. This, I assume is why he gives us *two* phallic mothers; he wants us to realise that he too is well informed. Or does this explanation give him too much credit? Certainly it's the politest way to justify the clumsy scene on the sand dunes. Hitchcock has claimed that his birds present in an allegorical form our fears at the possible

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end of the world; and it is true that the unseen raid on the house—a brilliant piece of *mise en scène*—does recall the blitz in a way from which Mr. Bart could learn a lesson or two. But Hitchcock is no dab hand at allegory, and his attempts in the restaurant sequence to give a day-of-judgment glow to the action is strained. The film doesn't prepare us for such a reading; the birds remain indomitably birds.

Fritz Lang, whom Hitchcock admires, would have found such an allegory within his scope. But then Lang does have a *métaphysique*, however crude it may be; his mind approaches the particular through the general. Lang's *Metropolis* is an idealised city, whose unit is the group or crowd and not the individual. In *M*, which is supposedly realistic, the child murderer is seen less as a person than as a function, a spoke in the wheel, the disrupter of civic order, . who brings together such opposing organisations as the police and the criminals. Hitchcock, who is as talented as Lang, is much too much of a pragmatist to give himself over to such general ideas, and he has to rely on shocks to keep us off our guard, so that the question as to what the birds signify only begins to worry us once the film is over. These shocks are ingeniously managed; still, the need for them does betray Hitchcock's lack of nerve, his half-heartedness in creating a *fin du monde* fantasy. Such a fantasy might expose him to the wrong kind of laughter, and like most practical jokers he wants to be taken seriously.

WHEN WE LOOK at a photograph of Hitchcock we have the impression—though he is cunning enough to dissemble even this—of a Billy Bunter who has lived through sixty years. From this we cannot help drawing the conclusion that his films make best sense if we see them as a kind of child art. Certainly to see them in this way is to understand why we are unworried by Hitchcock's failure to develop his themes in an "adult" fashion—his failure, for instance, to explore the moral implications of his sometimes appalling subjects. Child art is by its nature irresponsible.

In his *Three Essays on the Painting of our Time* Adrian Stokes finds that modern art has much in common with child art since its attempt "to break down the accepted images in favour of the primitive entities that it symbolises, results in the formation of images without resonance from which we withhold the adjective 'imaginative.'"

Hitchcock's most characteristic device is the naturalistic conceit, the playing of images without resonance against each other so that the effect is incongruous: a murder takes place in the foyer at UNO, a flock of finches swirl about a drawing-room. These effects are familiar to us from the detective thriller—and yet Hitchcock's conceits are unlike those, say, of Graham Greene's entertainments. In *A Gun for Sale* and *The Ministry of Fear* the images are mere appearances masking a violent reality. Hitchcock's images on the other hand are monotonous and complete in themselves, and his conceits, however highly wrought, never impress us as being part of an imaginative whole. Such a conceit as the wonderful shot in *Strangers on a Train* of Mrs. Haines' spectacles as they lie on the grass and reflect her being strangled by Bruno Anthony provides us with no more than an immediate impact, a disconnected sensation. Such conceits are as naturalistic and inscrutable as the elements of a *collage*—or rather they only seem inscrutable when we let ourselves believe that they contain a secret, and that we can with application generalise from them. In fact to believe this is to mislead ourselves; for the secret of Hitchcock's craft is that there is no secret.

FOR A LONG TIME British critics believed that Hitchcock lost his touch when he went to Hollywood. His work, once so witty and succinct, became, they held, both ponderous and coarse. Hollywood corrupted him; he became un-English. The *Cahiers* critics reversed this judgment. Far from corrupting him, Hollywood, they argued, gave Hitchcock the technical means that released his talent; it was there that he truly made *films d'auteur*, that he became a discoverer of cinematic forms. By escaping from the studios *de sa Majesté* (sic) Hitchcock found himself; he triumphed when he managed to become un-English.

How far is this true, and how far are Hitchcock's fans justified in taking up such diverging points of view? At first sight, certainly, his most recent films appear to have little in common with his earlier ones. During the fine flowering of the English period (from the first version of *The Man Who Knew Too Much* to *The Lady Vanishes*) Hitchcock made a series of comedy thrillers notable for their hard certitude; the rules are there to be played and you know where you stand. The "governing consciousness" is usually a descendant of Alice, an Englishman of effortless superiority whose commonsense is unassumingly accepted as the measure of all behaviour. He is often placed in exotic surroundings: Robert Donat trapped in a Highland manse, or Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne in the Orient Express, stepping down spy-packed corridors with xenophobic disdain. There is nothing to worry about; intrigue is mere foreign nonsense; as long as there are Englishmen about the world will be all right.

The assurance and vitality of these comedies

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disappeared when Hitchcock first went to Hollywood. The transitional period (from *Rebecca* to *The Paradine Case*) is made up of hollow, transatlantic dramas, usually battled out in mouldering Victorian mansions which somehow manage to be neither British nor American. Hitchcock's direction is stilted and solemn; you feel you are watching an immensely expensive, unending Repertory production. When he finds his pace again, the influence of America is apparent. His work becomes Gothic, Fiedlerised ("ours is a literature of horror for boys"). You already note the change in *Notorious*; a protuberance sets in as though the film were a swelling plant. The camerawork, released by the technical facilities of Hollywood, grows extravagant, subjective. Then as time passes and with the exception of an unnervingly thin comedy, *The Trouble with Harry*, the insane, the exotic, and the morally ambiguous become more pronounced, until by *Psycho* we have entered the realm of the fairy tale, of Bluebeard's Castle and of Red Riding Hood. "Are they going to eat us?" a small boy Grimmly wails in *The Birds*, so setting the tone.

This development, however, is superficial. These fairy tales are as much without resonance as the early comedies. They are calculated: the insane and the exotic are seen coldly from without; they do not have the force of someone's private nightmare. Though the veneer may grow more flashy and the juxtapositions more bizarre, Hitchcock's work strikes us as being consistent in that it always describes an antiseptic, scrubbed-out world, unstained, almost without memory. It reminds you—to be pretentious—of the paintings of le Douanier Rousseau; this is a child's world, oppressive and yet without atmosphere.

Above all, this is a world dominated by machines. Hitchcock has a boy's enthusiasm for mechanical processes, for the techniques of camerawork and editing, for the efficient plot that, machine-like, generates the right amount of suspense, laughter, or terror. His later films provide us with a technocrat's paradise. They glisten with impersonal, *new* machines: convertibles and electric razors, cameras and elevators. Though these machines may perish they are so quickly replaced that you begin to feel that they must always be the same. The individual convertible or elevator has no place here. People may die and be swept away, but the machines remain.

In fact the human being has a hard time of it; it is the inhuman being who thrives. Death, I assume, is outside a child's understanding; and natural death, in spite of all the bodies, plays no part in Hitchcock's artificial world. His concern, rather, is with the mechanics of killing, and at this he is remarkably adept. The Nazis would have liked his murders; most of them are so swift and clean. As for the victim's pain —well, Hitchcock is as little concerned with it as a guillotine might be. But perhaps the guillotine *is* concerned; the anonymous objects in Hitchcock's world look thoroughly uncomfortable when stained with blood. Blood is messy and human: how reassuring the bathroom in *Psycho* looks when its tiles are washed and the last streak of blood has swept down the plughole.

Not unexpectedly Hitchcock favours the steely resilient type of actor: Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, or James Stewart, whose rural bumblings conceal a knife-like poise. By means of such actors Hitchcock has created an idea of the sophisticated society that makes *The New Yorker* seem old hat. This society is behaviouristic: its inhabitants are like machines; they don't have feelings, they merely play at having them. When Grace Kelly in *Rear Window* wants to change a mood she shows it by changing her dress. All is artifice: the sound of ice clicking in a glass of whisky is exaggerated so that it sounds like a kiss, while kisses are made to sound like the clicking of ice. These elegant automatons are enclosed in one room. With disinterested passion they discuss the pains and pleasures of their neighbours on the other side of the window. It is an almost perfect enactment of what Hitchcock does to us, his audience. He puts a screen of glass between our manic selves and our depressing daily lives.

If style arises out of the agony of experience, then Hitchcock, we can say, has a magnificent technique but no style. His stills, with their metallic sheen, are virtually undistinguishable from the stills of any other Hollywood film. Hitchcock's direction may often approach an ideal of "pure" cinema; but when we remember that art is only in part artifice, that art is impure, we may well wonder at the value of such an ideal.

HITCHCOCK CREATES a sophisticated world whose inhabitants are strong and beautiful, so glossily wrapped that neither moth nor rust does corrupt, so immune from change that it exists out of time. In short, Hitchcock creates a child's idea of the adult world. But this description is only in part the case. The elegant automatons may view the world through glass, but this supposes that they in turn are seen like insects within a glass case. The camera, like a boy's beady eye, tracks them down. Hitchcock's vision, it is often said, is voyeuristic; whatever pity there is in it arises from a semi-identification, probably unconscious, with the odd men out, the stunted children like Norman Bates in *Psycho*. Ironi-

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cally, this maker of fairy tales is himself caught up in the legend of Beauty and the Beast. The child watching the lovers endlessly kiss takes his revenge; for Hitchcock creates a sophisticated world only in order to destroy it. At the end of *Rear Window* not even flash-bulbs can keep the blundering, tormented murderer out of the enclosed room; he stumbles forward and thrusts the complacent hero out of the window, forces him down into pain. In *The Birds* Hitchcock builds Tippi Hedren into a star as cool as Grace Kelly ("I want to go through life jumping into fountains naked") so that he can have the birds attack her with an added zest. He casts Suzanne Pleshette in the role of a schoolmistress who has her eyes pecked out, seemingly because she has beautiful Liz Taylor eyes.

In general Hitchcock's men are weak and his women strong; and, as in *The Birds*, the women fall into two classes: the witches and the princesses. The witches are those mother figures recurring in just about every film: silly monsters whose pretensions to be considered as human beings are destroyed from the start cf. Mrs. Van Hopper (Florence Bates) in *Rebecca*, or the twittering Mrs. Thornhill (Jessie Royce Landis) in *North by North West*. The princesses, on the other hand, are treated more subtly; the camera fondles them, though circumstances may tweak and pinch.

All the same, you cannot say that Hitchcock is "obsessed" by mother figures or feels sadistically towards pretty women. There is nothing more serious than the obsessive sadist; and you cannot ascribe a serious intention to child art. When Hitchcock seems to be cruel he is merely satisfying his sense of the absurd, or playing for effect. The wrong man was murdered in his version of Maugham's *Ashenden* (misnamed *The Secret Agent*); a horrid boy, Stevie, was blown up by a bomb—and so wrecked box-office returns—in his version of Conrad's *The Secret Agent* (even more confusingly named *Sabotage*). Hitchcock's treatment of these events is self-congratulatory, almost one of preening satisfaction, rather like the schoolboy's chirpy "I told you so," when a friend is punished for his misdemeanour.

This insolence is the leather to Hitchcock's *cuirasse d'humeur*. Who else would have Peter Lorre throw toilet rolls at John Gielgud—again *Ashenden/The Secret Agent*—or unfrock a sweet old charlady in the first version of *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, or never miss the chance of making a "personal appearance"—of trotting smugly across the screen at the moment when you least expect him, so that you almost stop suspending your disbelief. But of course the suspense is seldom, if ever, broken. It really is galling the way Hitchcock sweeps us into the high seas of the incredible and then leaves us, floundering and without excuses, to make our own way home.

He is a cockney; and perhaps because of this his insolence, however extreme, is always more or less decent. *The Birds* may be horrific, but it could be far worse; at least we don't see Suzanne Pleshette's bleeding eye sockets. And similarly, though the witches are monstrous they are also a delight, so that we tend to remember them as splendid parts for the virtuoso actress—in *The Birds* for lovely Ethel Griffies as a Voltairean ornithologist—rather than as scathing, life-like portraits. Despite the screams and scoldings, good humour does prevail; Hitchcock's mind never narrows into cruelty and it seldom gloats. If ghouls could be fat and jolly, then Hitchcock would be a ghoul.

IT IS DIFFICULT to be level-headed about him. His films may not be mythological; yet the spies and the sinister nuns and the betrayals at the border of his English period are so essential to our thirties' mythology—part Greeneland, part *The Orators*—that we cannot separate them from a fuddle of affection. The cinema plays on our sympathy in a way no book does. The lights dim and we are back in the world of one-eyed conjurors, practical jokes, and Big Bad Wolves stealing behind the bedposts....

His films, then, are like those children's games that adults want to play. They are made with a quality one associates with such pioneers as Méliès, Griffith, and Renoir—infectious enthusiasm. Hitchcock may well be the last commercial director to think of the cinema as a new medium and the camera as a fresh toy; and it is for this naïvety surely, and not for his so-called *métaphysique*, that the French *cinéastes* love him. He is an old man now; and yet in *The Birds*, and most movingly, he is able on at least three occasions to catch our breath at the sheer delight of his filming. It is remarkable, really, how Hitchcock has worked for forty years within the industry and yet been able to succeed on his own terms; how his exuberance and inventiveness have grown rather than diminished with the years. Because of this, Hitchcock's triumph is no small one; like all the great professionals he has managed, in spite of everything, to remain an amateur at heart.

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Ten Poems by *Sylvia Plath*

SYLVIA PLATH *was born in Boston, Mass., in 1932, of Austrian and German parents. One of the main events of her life, the death of her father, occurred when she was nine, after which she and her brother depended solely on their mother, who teaches at Boston University, and their own facility in winning scholarships. She was educated at Smith College, Mass., and in 1955 came to England, to Newnham College, on a Fulbright. After a spell of teaching in the States she returned in 1960 to live permanently in England with her English husband, and subsequently two children. She died on February 11th, 1963.*

Though she wrote short stories and a novel, her main interest, from quite an early age, was poetry. Up to the publication of her first collection, "The Colossus," in 1961, she composed slowly, with great deliberation and research. Then there came a change, which can be heard in the inspired and inspiring way she read her later pieces, particularly during the last six months of her life.

According to their outlook, people who met her were alarmed or exhilarated by the intensity of her spirits. Her affections were absolute. Once she had set her mind to it, nothing was too much trouble for her. The lovely firm complexity of design, the cleanly uncompromising thoroughness that shows in her language, showed in everything she did. And in spite of the prevailing doom evident in her poems, it is impossible that anybody could have been more in love with life, or more capable of happiness, than she was. T. H.

Death & Co.

Two. Of course there are two.
It seems perfectly natural now—
The one who never looks up, whose eyes are lidded
And balled, like Blake's,
Who exhibits

The birthmarks that are his trademark—
The scald scar of water,
The nude
Verdigris of the condor.
I am red meat. His beak

Claps sidewise: I am not his yet
He tells me how badly I photograph.
He tells me how sweet
The babies look in their hospital
Icebox, a simple

Frill at the neck,
Then the flutings of their Ionian
Death-gowns,
Then two little feet.
He does not smile or smoke.

The other does that,
His hair long and plausive.
Bastard
Masturbating a glitter,
He wants to be loved.

I do not stir.
The frost makes a flower,
The dew makes a star.
The dead bell,
The dead bell.

Somebody's done for.

The Swarm

Somebody is shooting at something in our town—
A dull pom, pom in the Sunday street.
Jealousy can open the blood,
It can make black roses.
Who are they shooting at?

It is you the knives are out for
At Waterloo, Waterloo, Napoleon,
The hump of Elba on your short back,
And the snow, marshalling its brilliant cutlery
Mass after mass, saying Shh!

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Shh! These are chess people you play with,
Still figures of ivory.
The mud squirms with throats,
Stepping stones for French bootsoles.
The gilt and pink domes of Russia melt and float off

In the furnace of greed. Clouds, clouds.
So the swarm balls and deserts
Seventy feet up, in a black pine tree.
It must be shot down. Pom! Pom!
So dumb it thinks bullets are thunder.

It thinks they are the voice of God
Condoning the beak, the claw, the grin of the dog
Yellow-haunched, a pack dog,
Grinning over its bone of ivory
Like the pack, the pack, like everybody.

The bees have got so far. Seventy feet high!
Russia, Poland and Germany!
The mild hills, the same old magenta
Fields shrunk to a penny
Spun into a river, the river crossed.

The bees argue, in their black ball,
A flying hedgehog, all prickles.
The man with grey hands stands under the honeycomb
Of their dream, the hived station
Where trains, faithful to their steel arcs,

Leave and arrive, and there is no end to the country.
Pom, pom! They fall
Dismembered, to a tod of ivy.
So much for the chariots, the outriders, the Grand Army!
A red tatter, Napoleon!

The last badge of victory.
The swarm is knocked into a cocked straw hat.
Elba, Elba, bleb on the sea!
The white busts of marshals, admirals, generals
Worming themselves into niches.

How instructive this is!
The dumb, banded bodies
Walking the plank draped with Mother France's upholstery
Into a new mausoleum,
An ivory palace, a crotch pine.

The man with grey hands smiles—
The smile of a man of business, intensely practical.
They are not hands at all
But asbestos receptacles.
Pom, pom! "They would have killed *me*."

Stings big as drawing pins!
It seems bees have a notion of honour,
A black, intractable mind.
Napoleon is pleased, he is pleased with everything.
O Europe! O ton of honey!

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The Other

You come in late, wiping your lips.
What did I leave untouched on the doorstep—

White Nike,
Streaming between my walls?

Smilingly, blue lightning
Assumes, like a meathook, the burden of his parts.

The police love you, you confess everything.
Bright hair, shoe-black, old plastic,

Is my life so intriguing?
Is it for this you widen your eye-rings?

Is it for this the air motes depart?
They are not air motes, they are corpuscles.

Open your handbag. What is the bad smell?
It is your knitting, busily

Hooking itself to itself,
It is your sticky candies.

I have your head on my wall.
Navel cords, blue-red and lucent,

Shriek from my belly like arrows, and these I ride.
O moon-glow, o sick one,

The stolen horses, the fornications
Circle a womb of marble.

Where are you going
That you suck breath like mileage?

Sulphurous adulteries grieve in a dream.
Cold glass, how you insert yourself

Between myself and myself!
I scratch like a cat.

The blood that runs is dark fruit—
An effect, a cosmetic.

You smile.
No, it is not fatal.

Getting There

How far is it?
How far is it now?
The gigantic gorilla interior
Of the wheels move, they appal me—
The terrible brains
Of Krupp, black muzzles
Revolving, the sound
Punching out Absence! like cannon.
It is Russia I have to get across, it is some war or other.
I am dragging my body
Quietly through the straw for the boxcars.
Now is the time for bribery.
What do wheels eat, these wheels
Fixed to their arcs like gods,
The silver leash of the will—
Inexorable. And their pride!
All the gods know is destinations.

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I am a letter in this slot—
I fly to a name, two eyes.
Will there be fire, will there be bread?
Hell there is such mud.
It is a trainstop, the nurses
Undergoing the faucet water, its veils, veils in a nunnery,
Touching their wounded,
The men the blood still pumps forward,
legs, arms piled outside
The tent of unending cries.
A hospital of dolls.
And the men, what is left of the men
Pumped ahead by these pistons, this blood
Into the next mile,
The next hour—
Dynasty of broken arrows!

How far is it?
There is mud on my feet,
Thick, red and slipping. It is Adam's side,
This earth I rise from, and I in agony.
I cannot undo myself, and the train is steaming.
Steaming and breathing, its teeth
Ready to roll, like a devil's.
There is a minute at the end of it
A minute, a dewdrop.
How far is it?
It is so small
The place I am getting to, why are there these obstacles—
The body of this woman—
Charred skirts and deathmask
Mourned by religious figures, by garlanded children.
And now detonations,
Thunder and guns.
The fire's between us.
Is there no still place
Turning and turning in the middle air,
Untouched and untouchable.
The train is dragging itself, it is screaming,
An animal
Insane for the destination,
The bloodspot,
The face at the end of the flare.
I shall bury the wounded like pupas,
I shall count and bury the dead.
Let their souls writhe in a dew,
Incense in my track.
The carriages rock, they are cradles.
And I, stepping from this skin
Of old bandages, boredoms, old faces

Step to you from the black car of Lethe,
Pure as a baby.

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Lady Lazarus

I have done it again!
One year in every ten
I manage it—

A sort of walking miracle, my skin
Bright as a Nazi lampshade,
My right foot

A paperweight,
My face a featureless, fine
Jew linen.

Peel off the napkin
O my enemy.
Do I terrify?—

The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth?
The sour breath
Will vanish in a day.

Soon, soon the flesh
The grave cave ate will be
At home on me

And I a smiling woman.
I am only thirty
And like the cat I have nine times to die.

This is Number Three.
What a trash
To annihilate each decade!

What a million filaments!
The peanut-crunching crowd
Shoves in to see

Then unwrap me hand and foot—
The big strip tease.
Gentleman, ladies

These are my hands
My knees.
I may be skin and bone,

Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman.
The first time it happened I was ten.
It was an accident.

The second time I meant
To last it out and not come back at all.
I rocked shut

As a seashell.
They had to call and call
And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls.

Dying
Is an art, like everything else.
I do it exceptionally well.

I do it so it feels like hell.
I do it so it feels real.
I guess you could say I've a call.

It's easy enough to do it in a cell.
It's easy enough to do it and stay put.
It's the theatrical

Comeback in broad day
To the same place, the same face, the same brute
Amused shout:

"A miracle!"
That knocks me out.
There is a charge

For the eyeing of my scars, there is a charge
For the hearing of my heart—
It really goes.

And there is a charge, a very large charge
For a word or a touch
Or a bit of blood

Or a piece of my hair or my clothes.
So, so, Herr Doktor.
So, Herr Enemy.

I am your opus,
I am your valuable,
The pure gold baby

That melts to a shriek.
I turn and burn.
Do not think I underestimate your great concern.

Ash, ash.
You poke and stir.
Flesh, bone, there is nothing there—

A cake of soap,
A wedding ring,
A gold filling.

Herr God, Herr Lucifer
Beware
Beware.

Out of the ash
I rise with my red hair
And I eat men like air.

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Little Fugue

The yew's black fingers wag;
Cold clouds go over.
So the deaf and dumb
Signal the blind, and are ignored.

I like black statements.
The featurelessness of that cloud, now!
White as an eye all over!
The eye of the blind pianist

At my table on the ship.
He felt for his food.
His fingers had the noses of weasels.
I couldn't stop looking.

He could hear Beethoven:
Black yew, white cloud,
The horrific complications.
Finger-traps—a tumult of keys.

Empty and silly as plates,
So the blind smile.
I envy the big noises,
The yew hedge of the *Grosse Fuge*.

Deafness is something else.
Such a dark funnel, my father!
I see your voice
Black and leafy, as in my childhood,

A yew hedge of orders,
Gothic and barbarous, pure German.
Dead men cry from it.
I am guilty of nothing.

The yew my Christ, then.
Is it not as tortured?
And you, during the Great War
In the California Delicatessen

Lopping the sausages!
They colour my sleep,
Red, mottled, like cut necks.
There was a silence—

Great silence of another order.
I was seven, I knew nothing.
The world occurred.
You had one leg and a Prussian mind.

Now similar clouds
Are spreading their vacuous sheets.
Do you say nothing?
I am lame in the memory.

I remember a blue eye,
A briefcase of tangerines.
This was a man, then!
Death opened, like a black tree, blackly.

I survive the while,
Arranging my morning.
These are my fingers, this my baby.
The clouds are a marriage dress, of that pallor.

Childless Woman

The womb
Rattles its pod, the moon
Discharges itself from the tree with nowhere to go.

My landscape is a hand with no lines,
The roads bunched to a knot,
The knot myself,

Myself the rose you achieve—
This body,
This ivory
Ungodly as a child's shriek.
Spiderlike, I spin mirrors,
Loyal to my image,

Uttering nothing but blood—
Taste it, dark red!
And my forest

My funeral,
And this hill and this
Gleaming with the mouths of corpses.

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The Jailor

My night sweats grease his breakfast plate.
The same placard of blue fog is wheeled into position
With the same trees and headstones.
Is that all he can come up with,
The rattler of keys?

I have been drugged and raped.
Seven hours knocked out of my right mind
Into a black sack
Where I relax, foetus or cat,
Lever of his wet dreams.

Something is gone.
My sleeping capsule, my red and blue zeppelin,
Drops me from a terrible altitude.
Carapace smashed,
I spread to the beaks of birds.

O little gimlets!
What holes this papery day is already full of!
He has been burning me with cigarettes,
Pretending I am a Negress with pink paws.
I am myself. That is not enough.

The fever trickles and stiffens in my hair.
My ribs show. What have I eaten?
Lies and smiles.
Surely the sky is not that colour,
Surely the grass should be rippling.

All day, gluing my church of burnt matchsticks,
I dream of someone else entirely.
And he, for this subversion,
Hurts me, he
With his armoury of fakery.

His high, cold masks of amnesia.
How did I get here?
Indeterminate criminal,
I die with variety—
Hung, starved, burned, hooked!

I imagine him
Impotent as distant thunder,
In whose shadow I have eaten my ghost ration.
I wish him dead or away.
That, it seems is the impossibility,

That being free. What would the dark
Do without fevers to eat?
What would the light
Do without eyes to knife, what would he
Do, do, do without me?

Thalidomide

O half moon—

Half-brain, luminosity—
Negro, masked like a white,

Your dark
Amputations crawl and appal—

Spidery, unsafe
What glove

What leatheriness
Has protected

Me from that shadow—
The indelible buds,

Knuckles at shoulder-blades, the
Faces that

Shove into being, dragging
The lopped

Blood-caul of absences.
All night I carpenter

A space for the thing I am given,
A love

Of two wet eyes and a screech.
White spit

Of indifference!
The dark fruits revolve and fall.

The glass cracks across,
The image

Flees and aborts like dropped mercury.

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Daddy

You do not do, you do not do
Anymore, black shoe
In which I have lived like a foot
For thirty years, poor and white,
Barely daring to breathe or Achoo!

Daddy, I have had to kill you.
You died before I had time—
Marble-heavy, a bag full of God,
Ghastly statue with one grey toe
Big as a Frisco seal

And a head in the freakish Atlantic
Where it pours bean green over blue
In the waters off beautiful Nauset.
I used to pray to recover you.
Ach, du!

In the German tongue, in the Polish town
Scraped flat by the roller
Of wars, wars, wars.
But the name of the town is common.
My Polack friend

Says there are a dozen or two.
So I never could tell where you
Put your foot, your root,
I never could talk to you.
The tongue stuck in my jaw.

It stuck in a barb wire snare.
Ich, ich, ich, ich!
I could hardly speak.
I thought every German was you.
And the language obscene

An engine, an engine
Chuffing me off like a Jew.
A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen.
I began to talk like a Jew.
I think I may well be a Jew.

The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Vienna
Are not very pure or true.
With my gypsy ancestress and my weird luck
And my Tarot pack and my Tarot pack
I may be a bit of a Jew.

I have always been scared of *you*,
With your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo.
And your neat moustache
And your Aryan eye, bright blue.
Panzer-man, panzer-man, o You!

Not God but a swastika
So black no sky could squeak through.
Every woman adores a Fascist,
The boot in the face, the brute
Brute heart of a brute like you.

You stand at the blackboard, daddy,
In the picture I have of you,
A cleft in your chin instead of your foot
But no less a devil for that, no not
Any less the black man who

Bit my pretty red heart in two.
I was ten when they buried you.
At twenty I tried to die
And get back, back, back to you.
I thought even the bones would do.

But they pulled me out of the sack,
And they stuck me together with glue.
And then I knew what to do.
I made a model of you,
A man in black with a Meinkampf look

And a love of the rack and the screw.
And I said I do, I do.
So daddy, I'm finally through.
The black telephone's off at the root,
The voices just can't worm through.

If I've killed one man, I've killed two—
The vampire who said he was you
And drank my blood for a year—
Seven years, if you want to know.
Daddy, you can lie back now.

There's a stake in your fat black heart
And the villagers never liked you.
They are dancing and stamping on you.
They always *knew* it was you.
Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from Paris

On the French Left

THERE IS NOTHING very surprising in the fact that the end of the Algerian war has been dissolving associations which owed everything to circumstance. This is a phenomenon which has occurred before—as when the *Résistance*, united in the struggle against the Nazi Occupation, disintegrated on the morrow of *Libération*. When people are united not by common conviction but by the pursuit of a common goal, it is normal for them to separate once that goal has been attained. The solitude in which the end of the operation leaves the protagonists also favours a certain reflectiveness. Each weighs up what he has done, reviews his own attitudes in a calmer light, notices that they are no longer transfigured by passion, urgency and necessity, and adopts a new and sometimes unexpected approach.

A certain number of the leading experts on Algeria tried to undertake an inventory, balance sheet or re-examination of this kind in a special number of the review *La Nef*. Jean Daniel's reflections on the F.L.N. and Jean-Louis Guillaud's on the Army might be included under this heading, but one article which claims particular attention is Michel Crouzet's *"La bataille des intellectuels français."* Crouzet, a former member of the Communist Party, was one of the organisers of the so-called "Maurice Audin Committee"[1] and later a signatory of Jean-Paul Sartre's *Manifeste des 121*. In this article he retraces his own steps, which were common to many French intellectuals. No doubt some will reproach him for not investing this essay with the trappings of self-criticism. I imagine that he has lost the taste for it and now prefers, even in his own personal case, to explain rather than accuse. He proceeds to examine the hesitant policy of the French Communist Party and the particular part played by intellectuals in what he calls *"la bataille de l'écrit."*

Underlying everything was a profound sense of guilt. Since each man personally assumed the burden of his country's colonial heritage he felt guilty towards the colonial peoples from the outset and searched desperately for some means of discharging this responsibility (or even, following a well-known psychological process, of punishing himself). "The revolutionary intellectual," declares Crouzet, "can easily be driven to increasingly stringent forms of expiation." With the chances of expiation offered by a revolution of the industrial proletariat in the countries of the West growing ever more problematical, the sight of the colonial *tiers monde* locked in a struggle against colonialism suddenly presented the appearance of a proletariat multiplied to infinity—*"le prolétariat de l'humanité."* All at once, anti-colonialism afforded a remedy for the malaise that comes from belonging to the guilty portion of humanity, to the gorged and "bourgeois" nations from which one had to detach oneself at all costs in order to join what would henceforth constitute the vanguard of a world-wide proletariat. With his indictment of the West, the brilliant French African, Dr. Frantz Fanon,[2] became the Lenin of a new revolution in which "white" took the place of "bourgeois."

Abruptly, all moral positions were again thrown into the melting-pot (as they had been when people were confronted by the possibility of proletarian revolution). Thus the anti-torture campaign could hardly fail to assume a political aspect. To "condemn Torture" was to condemn the excesses of the F.L.N. and the Army in the same breath and, consequently, to embrace in the moral judgment both guilty and innocent —or, at least, those who were playing those roles in the eyes of history. The impossibility of levelling a common indictment—which would have run counter both to the myth of a new world-wide proletariat and to the desire for self-punishment which inspired its champions —could not fail to open the door to the time-worn sophistries of the Stalin era. One was again presented with the distinction between "useful" or "necessary" crimes, "good" and "bad" violence, the one following the tide of history, the other attempting to stem it. The defence of terrorism when it was "good," the

[1] Named after Professor Maurice Audin, the brilliant young communist mathematician murdered by a group of French officers in Algiers, this committee—of which Jean-Paul Sartre and Professor Laurent Schwartz were distinguished members —played an active role in the campaign against torture in Algeria.

[2] *Les Damnés de la Terre*. Preface by Jean-Paul Sartre. (Maspero, 1961.) Frantz Fanon's revolutionary doctrine has two main characteristics: in the first place it is anti-western, not only in the political sense, but in the sense of rejecting the West's civilisation. In the second place, Fanon's theory looks to peasantry alone as the revolutionary element in the *tiers monde*. It is this view which, coinciding as it does with that of Ben Bella, has led to his acceptance by many leaders of the F.L.N. as the theoretician of their revolution.

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discreet veil drawn over torture when it was "progressive"—*i.e.*, perpetrated by the F.L.N. and not against it—turned this campaign against torture into a campaign against atrocities committed by the French. All at once it became political and, because it could be readily qualified by advocates of "the strong line," lost all its efficacy. By refusing to condemn one kind of torture the intellectuals simultaneously vindicated the other or, rather, presented it with just the shameful excuses which it needed for its own defence.

At the same time, it became essential to take sides publicly, to "testify" before history. The precedent of Nazism was foremost in everyone's mind. The main thing was that nobody should ever be able to accuse you of "complicity" when the war criminals came to be tried—whether before a court or simply before public opinion. And the only possible way of publicising your refusal was to lend overt assistance to those who had been proclaimed public enemies. Hence the networks of support in France, the aid given to the F.L.N. and the now celebrated Paris declaration that one was "ready to carry suitcases" without worrying about their contents. But, just as the stand taken against atrocities sinned by its political character, so this latter stand forfeited some of its value because of its purely moral character. Impelled by a sense of guilt and by the myth of a new world proletariat (all seen through "the old distorting lens of the 'revolutionary conscience' "), left-wing intellectuals neglected something which was, if not the principle factor, at least the determining one: French political reality. The impetuously revolutionary nature of such a stand could only lead to an assimilation, in aims and ultimately in character, between the F.L.N. and the Left. The formula "we are fighting the same enemy" was satisfying to the moral conscience but mistaken in regard to the political situation, for since the enemy was, naturally, the "bourgeois" State, the latter could not assume a more bourgeois aspect than Gaullism. Thus the confusion between the fight for the independence of Algeria and the fight for "revolution in France" drove intellectuals to adopt totally irrational attitudes —notably a shift from approval of military insubordination to active propaganda on behalf of insubordination. It consisted, too, in accepting the validity of two equally dubious principles: on the one hand, the natural inability of Gaullism to satisfy Algeria's desire for independence and, on the other, the revolutionary nature of the F.L.N. Proceeding upon these two erroneous assumptions, what Michel Crouzet calls *"la petite gauche"* necessarily found itself adopting attitudes which not only conflicted with its own objectives but were also out of touch with the course of events. These were, first, to oppose peace because it was "the work of Gaullism" and, second, to oppose the F.L.N. because it was not the revolutionary movement which had been hoped for. "In April 1961," writes Crouzet, "some intellectuals were genuinely disappointed that the *putsch* was dealt with so quickly because it was, so they said, an opportunity for *revolution.*" Finally, what was meant to be solidarity with the F.L.N. became pure ideology, *i.e.*, it wanted solidarity with a revolution which did not exist even in outline. This prompted the intellectuals of the *petite gauche* to advise the F.L.N. to continue the war as a way of avoiding neo-colonialism and "furthering the ends of revolution." These words by Michel Crouzet seem to me to define perfectly the exploits of the intellectuals of the *petite gauche*:

> In New Guinea people worship the transport Airplane, in France the *Maquis* and even the Terrorist. The F.L.N. cult was fatal because it was a short step from the idea that the F.L.N. was more "progressive" than us—that a Kabyle shepherd was more "revolutionary" than a workman in the Renault factory who shares in the guilt of colonial exploitation—to the idea that it was "better" than us, more generous and more *humane*. Sanctification and terror make ideal bedfellows: in the view of some, the revolutionary F.L.N. became a symbol of perfection. . . .

An analysis as keen and relevant as this was bound to provoke a response from those at whom it was aimed. Claude Lanzmann took it upon himself to supply one in Sartre's *Temps Modernes,* employing a tone which many contributors to this review adopt in polemics—a blend of Stalinesque abuse and pseudo-Freudian explanations of attitudes which they dislike. Even the title of Lanzmann's article (*"A Perjurer"*) is insulting. Needless to say, the "perjurer" is Michel Crouzet. Why the abuse? To quote: "But what are we to think of a comrade-in-arms who says neither 'I' nor 'we,' who abandons ship and substitutes a shrill snarl of 'they,' adopting an attitude of such exaggerated objectivity towards events and the struggle itself that all semblance of reality is lost? I say that such a man is a perjurer." I do not know what Lanzmann's readers will think of this, but his accusation consists quite simply of forbidding any retrospective examination of the course taken except in the form of criticism or self-criticism. It entirely vindicates Michel Crouzet's assertions that "never was political action more deeply confounded with moral confession or admonition." Having said that and disregarded the insults (which are not

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confined to the title of the article and its justification), I found it hard to thread my way through Lanzmann's arguments. Perhaps what he is trying to say is that Michel Crouzet, a former Stalinist (though can this have become a crime in the eyes of a review which, in Stalin's day, published Sartre's notorious *"Les communistes et la paix"?*), has adopted an attitude towards torture defined as one of "universal and Kantian rejection" because by denouncing the F.L.N.'s crimes he was appeasing his conscience, which was pricking him for not having denounced those of Stalin. It is possible, but this argument defeats its own objects, since it can equally be argued that, having left the Communist Party for certain reasons, Crouzet was reluctant to see something which he could no longer tolerate taking place again elsewhere. In Lanzmann's version, however, the explanation is a purely psychological one which has nothing whatsoever to do with politics. In the same way, it matters little to us whether Lanzmann is right or wrong when he says of Crouzet: "he is indirectly settling accounts with Communism by a form of transference." A pseudo-Freudianism of this sort, which is merely a question of vocabulary and is on the same plane as the "*je fais des complexes*" of the cheap Press, does not constitute an argument. After a passage dealing with good and bad forms of violence, I find further insults but no discussion. "It is *l'Aurore* and *Rivarol*. A fine double-barrelled renegade's style, almost exuding a good French odour of racism...." Note the skilful use of "almost," which neatly indicts Crouzet of racism, since *"à peine"* carries less force than a simple negative and suggests that there is *"un peu"* of racism in Crouzet's position. Where? Lanzmann does not say: he makes the suggestion and leaves it at that. I have searched in vain among the insults and the passages underlined by indignant exclamation marks for a single argument, a single discussion of the theses advanced by Crouzet.

Didn't a certain section of left-wing opinion want to turn the *tiers monde* into a proletariat endowed with a vigour and a revolutionary sense of mission which the proletariat in the bourgeois countries had lost? Didn't the stand against French atrocities as opposed to atrocities in general have political implications or should it be regarded as a simple form of "transference"? Didn't the attitude of the intellectuals of the *petite gauche* favour rejection of peace for the sake of a hypothetical revolution? On this question, to which Lanzmann supplies no better answer than to any other, we at least know his opinion—thanks to an involuntary admission which can be understood without recourse to psychological profundities. "From this failure," he writes, "which was, in France, the struggle for Algerian independence...." Failure? Wasn't the object of the struggle for Algerian independence the attainment of that independence? In which case, where does failure come in? Or perhaps Algeria is not independent, or there was another aim underlying the struggle? In either case, the *petite gauche* should say so.

In brief, since the author's embarrassment, violence and refusal to discuss Crouzet's opinions lay him open to indictment, all he does is contribute one more argument in favour of what he wishes to refute. Crouzet has accused France's left-wing intellectuals of lack of realism, of a revolutionism which degenerates into mere semantics, and of a refusal to take account of political realities: Lanzmann's article merely demonstrates that they are still not cured. What they have failed to come to terms with, in reality, is peace.

Jean Bloch-Michel

Letter from Berlin

The Pilloried Pope

THE MOST passionately discussed cultural event in postwar Germany is a play called "Der Stellvertreter (scheduled to open in London at the end of September as *The Representative*), produced in Berlin by Erwin Piscator —the man who can claim to have "invented" epic theatre together with Bertolt Brecht, if not earlier. "Der Stellvertreter" does not possess great literary distinction, and even its dramatic merits, with the exception of a few scenes, are scarce. The performance in the *Theater am Kurfürstendamm*—ended because of previous commitments, for nobody had foreseen its sensational success, just as no director, except Piscator, wanted to stage this play—was hardly up to the level of productions in the fifty odd excellent theatres in Berlin and West Germany. Yet my file of cuttings on the play, and on debates originated by the play, collected at random, bulges with a hundred articles; and this can only be a small fraction of a discussion which is still raging.

"Der Stellvertreter"—this title may mean the "Vicar" of Christ or refer to a priest who acts "in the place of the Pope"—is the contribution of an angry and serious young German, Rolf Hochhuth, to the recurrent "Bewältigung der Vergangenheit"—a complicated phrase concerning the re-examination of the past which com-

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bines many meanings: the affirmation of the guilt incurred, the acknowledgment of that guilt in a way which creates solidarity with the victims, the wish for atonement, and the endeavour to create a moral climate in which *nothing like this could happen again*. To make of the past something present appears to such Germans as Hochhuth a duty, and the only hope of shaping a different future.

However, if "Der Stellvertreter" had concentrated on the guilt and complicity of many Germans, even of "respectable" German society, towards Nazism and its monstrosities, it would not have created a noticeable stir. Some would have accepted it, some shrugged it off. But Hochhuth has not focused his play on the guilt of the Germans. It is a "Christian tragedy"—although this definition is omitted from the book version, where the play is simply called "ein Schauspiel"—and the central character, although he appears only in one scene, is Pope Pius XII. The Pope is cast as the culprit: the man who remained silent when the Jews of Rome were rounded up under his eyes and deported to Auschwitz, although his appeal might have stopped the extermination—just as the appeal of the Churches against the so-called "euthanasia programme," the extermination of mental defectives, did stop that particular "final solution."

The play, as it can be read in Rowohlt's paperback edition—although Hochhuth works for the biggest German publishing house, Bertelsmann, his own employer had not cared or dared to publish his play—and the drama as it could be seen on the Kurfürstendamm, are not quite the same. It would take eight hours to perform the play as it was written, and Piscator did the only thing possible, extracting from this unwieldy mass six "pictures," which make a play of normal length. Of an original cast of 42, barely 16 characters remain. Eichmann has been left out, as is the infamous Professor Hirt, whose letters formed part of the Jerusalem trial —he had created for his University of Strasburg a collection of "judeo-bolshevik" skulls and was very much concerned that the killings should be done in such a way as not to impair the scientific value of his exhibits; gone as well is the director of Krupp (for a "committed" régisseur like Piscator this must have been a real sacrifice!), gone too the representative of the armament industry and the chief of the German police in Rome.

With so many guilty Germans left out, and one rather untypically "demonic" doctor in Auschwitz left in, the Pope and two other representatives of higher Vatican hierarchy, the Nuncio in Berlin and a Cardinal in Rome, move to the centre of the indictment. Inasmuch as this play is, in fact, an accusation and a verdict, it might appear, quite wrongly, that Hochhuth is less worried by the moral corruption of Germans under Nazism, or even by the guilt of the German Church, than by that of the Roman hierarchy. Since his play is a work of indignation, and has to be judged in moral and not aesthetic terms, one can understand why many German Catholics have reproached the author for a thesis which allows the German people to escape their complicity or guilt by thinking: if the Pope, who ran no risk and who had a real chance of making his voice heard did not protest, why expect me to have acted, when my action would have been useless as well as suicidal? However, Hochhuth obviously has the right to feel strongly about the Pope; if a Christian like Dante could condemn a Pope, Celestin V, to Hell, why should not a modern playwright have the same privilege?

In a long postscript to the play Hochhuth has given the sources from which he has drawn the opinion that the conduct of Pius was inexcusable. One may wonder whether this young Protestant has not overrated the importance of a gesture from the Pope in the last, maddest years of Hitler's reign; and this question arises out of what I consider the true weakness of the argument taken in its own terms as a "morality play." Hochhuth's question is not: what was the duty of the Vicar of Christ, the "Stellvertreter Christi" in those times, regardless of the consequences, either for himself, for the lives of many priests and other Catholics, for the fate of the Church in German-dominated countries, and even for the Jews? Rather, the author's question is: since the Pope had the power to stop the deportation and extermination, why did he not do so?

Thus, he does not lead to a moral problem, but to a historical question and to endless debate over the likely outcome of a protest by the Pope. This debate by its very nature can hardly be conclusive. Hochhuth may cite the example of the Slovakian clergy, which at one point was able to stop the deportations; but others may reply—and have replied—with the instance of the Dutch clergy which protested against racialist persecution, only in consequence to have Dutch Catholics, of *non-aryan* origin, singled out for deportation and extermination. If one has to contend with so many different and sometimes contradictory facts of recent history in order to judge whether the main thesis of a play is "correct"—it is here really a matter of being "correct" rather than "true" in the profound sense—then the play is not convincing in its own right. Leaving aside the matter of the "success" of any action by the Pope, it might have been much more persuasive.

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The contradiction goes deeper than this, however. In the book the author indicates that he wants groups of two, three, or four characters to be played by the same actor—for instance a cardinal and Professor Hirt; an officer and a Jew in Auschwitz; the Pope and the director of the Reich armament organisation. Hochhuth adds that only by such groupings can one show that at a time of total terror there are *no distinctions* of personal merit or choice, of the uniform one is wearing, or whether one is executioner or victim. Under a régime of terror, he is saying, people don't act as individuals seeking to make their own decisions, but as a faceless mass.

The play, however, belies this fatalist conception, which appears therefore as a cliché. The play is dedicated to the memory of two Catholic priests, Father Maximilian Kolbe, who died in Auschwitz in the "Hungerblock" where he had taken the place of another tortured prisoner, and Dean Lichtenberg, who preached in Berlin against anti-semitism and died en route to Dachau. The hero of the play is SS-Sturmbannführer Kurt Gerstein, a real person. Gerstein, a militant Christian anti-nazi, managed as an engineer to get into the SS, after having been in concentration camps, where he learned of the "functioning" of extermination camps like Treblinka. He communicated his knowledge to the Allies—mainly through Dutch resistance groups—but disappeared mysteriously in a Paris prison in 1944, probably killed as an "SS Bloodhound" by French patriots (many who conducted such executions after victory were not those who had borne the dangers of the fight)—although this is not a certainty.

This man, who wears the SS uniform in Hochhuth's play, performs, as he did in reality, acts of individual conscience and courage. He appeals in the very first scene to the Nuncio in Berlin to intervene against the deportations, and, not surprisingly, is suspected of being a "provocateur." In the second scene, he is shown hiding a young Jew in his apartment, and he asks the young Roman priest and diplomat Fontana, who complies, to change clothes in order to allow this Jew to flee to Italy. (The Jew whom Gerstein saved, learning that his parents have been deported, bursts out that he will be unable ever to forgive any German—including his saviour Gerstein—and adds: "One day I will return and take revenge").

At every single major point Gerstein appears in a decisive way. Every word of his proves that one man *may* choose his destiny, that nobody is predetermined by nationality or uniform—just as the young Fontana who, in the presence of the unutterably shocked Pope, pins a yellow star on his cassock and ends in Auschwitz, has not been shaped by "anonymous forces." Significantly, Hochhuth has not placed Gerstein and Fontana in any "grouping," or lumped them with other persons to be played by the same actor.

The real lesson of the play is, therefore, the possibility of an individual moral act of decency, even of martyrdom. And since we see persons who have so chosen, the acts of others in refusing to choose, refusing to witness or to speak out, do not appear as the expected behaviour of mediocre people under stress, but as unforgivable cowardice. The theory of the "interchangeability" of characters has thus not only been forgotten, but proved wrong.

EXCEPT FOR the Pope. His individual action could have been decisive, but he appears as a banal person, as are his whole milieu of high dignitaries. These are typified by a Cardinal whose main concern is for good food, good cigars, and good talk. The scene in which the Pope—obsessed as he was in fact by the fear of microbic contagion—washes his hands while disclaiming any responsibility for the fate of the Roman Jews, has a dramatic quality despite the obviousness of the symbol. And it is a daring scene to be acted before a public of whom many are Catholics. We hear the Pope use the words "mit brennender Sorge"—words which begin the famous encyclical of his predecessor Pius XI denouncing anti-Christian measures in Nazi Germany—but this Pius applies them to his concern that the Italian factories in which the Vatican has some investments are being bombed. And we hear the Pope say that, considering the menace of the anti-Christian Russia, we need a "chastised" and more modest Hitler, but not Hitler's defeat. But such dramatic moments are rare. The last scene, set in Auschwitz, is in every sense unbearable—in part because it brings so close an unbearable, unrepresentable reality; in part because it centres on the demonic "doctor."

This sensational play—and wherever it is staged it will again create a sensation—is written in a blank verse, which is intended to show the banality of the Nazis; but which itself becomes a cliché because the author has no gift for style. The contrast between the "poesy" prose and the mediocrity of the style leads to effects which are involuntarily comical or painful. Further, because so many real persons and events are brought in, so much "documentation" put in the mouths of its characters, the play might be compared to a "collage," yet the contrast between the "plastered-on" elements of reality and imagination is not used in a fresh or even modernistic way: rather we are reminded of those overwritten reportages which appear in German (and probably other) illustrated papers, that pretend to show History in the making, to give the very words which people spoke at crucial

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moments and reveal what happened behind the scenes. The term "psychodrama," used by a French commentator, does fit the double aspect which is presented: of an obsession, and the acting out of an "exorcism"; and as a psychodrama this play differs from a dramatised reportage.

Apart from the many weaknesses and inconsistencies Hochhuth has written a play which belongs to a "hybrid," perhaps even an impossible, *genre*. But it also shows us the power of the theatre. Nothing but a play could have created such a deep stir, could have been at the centre of such prolonged and passionate attention. The audience's awareness that this is not imagination, but a record of real happenings, creates a sense of participation, of shared emotions, from which it is hard to detach oneself. One may not want the theatre to achieve this kind of effect—but one cannot deny it.

"DER STELLVERTRETER" has shocked and offended many people, above all Catholics. And many have reacted strongly, sometimes in an unpleasant and unconvincing tone. Father Leiber, who was close to Pius XII, and whom Hochhuth never bothered to interview during his researches on the Pope, has answered quietly. He admits that the Pope never publicly protested against the extermination of the Jews, and he compares his attitude with the conduct of the leaders of the International Red Cross in Geneva. They could help in individual cases, but only if they did not speak up about the gruesome fact of the systematic mass murder itself. And he cites the many cases in which lives were saved by congregations, by individual priests, and also by the Vatican. Survivors of the Jewish community in Rome have expressed to priests and to the Pope their deepest sense of gratitude. However one wonders whether for a Catholic it is quite enough to show that the Vicar of Christ acted under the same impulses and with the same reasoning as the distinguished Swiss gentlemen of the Red Cross.

A German writer, Rudolf Krämer-Badoni, has remarked that never in all history have Popes protested against atrocities on general humanitarian grounds, but only when such issues concerned the right of Catholics to follow their faith. But it is difficult to compare the murder of millions of Jews by a government with whom the Church had concluded a Concordat (and of whose leaders many remained formally Catholics) with most other occasions for "protest." And many Catholics will not feel comfortable with an explanation that a Pope does not feel impelled to speak as the Voice of Conscience. Be that as it may, Father Leiber does recognise that some other Pope, not trained as a diplomat, might have acted differently, although a spokesman of militant German Catholicism, Prince Karl zu Löwenstein, argues that it ill behoves West Berlin to tolerate a play which may jeopardise some of the sympathies that this free city needs—an argument which ironically echoes Hochhuth's play, with its theme of the predominance of diplomatic and opportunistic considerations over everything else in the Roman hierarchy.

Hochhuth, if he can be judged by this first play, is not likely to become the new German writer whom dozens of richly endowed excellent theatres all over West Germany are eagerly hoping for. He fails, I believe, not only by literary standards, which in the theatre are not necessarily the only valid standards, but he fails in his purpose: to make us feel the weight of the past over the present. Yet even if there remains a wide gap between Hochhuth's "success" and his "achievement," nobody would dream of denying that "Der Stellvertreter" is, as the Germans like to put it, an event, *ein Ereignis*. And to Berliners it is a cause for satisfaction that this event should have happened in Berlin which claims still to be the intellectual capital of Germany.

François Bondy

God & the Theologians

1. Reality and Revelation

I AM GRATEFUL to Alasdair MacIntyre for his astringent and percipient article on my book. After much that has been almost equally depressing from the religious establishment and from organised humanist dissent, I found it a tonic and a stimulant. Here at least is someone who does not want either to reassure or be reassured. And he is refreshingly free from the usual defence mechanisms. He does not charge it with incoherence (one Canon, in an otherwise generous sermon, distinguished it as "one of the worst written books I have ever read—confused, woolly, muddling, often hardly coherent"). Nor does he dismiss it as having all been said before. On the contrary, he recognises a new situation; and it is from his interesting assessment of this that I should like to begin.

I would fully agree with him (despite his suggestion to the contrary) that we live to-day in a mixed society, religiously as well as economically. Secularisation, like socialisation, is not complete, and perhaps it never will be. But it is important to be clear how we understand what is going on. Let me press the parallel

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I have suggested. Socialisation[1] I take to be a development of our age which is occurring at a different pace and in different forms all over the world—in the U.S.S.R., the U.S.A. and Great Britain—almost without respect of political colour: it is a neutral fact pressed upon us by living tighter and tighter together in one world. Secularisation is similarly, as I see it, a neutral fact, pressed upon us, in different forms and at various speeds, by taking seriously the presuppositions of modern science: it does not of itself imply a particular attitude towards God. Socialisation is indeed anti-capitalist in that it rejects, for example, as incompatible with our world the capitalist definition of freedom as the right to do what you like with your own. But it is not necessarily socialist, as though the process admitted of only one political expression. Similarly, secularisation represents a revolt against certain thought-patterns of the pre-scientific world-view. In my essay in *The Honest to God Debate* to be published later this month I instance four of these—the metaphysical, the supranaturalistic, the mythological and the religious (the last in the sense that there is a particular sector in the explanation or control of experience which must be left open for "God"). But the rejection of these thought-patterns does not in itself require an atheistic view of the world (though it may make untenable certain form of traditional "theism"). To greet every sign of secularisation as evidence of growing godlessness is as wrong-headed and reactionary as to see each advance in the welfare state as a mark of creeping socialism.

Our situation is one in which the process of secularisation is in mid-course. There are all kinds of incompatible beliefs coexisting in our collective—and individual—consciousness. The opinion polls merely reveal how mixed-up we are. Indeed, a survey of religious attitudes to-day is almost useless except in depth. But I would interpret the symptoms somewhat differently from Mr. MacIntyre.

"The creed of the English," he says, "is that there is no God and that it is wise to pray to him from time to time." I would submit that the creed of the English is that there *is* a God (the polls bear this out, whatever it may mean, with striking unanimity), that it *is* wise to pray to him from time to time, but that, in terms of *that* God, they are practical atheists. The decisive thing is that what they identify as "God" is to all intents and purposes an "*x*". As Werner Pelz has said,[2] "We must realise that when we use the word 'God' we are talking about something which no longer connects with anything in most people's life, except with whatever happens to be left over when all the vital connections have been made". God is a being in whose existence they believe (or disbelieve) over and above (rather than in and through) what for them makes up "life." The crediting or discrediting of this being is almost totally irrelevant to the question of the *reality* of God in any sense in which the Christian is interested. Perhaps, as part of his protest against the current trivialisation of God, a Christian has to be prepared to be called an atheist. Atheism after all is no new charge against Christians, and in the second century they survived it with equanimity.

But I believe that in terms of the real issues this is a misconception and that Mr. MacIntyre has stated the matter wrongly. He accuses the theology represented by my book of using "religious language to mask an atheistic vacuum." I would find that a more apt description of such a book as Julian Huxley's *Religion without Revelation*. I am not wedded to the religious language, but I am deeply concerned for the reality of God.

Obviously the whole relevance of the label "atheism" turns on the meaning of the word "God." If God is equated with a supernatural Being whose existence over and above the world has to be demonstrated, I am not prepared to spend time contending the charge. Not that I would presume to *deny* such a Being (he is not capable of disproof). Rather, I would see this as one particular "projection" or representation of the reality "God" which has hitherto helped most people to make him real but which increasingly I believe conspires to make him unreal.

Mr. MacIntyre, like others, detects an ambivalence in my attitude to "the traditional views of God." Are they, he asks, "merely outmoded" or "simply false?" I would say, "Neither." They represent a way of expressing the truth of God (in the idiom of the supranaturalist world-view) which is entirely valid for those for whom this makes him a reality. My concern is for those for whom this reduces him to irrelevance or incredibility. But I am equally concerned that they shall be able to enter into and make their own the rich heritage of a tradition, in the Bible and the Church, which is expressed in the categories of a pre-secular age.

The question of God is not, however, to be identified with the validity or invalidity of a particular projection of him. It is concerned with whether one can speak of *ultimate* reality at all and with what character this reality has. Is there any sense in which one can meaning-

[1] Cf. my book *On Being the Church in the World* (1960), ch. II.

[2] *Prism*, April 1963, p. 23.

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fully talk of anything unconditional or absolute? The true atheist, such as Marghanita Laski, would answer "No." And this, I would agree with her, is the real dividing line between those who can speak of "God" and those who cannot.

THE QUESTION OF GOD is the question whether Jesus' relationship, for instance, to the reality he could only address as "Abba! Father!" is veridical or not. Is the constitution of the universe such that it justifies the trust, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit?" Is reality ultimately gracious, or is it in the last analysis impersonal or neutral? Can love, the *agape* of the Cross, be the last word about it? The man who believes in God, as defined in Christ, believes that in the unconditional constraint of love he encounters something that speaks to him not simply of his own deepest self,[3] nor of what he would like to make true, but of what most profoundly is true of Being itself. Reality itself has this character: it can be trusted at this level of personal commitment, and not merely at the level of its mathematical reliabilities. To make this response, this act of trust, is the meaning of faith. What distinguishes the believer from the atheist is this utterly personal, gracious and unconditional relationship in which he knows himself held.

That this is the vital meaning of the reality we call "God" and that my book is concerned for its restoration rather than abolition is confirmed by the reaction of those to whom it has "spoken." It has been welcomed not by the atheists nor by the religious but by those who say that it has given God back to them and made him real in a post-religious age. The genuine atheists have rejected it, as have the traditionalists from the other side.

I decline to accept as Mr. MacIntyre states it "the harsh dilemma of a would-be contemporary theology," of either addressing an "in-group" or accepting the atheism of its hearers. I believe the response to my book has shown that a third alternative is very much of a live option.

John Robinson
Bishop of Woolwich

[3] It is not true, as Mr. MacIntyre says, that "what, according to the Bishop, is at issue is how to describe *our* nature and not anything else." What is at issue is the reality (to use Professor John Macquarrie's term) of "Being as gracious," though *we*, of course, can only speak of that Being as we are grounded in it.

[4] It should be added that Bonhoeffer's words read rather differently when seen in the context of work much of which is not yet available in English.

2. Grammar and Theologic

WHAT MR. ALASDAIR MACINTYRE most wants seems to be a generalisation of the discussion triggered off by the publication of Dr. Robinson's book and the Cambridge lectures. What is most interesting in his article is his repeated suggestion that in the society in which he supposes us to be living, we are bereft of anything which might be called a material system of values. We are, he says, whether we be Christians, agnostics or atheists, concerned to be "right-minded rather than effective." Repeatedly he stresses the sheer irrelevance of our quest for what we call personal integrity, whatever our viewpoint, to the factors which are actually shaping our society and our lives.

He makes an extremely telling point in stressing the difference between Bonhoeffer's situation in 1944/45 and that of the majority of those who claim to make his words their own in 1963; and those who speak in facile enthusiasm of "religionless Christianity" as the remedy for our ills would do well to ask themselves precisely what such an attitude would amount to objectively in our society. It is a characteristic of recently fashionable theological styles to neglect the objective in the interest of the subjective, the collective in the interest of the personal, to flirt in fact with the styles of *Gesinnungsethik* or "ethic of motive," and to neglect those of *Erfolgsethik* or "ethic of consequence." To do this in the kind of extreme situation in which Bonhoeffer found himself may be the only effective witness; to do it in our own may be no more than the imposition of a fantasy-image on a situation calling for a quite different response.[4]

There is, however, a point that Mr. MacIntyre fails to attend to; and that is this. While there is a cult of "powerlessness" and indeed of "right-mindedness" which is an illusory substitute for an effective policy of life, the Christian scheme also emphasises the supposed realities of immortality and judgment. Men are judged of God, to whom their hearts are open, their desires known, in respect of what they are, not in respect of what they pretend to be and of what indeed their effective action may make it easier for them to pretend to themselves that they are. It is also an important element in that total scheme, that Christ is represented as the instrument of that judgment, the instrument who also stands himself under its most searching impact.

What Mr. MacIntyre raises for Christians is what used to be called the "problem of evidences." What is it in the end that compels belief? We need, in a new form, the sort of epistemological exploration that Newman con-

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ducted in *The Grammar of Assent,* moving, boldly on the frontiers of logic and psychology. But it is not only the criticism of the concept of God which makes this work peculiarly difficult; it is the fact that the attempt to root theology in Christology (as Barth did) has broken down. And here we must qualify carefully. Mr. MacIntyre is wrong to speak of Robinson's pages on this topic as an "atheistic Christology." In my judgment they are the best in his book, where he shows that like others, far less deeply indebted to Tillich than he is, he has found his way, or is finding his way to a revision of the concept of God through meditation on the person of Christ. Historically this has been a continued source of theological renewal in the history of Christianity. But what the whole complex of epistemological problems (and that is what they are), raised by exegesis, has thrust on our notice is the sheer precariousness of any image of Christ we may form. Again the issues raised are, in fact, handed back to a new "grammar of assent."

These matters are also significant (as I have indeed implicitly already suggested) where ethics are concerned. In my own contribution to the Cambridge lectures, to which Mr. MacIntyre refers, I implied that the foundation of a true Christian ethic was the work of Christ. His claim on men is not that He illustrates, but that He effects a reconciliation of incompatibles which lies forever outside their achievement, and so ministers to men not only the ultimately searching judgment of which I wrote above, but also an equally ultimate mercy. If this can be apologetically generalised, it thrusts us more than ever back on the problems raised by the sheer precariousness of the historical image of the Lord. True if He is a figure of flesh and blood what we say of Him must be contingent; yet do the contingent propositions we assert concerning Him enjoy the sort of certainty we can properly ask in respect of such truths?

These issues, which bear striking resemblance to these debated in the first decade of the century by such men as Loisy, von Hügel, and Maurice Blondel, are engaging more and more attention on the continent, where philosophical styles to-day are significantly different from those dominant in these islands. But because they are issues of epistemology, they are questions on which we may hope that those British thinkers who recognise their importance and are personally engaged by their subject-matter may have something distinctive to say.

What is clear both from the explosive journalism of Dr. Robinson's book and from Mr. MacIntyre's interesting comments on it, is that the contemporary "fragility of (the Christian) religion" is due to a whole variety of factors, at once intellectual, cultural, and social. (Mr. MacIntyre is utterly right to ask the Archbishop of Canterbury why "unbreakable (moral) rules always turn out to be about sex and not about war.") Yet it may be that those thinkers, who still call themselves in some sense Christian, will most speedily reach what is the heart of the matter for both these writers, if they enquire as simply, as minutely and as searchingly as they can, concerning the content of what they claim to believe concerning Christ, and the validity of their claim to believe it.

D. M. MacKinnon

The American Goose and the Golden Egg

The Balance of Payments Crisis

Since 1957 the United States has been experiencing a balance of payments problem, and Washington has just announced that during the past half year the deficit increased at a faster pace than before. Payments problems have been familiar in Europe ever since the end of World War II, being explained generally by the desire—or as some say, the "need"—of European nations to import more goods than they can export. But it is a novel experience for America, occurring for the first time in living memory. Why, many well-informed Europeans ask, does the richest country in the world find itself unable to pay its international bills? How, they might continue, can the United States face a payments deficit at the same time that it enjoys a highly favourable balance of trade, its exports having exceeded imports by $4 billion during 1962?

The problem is as perplexing to Americans as to Europeans. What exactly are they meant to be worrying about? True, politicians and the press tell them that the U.S. is losing gold. But what is gold to the American citizen that he should bewail its loss? His income does not dwindle as a result, his nation's military security

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seems unimpaired, and his sense of the general fitness of things is not offended. After all, one of the superstitions that sophisticated men pride themselves on having abandoned is the belief that gold has special virtues; and now suddenly the loss of gold is cited as the effect of a vital but otherwise invisible disorder.

Some efforts have been made to illuminate the matter by parable. Mr. Macmillan has told the story of a poker player so successful that he wins all the chips, whereupon the other players are obliged to give up playing. The bearing of the story is uneven. Though a country that has exhausted its stocks of gold and foreign exchange cannot carry on foreign trade as comfortably as before, neither is it wholly excluded from the game, and besides foreign trade is not a game in which the important winnings are measured in gold. Economics does not lend itself to parables; mundane matters are better discussed in mundane language.

A BALANCE OF PAYMENTS is a record of all the economic transactions which have taken place during some period of time between one nation, that is its citizens and government, and all other nations. Being an accounting record, it can be drawn up in an indefinite number of ways, according to the conventions, theories and assumptions of the person in charge; indeed even the numbers will vary according to how the record is drawn. One of the more conventional ways of slicing up these sums disengages three classes of payments: those connected with the balance of trade, with intergovernmental transactions, and with the flow of private capital funds.

The balance of trade, the first and most familiar of these subdivisions, compares the values of goods exported and imported, as well as the so-called "invisibles," services performed in one country for citizens of others. Chief among such activities are the transportation of goods and persons, and the providing of board, room and entertainment for foreign travellers; also included are such services as Lloyds provides, when insuring the limbs of an Italian actress, or a Zurich bank, in maintaining safety vaults for Arabian sultans. During 1962 the United States exported about $21 billion of goods and provided to foreigners services worth about $5 billion; its total exports of goods and services was $26 billion. As it imported goods and services worth about $22 billion, it enjoyed a favourable balance of trade of nearly $4 billion.

If nothing else were involved in international economic relations, the United States would have been flourishing mightily during 1962, at least according to one way of judging such matters. A balance of trade—or literally, an imbalance—such that exports exceed imports came to be called "favourable" during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when foreign trade was welcomed partly because of the opportunity it provided for a nation to acquire gold in settlement for its export surplus. Liberal economists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries cast doubts on the appropriateness of the term "favourable." They maintained that a nation might just as easily have too much gold as too little; by which they meant that when monetary practices are such that a nation's stock of money automatically rises and falls with its stock of gold (or silver), then an undue influx of gold will produce a price inflation just as embarrassing as the deflation produced by an excessive outflow. They maintained further that in terms of real income, as measured by consumable goods and services, a nation would be better off to export little and import much—an argument the force of which is clear if one contemplates the state of a nation which year after year exports all its output, imports nothing, and takes payment exclusively in bullion.

The twentieth century, having its own preoccupations, attaches little significance besides the purely conventional one to the term "favourable" balance of trade; especially since it has learned that in modern circumstances a nation with a favourable balance of *trade* may have a very unfavourable balance of *payments*. Such is the present case of the United States. Despite last year's surplus of $4 billion on balance of trade, the United States suffered a deficit on balance of payments of over $2 billion.

This divergence is accounted for by the behaviour of the two other categories of payments. Consider first the foreign transactions of the United States government. During 1962 it paid out $3 billion for military expenses overseas and $4·5 billion for grants and loans under the foreign aid programme. It received from foreign governments repayments on outstanding loans of over $1 billion, and earned about $1 billion more in a variety of ways. In total, then, the outgoing expenditures of the government exceeded payments to it by $5 billion. This large negative balance is often interpreted, mistakenly, as the pre-eminent or sole cause of the payments deficit.

THE THIRD CATEGORY of payments has to do with private financial transactions. During 1962 American citizens and business firms sent abroad something near $800 million in pension payments, gifts, and other remittances. American

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firms invested $1·5 billion in their own overseas operations. American investors increased their holdings of stocks and bonds of foreign companies by over $1 billion. And other Americans sent out capital, on a short-term basis, amounting to over $500 million. Much of this short-run outflow of "hot money"—a name that imputes mercurial motion rather than illegality, though central bankers like the former hardly more than the latter—is sent abroad to take advantage of higher interest rates; some of it is perhaps being used for speculative purchases of gold in European markets, Americans being prohibited from buying bullion within the United States. The total of all these forms of private export of funds came to about $4 billion. It was almost exactly offset by the inflow of private funds, $300 million to pay for foreign investments in the United States, the rest being income earned by American investments abroad.

THE UNITED STATES balance of payments for 1962, then, drawn up in one of the many possible formal arrays, shows:

	$ billion
Payments by the United States:	
For imports of goods and services ...	22
On account of government transactions	7
Private financial outflows	4
To correct statistical errors	1
Total	34
Payments to the United States:	
For exports of goods and services ...	26
On account of government transactions	2
Private financial inflow	4
Total	32
Net deficit	2

This accounting statement, in showing the size of the deficit, reveals its cause. The deficit came about because total payments by the United States exceeded total receipts; there is no other cause. Anyone who chooses to play the parlour game of blaming the deficit on something in particular, can blame it on any or all the receipt items for not being larger, or on the payments for not being smaller. Having tired of that game, inexhaustible as it is, he can proceed to discover which straw really broke the camel's back, recognising of course that they who say it was the last straw are offering an historical explanation rather than a scientific or moral one. Rational makers of economic policy refrain from the game of Indictment, asking instead which items on the receipt side can conveniently be raised and which on the payments side lowered.

But before turning to remedies, it is necessary to analyse the disorder: what is the deficit and what is so bad about it? One thing the deficit is not is a failure or inability to pay bills. When the citizens and government of the United States buy goods abroad, make foreign loans, or invest overseas, they must either pay for what they get or owe for it. The "deficit" in the balance of payments is simply a special name given, as a matter of arbitrary definition, to two specific ways of paying: with funds raised by the sale of gold reserves or by increases in short-run debts. Funds raised in the latter manner are spoken of as coming from increases in "liquid liabilities"; whether a liability is reckoned as "liquid" is also a matter of arbitrary definition. For instance, U.S. Treasury Bonds with a maturity of over 15 months have recently been reclassified as non-liquid; as a result, proceeds earned by selling them abroad will henceforth appear in the balance statement among "payments to the United States on account of government transactions" instead of among the "deficit." Proceeds earned when the United States government sells gold abroad could just as well be treated in the same way; it is only convention that dictates otherwise.

The deficit, in short, measures the current decline in gold reserves and the increase in claims that may exert sudden future pressures on gold reserves. In 1962 the United States "covered" the deficit by selling $900 million of gold and by getting over $1 billion of short-term credit from foreign monetary authorities, chiefly from central banks.

Since the end of 1957, the United States' gold reserves have decreased from $23 billion (which was about half of the estimated world supply) to less than 16 billion. Moreover, liabilities of the United States to foreign monetary authorities have grown from $9 billion to almost $14 billion; so that the *net* gold reserves of the United States are less than $3 billion. It is this marked deterioration that so concerns the authorities. But what if the United States were to lose all the rest of its gold; what then?

A NATION'S GOLD reserve is a stock of wealth, getting its value not from anything intrinsic in gold, but from the fact that central banks accept it in settlement of international accounts, being authorised and willing to hold monetary reserves in the form of gold. If any central banker were asked why he attaches value to gold, he might well answer that the only reason he does is that all the others do;

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and that is a perfectly sufficient answer. Whatever is the mystique of gold, everyone treats it as having value, and a stock of it therefore serves as wealth. Like wealth in any other form, it can be used for living beyond one's current income. That is precisely how the United States has been using gold for the past six years. It has been drawing down its gold stock in order to pay for an excess of what it spends abroad over what it earns abroad (in every way other than by selling gold and incurring liquid liabilities).

If the United States exhausted its gold stock, it could not continue to do so. It would be forced to retrench. Retrenchment could take the form of imposing controls on foreign trade so as to increase exports, decrease imports or both; but any or all of these would mean reducing the real income of the American public. Retrenchment could take the form of reducing government's expenditures on foreign aid and mutual security; but this would mean a reduction in the power of the United States to pursue its foreign policy. Retrenchment could take the form of controls on private investment abroad; but this would mean a limitation on free capital movement injurious not only to American investors but also to foreign nations in which those investments are now taking place. The need for retrenchment could be forestalled or reduced only to the extent that the United States was able to finance its payments deficit by borrowing abroad; but even if the rest of the world were willing to provide loans and credits, they would not do so without imposing conditions that limited the autonomy of American economic policy. A nation that has lost all of its gold reserves has not lost its ability to engage in international trade and finance; but it has lost a financial buffer that enables it to conduct a relatively independent economic policy, insulated partly and in the short run, but nevertheless insulated, from the economic policies of all other nations.

Moreover, a total demise of United States gold reserves would have even worse effects on many foreign nations. Because the United States held so large a part of the world's gold reserves in the immediate postwar period, as well as for other reasons, it came to act as banker to the world's central banks, many of which hold dollar bonds or deposits or bills as important fractions of their own reserves. This was a tolerable and indeed enviable position so long as the United States had ample gold with which to redeem dollar claims, if they were presented; as long, that is, as the United States was like a bank whose reserves exceed its obligations to depositors. A bank in that situation cannot be damaged by a run on the bank; nor can its clients. But now the United States gold reserves no longer exceed *all* dollar liabilities to foreigners, though they still comfortably exceed *liquid* liabilities. However, should its gold reserves dwindle away altogether, the United States would have become as a bank which cannot honour claims, and its clients would suffer severe losses. Being well aware of this, the governments and central banks of the Western world have been more than eager to shore up the American balance of payments, co-operating in many ways, as for instance by extending easy credit to the United States. It is an edifying spectacle of enlightened depositors who refrain from pressing their claims in order to assure that the banker will continue able to honour their claims.

As to remedies, the main lines of those available to the United States government have already been indicated. The balance of trade can be operated on. Some small measures have been taken to reduce imports; for instance, in 1961 Congress reduced from $500 to $100 the tariff exemption on goods imported into the United States by returning American tourists, thus raising the effective price of such imports and so reducing the total import bill, though probably very slightly. The great objection to reducing imports in any more substantial way is that they are inextricably linked with exports: imports are, from the standpoint of a nation's policy, nothing but a way of allowing foreigners to earn the funds with which to buy its exports. In any event, deliberately to reduce imports would be to ease the American problem by imposing it on other nations, a technique that the government of the United States is to be congratulated for avoiding.

Another set of conceivable remedies would operate on the overseas expenditures of the U.S. government. The administration has refused until now to cut down on foreign aid, though congressmen of both parties have just voted a reduction in next year's expenditures; the Senate is being counted on to restore the cuts, as it has done before. However, lesser adjustments are being made to ease the effects on the balance of payments of government expenditures and loans. One of these is to specify that some fraction of funds granted to foreign nations must be spent on American goods, which will tend to reduce the deficit by increasing American export earnings. Another has been to institute an economy drive in defence expenditures overseas which will reduce them by almost $500 million during the next eighteen months. Again, the United States has asked debtor nations to speed up their repayment of

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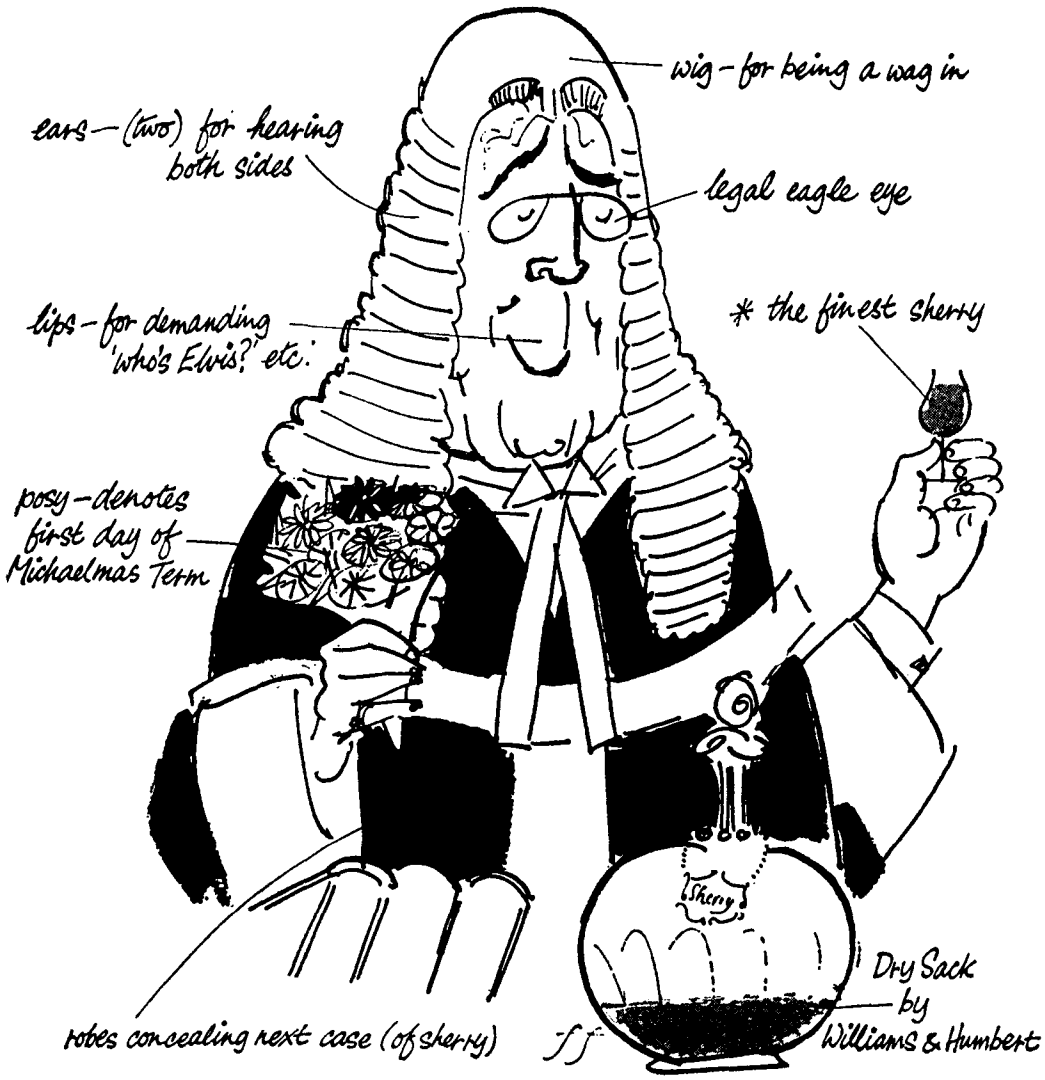
wig – for being a wag in
ears – (two) for hearing both sides
legal eagle eye
lips – for demanding 'who's Elvis?' etc.
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Sherry
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outstanding loans; such prepayments amounted during 1962 to $700 million, but as some debtors experience difficulty repaying at the scheduled date, it is hardly to be hoped that prepayments will increase markedly. Short of cutting down on foreign aid and military expenditures, little more can be done in this sector than is being done already.

The one remaining arena in which to improve the balance is that of private capital transactions. It is here that the administration has been focusing its more recent efforts. On July 16th the Federal Reserve Board approved a rise in short-term interest rates in the United States; the hope is that the outflow of short-term capital funds will be reduced or even eliminated, as their owners find it increasingly profitable to deposit such funds in domestic rather than foreign banks. And the administration is now asking Congress to impose a tax on American purchase of foreign securities. The tax, by reducing the attractiveness of such investments, would presumably restrict the outflow of long-term capital.

These and many other more detailed measures should certainly ease the situation. In the meanwhile a great deal of hope is being placed in the steady improvement of the American balance of trade, an improvement that reflects the fact that prices have recently begun to rise faster in other important trading countries than in the United States. If this continues, it will make the prices of certain American goods relatively more attractive than of competing foreign goods, thus increasing the demand for American exports and reducing the American demand for certain imports. On this ground and others, some high academic authorities have predicted that the American balance of payments problem will have been defeated by 1968.

It seems a long span over which to make any confident prediction about economic affairs of such complexity. But the self-restraint of Europe and the sympathetic aid its governments are giving to the United States are good omens. And in this, as in other matters, the willingness of the American administration to use an intricate and manifold policy, while resisting the low appeal of obvious but gross and wrong-headed actions, ought to be rewarded by success.

William Letwin

Byzance

Her dust has pawned kings of gold,
Bodies the winter entered and tubed up
In cerements of damp their fallen stars,
Invader of the minds their lichen covered,
And between the stones moss,
And between the bones fingernails and hair.

Only the objects of their past estate remain,
Dispersing now like limbs in different museums.
The crowns and trumpets tarnish easily,
The tangles of ribbon rot like heads of hair
In cupboards where they kept the holy chrism . . .
Only the eye in an ikon here or there,
Amends and ponders and reflects neglect,
Dead monarchs toughened to a stare.

Lawrence Durrell

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In Memoriam — Theodore Roethke 1908–1963

I FIRST MET Ted Roethke at a writers' conference in southern Michigan in the summer of 1937. He had been brought to the conference by the Canadian poet A. J. M. Smith, who told me that Ted was a promising poet who wanted to meet "writers." He met Ford Madox Ford and Katherine Anne Porter. Robert Lowell was there but he was only twenty and had published nothing. Ted was shy but persistent: in the week he was with us he showed me a new poem every day but after twenty-six years I cannot remember what I thought about them. I missed his first book (1941) but with the appearance of *The Lost Son* (1948) he moved up to the front rank of his generation in America, along with Robert Lowell, Karl Shapiro, Delmore Schwartz, and John Berryman. Roethke got started late; he was older than his rivals but he was of their literary generation. Was he the best of them? It is too early to say who shines brightest of that galaxy. The 1940s in America saw the rise of a group of poets quite as brilliant as those of the 1920s: E. E. Cummings, Archibald MacLeish, Hart Crane, Phelps Putnam, and John Peale Bishop; the fifties and sixties have been thinner.

In the twenty-six years of our friendship I saw Ted only at long intervals. Before he went to teach at the University of Washington, in Seattle, I was in the South; but we corresponded; or he would telephone long-distance and this for Ted, "defects of loneliness controls." He desperately needed the admiration and love of his peers: he was merely more honest than most of us in pleading for it. He had his troubles, some of them his own, some the inevitable result of the position of the poet in American society. The American poet lives hand-to-mouth or, like Ted Roethke, teaches in a university. If the university is bad for poets, Ted must have been the exception that disproves the rule: his poems got better all the time and he was a great teacher.

Without going into invidious comparisons I may say that Theodore Roethke was a great lyric poet who had mastered the traditional lyric forms and made them new. He had no use for the *avant-garde* (which he considered the rear-guard); he went his own way because he was his own man. One accepted him on his own terms or not at all; these terms included great generosity towards his peers. Most poets seem to prepare the way to their own death by foreseeing it. Ted Roethke was a master of the elegy. He died of a heart-attack on August 1st. A few days later I read in *The New Statesman* his great lyric "The Marrow" in which he foresees his death. In the elegiac mode, the poem is a sacramental confession and a prayer. Its perfect honesty has been seldom achieved by even the greatest poets.

Yea, I have slain my will, and still I live;
I would be near; I shut my eyes to see;
I bleed my bones, their marrow to bestow
Upon that God who knows what I would know.

Allen Tate

The Moment

We passed the ice of pain,
And came to a dark ravine,
And there we sang with the sea;
The wide, the bleak abyss
Shifted with our slow kiss.

Space struggled with time;
The gong of midnight struck
The naked absolute.
Sound, silence sang as one.

All flowed: without, within;
Body met body, we
Created what's to be:

What else to say?—
We end in joy.

Theodore Roethke

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The Old Last Act

Some Observations on *Fanny Hill* — By JOHN HOLLANDER

LITERARY REALISM ENDS with pornography. Far from being the limiting border towards which the realistic novel has always moved, pornography, the true pornography which seeks to excite and succeeds in so doing, is closer to poetry than it is to prose fiction. It is, willy-nilly, hopelessly caught up in conventions, for example. Rather than being pragmatic and original, it depends upon an iconography of detail, conventionalisations of erotic elements, and a limited world of concern—pornography can never stray too far from its moorings, nor can it seek in a philosophical way for ultimate constituents of reality. In short, it can never actually be, in the euphemism of the semi-prudish, "clinical." Stylistically, too, it is hopelessly traditionalistic in spirit; in every age it tends to rely upon diction familiar enough not to alarm, and hence to distract, the sensibilities of its audience. While the various narrative devices that the novel has developed in the past two hundred years aim at description, at building a model of the world, the descriptions in pornography are always a means to the completion of the sorts of verbal act—arousing, inspiring, suggesting—to which poetry has traditionally directed itself. Probably the only Orphean music we ever hear, the only literature we ever read which realises the classical myth of the poetry that could make trees dance, is the first piece of pornography we are ever taken by. And finally, pornography is composed of encounters that are heroic, hyperbolic, hieratic and thoroughly unlikely. Such scenes need not convince, they need only work.

Nevertheless, confusions between the two *genres* of the novel and the pornographic work have multiplied during the past half century. In the first place, fiction grew more explicit about sex and in addition began to observe the convention that the editing-out of taboo words, from even Dickensian fidelities to popular speech, was a kind of betrayal of artistic purpose. Just as the twentieth-century novel has seen the inroads of lyric, drama, homiletic and encyclopedia, so, too, encapsulated sequences of pornography have found their way into recent fiction since (but not including) *Ulysses*.[1] The bed-scene has had its own literary history, too, and the fact that in the post-war American novel, for example, a detailed narration of a sexual initiation has become a kind of literary ritual, more a warrant of the author's novelistic *bona fides* than anything else, has increased the confusion. Such scenes often work pornographically, when they are well written, and though it is often the publisher's intention that they do so, the novelist has usually put them there for another reason. Finally, it has recently been necessary for responsible writers and readers to pretend in court (and to themselves as well—there has been no perjury, really) that sexual stimulation of the reader is a base effect and a baser motive, far below the transcendent moral plane of something called Literature. Mindless and evil-breeding laws have produced the civilised desperation-measure of the doctrine that the whole work, rather than a part of it, should be considered in prosecutions of books. This has led to critical denials, admittedly for humane purposes, that, in this case at least, one literary *genre* can be influenced by or contained in another; and literary critics who might want to discuss the influence of drama on Henry James' late novels, or the role of lyric in Hemingway's short stories, might rightly rage if legal expediency prevented them from doing so, at least in public.

IT REMAINS CLEAR, however, that good novels can have pornographic interludes, just as it must always be remembered that for the right

[1] Not in Molly's soliloquy, certainly. The Gertie McDowell-Nausicaa episode is a *parody* of a kind of mild, sentimentalised pornography for ladies, neither explicit nor concise. In *Stephen Hero* romantic poetry is called "pornographic or impure" because it does not aim at catharsis. For a recent brilliant parody of *c.* 1920's pornography, see Edward Gorey's pseudonymous *The Curious Sofa* (by Ogdred Weary, New York 1962).

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constellation of reader, background, book and scene, much writing in various genres can be read pornographically. Or, rather, misread, much in the way that texts can be misread as being allegorical or subversive or forgery (when they are not). The limits of the pornographic *genre* are the intentions of the work to arouse, and while the author's motive in so intending may be financial, satirical, comical, narcissistic or any combination of these, the test of its success, in a given literary milieu, is invariably in a physiological reaction.

The new burst of critical, moral and jurisprudential talk that may be produced by the publication of John Cleland's classic[2] in America may, I am afraid, compound the confusions even more. Originally published in 1748–9 with the clear purpose of being a "dirty book," *Fanny Hill* was unfortunately present at the birth of both conventions. While it is certainly the model for much of the pornography in English for the two hundred years following, the paucity of memorable English fiction in the mid-eighteenth century cannot help but focus our attention on its novelistic virtues. Its heroine shares an England with Pamela, Clarissa and Sophia Western (indeed, to a degree with Fielding's Shamela too) and she may certainly be said to inhabit a major novel in that her undeniable greatness lies not in what she does but in who she is. What sets out to be a success in one literary *genre* often becomes most interesting to later epochs because of its affinities with another, and certainly if the book had been written, *mutatis mutandis*, a century later, its claim to a significant place in the history of the English novel would have been negligible. But there it is to perplex us, a good book, important fictionally because of the way in which its protagonist talks about sexual bouts and other things as well, a success and an originator pornographically precisely because Cleland had the resources of a real talent and the background of Defoe and Richardson.

The particular talent was for euphemism. Many people who have never read *Fanny Hill* know that it triumphs in avoiding all the taboo words. While this was probably done to avoid prosecution, the barrier of the unprintable presented no more of a problem to Cleland than the very structure of English vocabulary itself. It is a truism by now that our language lacks those words, like the French "sexe," developed by societies that have come to terms less obliquely with Eros, which name sexual equipment and functioning without giggles, medical escapes into Latinity, or descents into the good old forbidden terminology. But Cleland's success was in evolving, like a poet "a style from a despair." Fanny is a great creature because of the language in which Cleland has her talk, and the book's language and its protagonist's character are its greatest virtues. A diction full of turns and conceits was, by the middle of the eighteenth century, no longer acceptable in serious poetry. Augustan balance and antithesis, the devices of a style rivalling prose in its precision and controlled ornateness, had become the dominant convention, and since the time of Dryden, conceits in verse had been emblematic of frivolity, rather than of the tension and dialectic of Metaphysical wit. But it is just such a conceited and almost euphuistic diction to which Cleland turned in his descriptions of members and acts, in all the more highly operatic scenes for which the book's plot is the excuse.

Even in the "recitative" parts, however, his prose is tense and controlled. At the opening of the book, which consists of two long letters written to a lady of presumed quality by one of her acquaintance, Fanny announces her intention to recount truthfully her life as a prostitute:

> ...I will not so much as take the pains to bestow the strip of a gauze wrapper on it, but paint situations such as they actually rose to me in nature, careless of violating those laws of decency that were never made for such unreserved intimacies as ours; and you have too much sense, too much knowledge of the ORIGINALS themselves, to sniff prudishly and out of character at the PICTURES of them.

"Such unreserved intimacies as ours"—they are those that govern the relation of book and reader as well. The growing notion of private experience and its value surrounds, as Ian Watt has pointed out, the early development of the English novel and its readership, and the overall rhetorical strategy of the book traps the reader in the woman-to-woman confidential relationship. After this opening remark, Fanny's apologies for the detail and elaborate sentiment of her descriptions are never aimed at rearranging ruffled modesty, but at the sympathetic objections of common sense. "I know you know all about this, dear, but just thinking about it now makes me want to tell you how super it was when he..." This, transcribed into modern shorthand, is the tactical move of her apology.

[2] *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*. By JOHN CLELAND, Intro. by Peter Quennell. New York, G. B. Putnam's Sons, 1963. $6.00. I shall use the short title, *Fanny Hill*, throughout, for the book is usually called that by all but bibliographers. Cleland cut the book himself for a 1750 bowdlerisation called *Memoirs of Fanny Hill*, but I shall always refer to the original edition.

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HER ONLY OTHER disclaimers are about her motives. From the very beginning of her narration, economic necessity, even desperation, gives way only to nature, to sexual impulse itself, in determining her choice of action and response. She grows up in a village near Liverpool and, on the death of her artisan-class parents, comes innocently up to London to seek her fortune, arrives penniless and is discovered at an employment agency by a bawd who undertakes, with the help of her girls, the sale of Fanny's maidenhead to an ageing rake. This is all formulaic we think of Polly Peachum's first song in *The Beggar's Opera* (to the tune of an inconsequentially gallant Purcell song) which likens virgins to flowers raised in the country and brought, like girls (indeed, like the very actress singing the song) to Covent Garden to "rot, stink and die." But Fanny's articulateness is so unusual that she herself must take note of it: she mentions her understanding, "naturally not a despicable one... which had, even amidst the whirl of loose pleasures I had been tost in, exerted more observation on the characters and manners of the world than what is common to those of my unhappy profession, who looking on all thought or reflection as their capital enemy, keep it at as great a distance as they can, or destroy it without mercy." These are, after all, the concerns of the novelist, rather than of the pornographer, and Fanny's moral and social insights throughout the book, her shrewd assessments of character and, as Peter Quennell reminds us in his introduction to the New York edition, of the relation between physical appearance and sexual preference, are, in a sense, bootlegged into the pornography. Thus, at an early stage of her sexual initiation, she observes Mrs. Brown, the old bawd, with a young Horse-grenadier; from behind yellow damask curtains in a closet, she watches their doings, at first rather repulsed by the exposed ugliness of the old woman, then herself excited by splendours of the young man. But she makes it clear that her reactions have been conditioned to a degree by the instructive caresses of one of the whores with whom she has, from the beginning, been bedded down. At the end of her description of the scene, conflicting feelings and her own physical release give her a sense of the great inevitability of nature in a magnificent sentence that ends with an almost Jamesian period:

> But, as the main affair was now at the point the industrious dame had brought it to, she was not in the humour to put off the payment of her pains, but laying herself down, drew him gently upon her, and thus they finish'd, in the same manner as before, the old last act.

But her philosophy, it must be remembered,

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is determined by the pornographic *genre* itself, for each substantive episode in the book must culminate in a mechanical or social variant of "the old last act." Her innocence is gradually lost through encounters with another girl, two scenes of observed activity, a failure of the horrid brute for whom she was being groomed to penetrate her and, finally, the loss of her virginity to Charles, a young man with whom she has fortuitously fallen in love at first sight. It is here that Cleland moves into the province of sentimental fiction. It is true love that, in the end, leads her to marriage and redemption, but only after she has been separated from him by the guiles of his avaricious father with designs on some money. Charles abducts her from her bordello to an inn in Chelsea where he depucellates her, thinking her to be an experienced whore, with more than the usual gore and pain. Ten days later, she is established as his mistress in a flat in St. James', where for nearly a year she lives a high life. But one day he conveniently disappears, sent off on a wild-goose chase to the South Seas, and Fanny must resume her apprenticeship. She is taken up by a rich man, swallows her distaste for loveless liaisons, goes through all the shock of bourgeois married outrage when she espies him in the act with her own maid, plays him false in return with a rather improbably well-endowed young rustic and is eventually discovered and relieved of her post.

THE SECOND PART of the novel opens with Fanny resuming, in a subsequent letter to her friend, the interrupted narrative:

> I imagined, indeed, that you would have been cloy'd and tired with a uniformity of adventures and expressions, inseparable from a subject of this sort, whose bottom, or groundwork being, in the nature of things, eternally one and the same... there is no escaping a repetition of the same images, the same figures, the same expressions, with this further inconvenience added to the disgust it creates, that the words JOYS, ARDOURS, TRANSPORTS, ECSTASIES, and the rest of those pathetic terms so congenial to, so received in the PRACTICE OF PLEASURE, flatten and lose much of their due spirit and energy by the frequency they indispensably recur with, in a narrative of which that PRACTICE professedly composes the whole basis.

The irony here cuts several ways, because the reader is undoubtedly expecting more elaborate and varied sexual displays than he has seen in Part I, and because Fanny is undoubtedly proud, for Cleland and herself, of her literary success. She knows that she has conquered "the extreme difficulty of continuing so long in one strain, in a mean temper'd with taste, between the revoltingness of gross, rank and vulgar expressions and the ridicule of mincing metaphors and affected circumlocutions." With more gusto than ever, she proceeds to complete her narrative, telling of how she comes to inhabit the "safest, politest and, at the same time, the most thorough house of accommodation in town," run by the benevolent and industrious Mrs. Cole, where the girls and their customers "would, in the height of their humour, style themselves the restorers of the golden age and its simplicity of pleasures." The other girls narrate the histories of their sexual initiations, we are given several communal scenes, encounters with a flagellant and a fetichist, and a spied-upon homosexual doing.[3] During Fanny's stay at Mrs. Cole's, she amasses a good bit of money. The final episodes in her career concern the necessary last phases of her education by an old man, "a rational pleasurist" who, as she says, "much too wise to be ashamed of the pleasures of humanity, loved me indeed, but loved me with dignity." Unlike Mrs. Cole, who is a *déclassé* aristocrat, he is a self-made merchant with a large fortune, which, at his death eight months later, he providentially leaves to Fanny. But during her life with him she has learned, she says,

> ... that the pleasures of the mind were superior to those of the body; at the same time, that they were so far from obnoxious to, or incompatible with each other, that, besides the sweetness in the variety and transition, the one serv'd to exalt and perfect the taste of the other, to the degree that the senses alone can never arrive at.

Thus it is that now, a child of the enlightenment, well tutored in town life and in self-respect by two wise, commercial protectors, she is in a position to welcome back her strayed true-love, Charles, after two and a half years of separation. They marry, live happily ever after, and the story concludes with a little paean to sexual virtue founded on experience, which Fanny goes to great lengths to insist is not hypocritical. Perhaps she is right, for if the book has any superficial moral at all, it is that innocence cannot flower in a climate where commerce blasts the blossom and instinct suf-

[3] This is mostly cut out of the New York edition, although all interior and exterior evidence indicates that it is Cleland's own writing. It is in what is probably without question the first edition, a copy of which is in the British Museum. Despite the publisher's claim on the jacket that this is an authentic text, this unfortunate deletion (which occurs between the first and second paragraphs on p. 256) seriously distorts the consistency of Fanny's methods of narration. The Olympia Press edition, while based on a nineteenth-century version, is substantially complete, however, although marred by misprints.

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fuses the root. True love and virtue are, for Fanny, the reward of vice.

LIKE OTHER EARLY NOVELS, *Fanny Hill*'s resources are somewhat limited. There is very little dialogue, and even the long narrations by the other whores at Mrs. Cole's come from a previously established convention in pornography. Unlike Richardson, Cleland does not really make use of the epistolary form with its dramatic tensions of episode, event and letter all moving in and out of phase with each other. Unlike Fielding, he cannot set up a deliberate alternation of narrative and digression; indeed, the one device of controlling pace at his disposal is the adjustment of the "cooling off" periods between the erotic episodes, the passages where the art of fiction intrudes upon that of pornography. If Fanny lives the life of the body ("for me," she says "natural philosophy all resided in the favourite centre of sense, and who was rul'd by its powerful instinct in taking pleasure by its right handle"), she has been partially claimed by the life of the mind. Thus it is that few of her descriptions of people or acts are entirely free of psychologising. She can be brisk enough with, say, Phoebe, the girl at Mrs. Brown's who undertakes her initiation: "She was about five and twenty, by her most suspicious account, in which, according to all appearances, she must have sunk at least ten good years: allowance, too, being made for the havoc which a long course of hackneyship and hot waters must have made of her constitution." But she writes with an understanding amounting almost to tenderness, of how she "found, it seems, in this exercise of her art to break young girls, the gratification of one of those arbitrary tastes, for which there is no accounting. Not that she hated men, or did not even prefer them to her own sex; but when she met with such occasions as this was, a satiety of enjoyments in the common road, perhaps too, a secret bias, inclined her to make the most of pleasure, wherever she could find it, without distinction of sexes." Fanny's rhetoric about sexual variation is surprisingly aristocratic (it is a taste or eccentricity, as opposed to bourgeois-rational "deviant" and petit-bourgeois "unthinkable").

She has the same intensity of insight about her own feelings, however. When she is taken by Mr. H—— for the first time after being separated from her Charles, she says of his embraces "not that they, as yet, gave me any pleasure, or prevail'd over the aversion of my soul, to give myself up to any sensation of that sort; what I suffer'd, I suffer'd out of a kind of gratitude, and as a matter of course after what had pass'd." But as always, physiology will win out with her; although the last one in the world to deny modesty and reticence their part in nature, she is ever aware of their terrible fragility. Her mistrust of innocence (which merely exposes one to the machinations of others) leads her to wage a kind of one-woman war on the green-sickness.

To this blend of sense and sensuality in her character, Fanny's experience has added literary cultivation, of which she is by no means self-conscious. Her language is full of warmed-over tags from Caroline poets, and an occasional hyperbole smacks of a diction even older—thus, of what pleased her so in the well-hung country bumpkin: "its dimensions, mocking either grasp or span, almost renew'd my terrors." A typical set-piece is part of her description of Phoebe's grand tour of her anatomy, with "two rising hillocks that just begin to shew themselves... down lower, over a smooth track, she could just feel the soft silky down, that had but a few months before put forth and garnish'd the mount-pleasant of those parts, and promised to spread a grateful shelter over the seat of the most exquisite sensation, and which had been, till that instant, the seat of the most insensible innocence." This is almost standard Renaissance erotic topography; there is even some of it in Spenser. Usually, though, her conceits are more wry, as when in a similar scene she talks of Phoebe's using her (Fanny's) hand "to procure herself rather the shadow than the substance of any pleasure."

Fanny has an unabashed capacity for making do financially, once she is firmly committed to the profession of courtesan. She praises Mrs. Cole for never really cheating her clients, but she can relate with relishing detail her own involvement, with that lady's help, in the well-known con-game of passing herself off as a virgin, with the aid of "method" acting and fake blood, for the costly benefit of a rake with particular preferences. In her entrepreneurial energy she seems a daughter of Moll Flanders. But in her exuberance and curiosity, her undeviating devotion to nature, she is an ancestor of Molly Bloom.

HER OWN FICTIONAL descendants have proliferated into anonymous multitudes, the first-person female narrators of standard Western pornography. Cleland virtually invented the formula of the sustained and unbroken story with all the sex described from the girl's point of view. It is the optimum strategic device of pornography, for it can excite any reader (masculine or feminine, active or passive), and it reminds us of the disposition of attributes in pastoral literature in any of its guises, where the simple and the articulate confront each

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other and where only the articulate is interested in brooding about the meeting. The simple element (country, natural, primitive) is potent and active, and the other (city, civilised, literary) passive, but capable of more complex reactions, and I think that the Romantic poets understood this very well. In any event, this is the pornographic tradition, and it is because of the conjunction of novel and erotic book in *Fanny Hill* that it seems to have got started. From what is known of the work's predecessors in English, it can be seen that Cleland depended upon previously established conventions to a certain degree. For example, there was the widely-translated *l'Académie des Dames* (itself a French translation, ca. 1680 from a Latin original twenty years earlier), which was first Englished around 1682. *L'Académie des Dames* keeps to the dialogue form that provided the structure for Renaissance treatises on everything from musical theory to carpentry. The spirit of the neo-classic stage has begun to infuse it, however, for the two women of the dialogue, Octavie and Tullie (one experienced, one innocent) first describe, then act out some sex, and are later joined by two men. The conventions of pornographic dialogue (the cries from the girl of "No, no... yes, yes, do it some more... oh, oh," etc.) are very much in evidence here, and Cleland is no originator in this respect. But the questions of pacing such a narration, the treatment of many and various scenes and the interludes that are themselves necessary for the novelistic prop, and the problem, almost cinematic or musical, of arranging the relative length of scene and interlude is one first faced by Cleland and perhaps never managed better.

It is significant too that Cleland avoids the whole problem of pain and domination and their erotic role. With the exception of the flagellation episode, at which Fanny is rather piqued and amused than outraged, the world of the book lies outside the tradition of French political eroticism which, towards the end of the eighteenth century, was to be inaugurated by Laclos and Sade. Fanny's attitude to one of the latter's favourite tastes is made clear in only one incident. One night, after a (for her) unsatisfactory evening with Mr. Norbert, the jaded rake, she allows herself to be picked up by a sailor, and at the end of some rather boisterous and drunken preliminaries there is a misdirected effort on the sailor's part ("I feeling pretty sensibly that it was not going by the right door, and knocking desperately at the wrong one, I told him of it:—'Pooh!' says he, 'my dear, any port in a storm'.") But she soon puts it to rights. The whole affair is merely a matter for her eternal good humour,

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and emphasises again the blandly rational tolerance of her outlook. Projected into Sade's world, Fanny would show up rather as Graham Greene's Ida Arnold does in the twisted but purportedly authentic moral realm of Pinky's Brighton. (I cannot help but feel that Mr. Greene would not approve of her.) Her domain of sexual nature is as yet unaffected by the involvement of sexuality with the problems of will, freedom and the conflict of instinct and society which eventually are to become central to the concerns of modern fiction. For a modern reader, it is almost unbelievable that Fanny's innocent and Whiggish libido can be *interesting*; Cleland's triumph is that it is.[4]

IT IS ENLIGHTENING to compare *Fanny Hill* with a book that in a sense is its mirror-image, blending novelistic and pornographic elements after over two hundred years of their divergent development. *Histoire d'O.* by the pseudonymous Pauline Réage emerges from a recent Parisian milieu of the *anti-roman* and the intellectual anguish over Sade, just as Fanny's story does from the ferment of early eighteenth-century London and an expanding reading public. A story of cruelty and humiliation, fitted out with such traditional trappings as abductions to a *château* and a sinister English aristocrat, it is an astonishing *tour-de-force* in which one feels that the assimilation of the traditional pornographic elements are there as a means towards an aesthetic, even a stylistic end. The brilliant and classical French prose is the result of this; in the case of *Fanny Hill,* the style is merely a means to an end, although some present-day readers will undoubtedly be misled into thinking of it as the book's one redeeming feature.

One is entitled to do this, of course; but it would perhaps be far more commendable to detest the whole book, as D. H. Lawrence would probably have done. His own sad failure to write convincingly about physical sex was accompanied by his almost shrill hatred of pornography, and nothing could contrast more with the gloomy and misleading rhetoric of "darknesses" in *Women in Love,* or the apocalyptic transfiguration of four-letter words in *Lady Chatterley,* than the clarity, ingenuity and apparent spontaneity of Fanny's language. Cleland's motives were primarily commercial. At the time of writing the book he was a penniless hack who had drifted back to England after losing a minor job with the East India Company. Following the book's commercial success and his eventual escape from actual penal conviction,[5] he reverted to trivia; his later novels and plays seem to come from a different hand. This one book was an accidental masterpiece. But to read it as a novel masquerading as erotica is to do it a disservice. It would be to give it just as much of a mistaken reading as Dante's Paola and Francesca gave, in the reverse direction, of that undoubtedly sententi-

[4] Subsequent high-minded attempts to recapture this spirit have usually failed. Thus Restif de la Bretonne's anti-Sade pornography is tedious and, to me, hateful, although programmatically light-hearted. And even here, the obsessive incestuous motif is another matter entirely.

[5] The second volume of *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* appeared in February, 1749. Nine months later, a warrant was issued for the author, printer and publisher. Cleland was bound over to appear at the King's bench, but no subsequent punitive action was taken. Cleland's letter to a Mr. Stanhope, perhaps an underling of the Under-Secretary of State, acknowledges authorship and repents of it, but argues that to prosecute the book is to give it publicity. He wonders that "it could so long escape the vigilance of the Guardians of the Public Manners, since nothing is truer, than that more Clergymen bought it, in proportion, than any other distinction of men." The expurgated version, a year later, was again prosecuted after only two weeks, but again, there was no sentence. This letter was kindly shown to me by Mr. David Foxon of the British Museum.

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ous French romance when, blaming it all on the book, they whined to the pilgrim-narrator that they "read no more that day."

A Last Look at Marxism?

Philosophy and Myth in Karl Marx. By ROBERT C. TUCKER. *Cambridge University Press*, 35s.

Marx's Concept of Man. By ERICH FROMM. With a translation from Marx's *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts* by T. B. Bottomore, *Frederick Ungar Publishing Company: New York*, $4.75.

The Ethical Foundations of Marxism. By EUGENE KAMENKA. *Routledge & Kegan Paul*, 30s.

Soviet Marxism. By HERBERT MARCUSE. *Routledge & Kegan Paul* and *Columbia University Press*, 30s. and $4.50.

MARXISM as a theoretical system is in ruins. This is to say that what was known as Marxism to the German and Austrian Social Democrats of Kautsky's day, and equally the new version of Marxism constructed by Plekhanov, Lenin, Trotsky, Bukharin, and other Russian Social Democrats and vulgarised by Stalin, have been set aside by history. Any political and philosophical doctrine that is closely tied to a particular analysis of the structure and development of society must be content to be judged by history.

Of course, those who are committed to the doctrine may not be so content. There are two ways of getting over the difficulties. One is to shout down, imprison, or kill those who insist upon pointing to the theoretical confusions or lacunæ. The other is to build into the statement of the doctrine maxims which render it logically invulnerable. The former scarcely needs illustrating. The latter procedure begins early, with Engels, who occasionally assured his troubled correspondents that the doctrine would be shown to be true "in the long run" or "in the last analysis." Since no one knows how long the long run is or when the last analysis has been made, this renders the system invulnerable to decisive criticism; but the cost is high, that of making the system empirically vacuous.

There is all the same a continual itch to have another look at Marxism. Of late the vogue has been to see what could be salvaged if one were to abandon the combination of vulgar materialism and vulgar positivism that lies so heavily upon Engels' *Socialism Utopian and Scientific* and passes over into Bolshevism, and treat the whole question of the philosophical character of Marxism as more open than has hitherto been supposed. A pioneer of this method was Professor Sidney Hook, who, in *Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx*, treated the theses on Feuerbach as an anticipation of the instrumentalism and pragmatism of Dewey. More recently, the vogue has been to take the young Hegelian Marx of the *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts* of 1844, and the Marx of *The German Ideology*, as representing the original and creative thought which later hardened into the system of Engels, Lenin, Stalin, and the Soviet scholastics. Here the key concept is held to be that of "alienation" or "estrangement"; and it is asserted or implied that this is a concept useful or indispensable for an understanding of our present social condition and one which enables us to distinguish between genuine socialism and its *ersatz* varieties.

Tucker, Fromm, Kamenka, and Marcuse are all influenced in one way or another by this modish approach to Marxism. All, except for *Marx's Concept of Man*, are serious and valuable studies; and even Dr. Fromm's volume is worth having since it consists largely of a part of Mr. T. B. Bottomore's translation of the 1844 Manuscripts, the most important piece of evidence for Marx's early thought. Dr. Fromm's own text is a bad but no doubt unconscious joke. "Alienation" is treated as somehow or other the concept which links Marx with Zen Buddhism, Eckhart, Spinoza, Goethe, the prophets of the Old Testament, and others; indeed, one has the impression that all great and good men and movements are somehow in fundamental agreement with the young Marx. More: the final pages of Fromm's essay are a piece of hagiography without parallel in the literature. Marx is "the productive, unalienated, independent man whom his writings visualised as the man of a new society." The foul-mouthed Marx who so engagingly referred to Lassalle as "the Jewish nigger," the Marx who treated Engels with such revolting snobbery and cruelty in the matter of Mary Burns, this Marx appears to be quite unknown to Fromm.

WHAT IS "ALIENATION" and why is this concept thought to be so important? If one were to ask this question about other sociological or psychological concepts ("marginal utility," say, or "projection," or "tabu") there would no doubt be some difficulties over definition. But the matter would scarcely be left so obscure as it remains after the early Marx and the commentators under review have discharged themselves at length on the topic. In the *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts* human labour is a process of alienation because it becomes "embodied in an object and turned into a physical thing"; and

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"so much does the appropriation of the object appear as alienation that the more objects the worker produces the fewer he can possess and the more he falls under the domination of his product, of capital." Here the leading idea seems to be that alienated labour is marked by ignorance (the worker fails to see that the products of the labour process are objectified labour) and servitude (he is under the domination of his own products or rather, I suppose, of the class that appropriates these products). Later Marx says that "the alienation of the worker in his object is expressed . . . in the laws of political economy"; and these, briefly, are the tendency towards the absolute impoverishment, physical enfeeblement, and brutalisation of the worker.

A further idea in the early Marx is perhaps the most fundamental, because, if we take it seriously, it provides not only a critique of capitalism but also a critique of all socialist economies: the idea that in the labour process the worker's activity is not spontaneous, but imposed from without; so that in labour, the distinctively human activity, man behaves like an animal, and is spontaneous only in his animal activities, eating, drinking, and procreating. One might derive from this the idea that human alienation springs from private property and private appropriation. Not so, for the early Marx. Private property is a *consequence* of human alienation, not a cause. From this it follows that the abolition of private property and the replacement of private by collective ownership does not in the least abolish alienation and restore spontaneity to labour. On the contrary, since the State is more powerful than the class of private capitalists, alienation may be intensified under state socialism. (This is why some ultra-left groups influenced by the early Marx characterise Soviet society as a form of "state capitalism.")

Professor Tucker attempts to give a genetic account of alienation and other Marxist concepts. This is a most disappointing part of an otherwise perceptive book. Both Kant and Hegel are grossly caricatured and the exposition of their ideas is painfully facetious. Hegel, it is said, "conceived himself as the particular man in whom God . . . finally achieved full actualisation"; "Hegel's world-self is a neurotic personality"; and so on. Certainly, the origins of Marx's concept of alienation are in Hegel, and more immediately in Feuerbach. The infinite and absolute are estranged from their essence in the finite and mutable world of nature and human institutions; but for Feuerbach (and Marx), Hegel's philosophy is itself a piece of self-estrangement. Gods, theogonies, theophanies, absolute spirit: all these, which have for the believer and the idealist philosopher the force of something objective, something existing over against man, are in reality the products, unconsciously fabricated, of the human mind, and are thus paradigm cases of alienation.

The non-alienated man of the communist future will thus be spontaneous in his work because he will be autonomous; and he will recognise all the children of his mind. Alienation is the fundamental ground of the institutions of class society and not the product of these institutions. Alienation is not to be overcome by the vesting of ownership in the community and the subjection of all men to a planned and disciplined labour process. An intensification of human alienation under what Marx in 1844 called "crude" communism may indeed be a necessary purgatory on the way to the free society of the future,

> where nobody has one exclusive sphere of activity but each can become accomplished in any branch he wishes, society regulates the general production and thus makes it possible for me to do one thing to-day and another to-morrow, to hunt in the morning, fish in the afternoon, rear cattle in the evening, criticise after dinner, just as I have a mind, without ever becoming hunter, fisherman, shepherd, or critic. (*The German Ideology*.)

How did Marxism transform itself from this utopian, generous, and romantic belief into the massive, dogmatic systems of German Social Democracy and of Bolshevism? Plainly the change begins within the thought of Marx himself. The tone of his later writings and the conceptual apparatus employed by him are quite different from those of the early writings. Tucker's answer seems to me right. The concept of alienation gets its sense from an analysis of the human person. Alienated man is self-divided man, man who is a stranger to himself; and the institutions of society express this alienation only because man is himself alienated. But Marx transforms this personal analysis into a social analysis, in which alienation is primarily a social phenomenon. Tucker writes:

> An alienated individual may indeed project his feeling of self-estrangement and experience it as an estrangement from others or hostility towards others; and this in turn may actually transform his inter-personal relations into estranged ones. Thus, if he decides that the "alien, hostile, powerful man" must be "another man" outside him, and behaves accordingly towards another actual man outside him, hostile social relations will normally result. Then it might be said that the alienated self-relation has found expression as an alienated social relation. This, however, is no justification for conceiving the alienated self-relation as a social phenomenon in its essential nature.

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The change in Marx's thought is very early. There are already traces of it in *The German Ideology*; and by the time of the *Communist Manifesto*, as Tucker makes clear, "he writes caustically that the German *literati* have 'written "externalisation of human nature" under French criticism of money-relations' "—that is, he treats with contempt his own thought of only four years before. Only with the publication of the 1844 manuscripts in 1932, a year in which left-wing thinkers had other preoccupations, did students begin to realise how fundamental was the shift in Marx's early thought. That is not to say that the formal break with his earlier thought meant in all cases an actual break. Tucker shows that so far as Marx and Engels themselves are concerned their mature outlook is conceived to be continuous with the thought of 1844; and that the crucial change took place when "self-alienation was projected as a social phenomenon, and Marx's psychological original system turned into his apparently sociological mature one." Granted the validity of Marx's early analysis, mature Marxism is itself an example of alienated thought.

MR. KAMENKA'S BOOK is the best scholarly study of Marxist ethics that has so far appeared. The reader without some technical knowledge of recent discussions of moral philosophy in the Anglo-Saxon world may be a little foxed from time to time. Kamenka has been greatly influenced by the thought of the late John Anderson, the Australian philosopher, a highly original and eccentric thinker. In so far as this gives him a distinctive standpoint from which to assess the significance of Marxism for moral philosophy it is an advantage; but it gets in the way of his exposition of Marxism; and there is a concern with sexual ethics which the reader may find distracting. Kamenka holds that "there is indeed much evidence that freedom in love is a necessary, though not a sufficient, condition of all other freedoms." He therefore finds the puritanical moralism of Soviet thought intensely distasteful. His general account of the inner transformation of Marx's thought is not fundamentally different from that given by Tucker. He lays more emphasis on the inadequacy of Marx's thought purely as sociology. In particular, he does not believe that freedom is something reserved for an apocalyptic period lying on the other side of the proletarian revolution. Freedom and servitude are characteristics of actual historical movements; and the thought of later Marxism, in particular of Bolshevism, that freedom is something brought to the masses by the "vanguard" of the proletariat "is not a free but a despotic conception."

Professor Marcuse's analysis of Soviet Marxism is a brilliant piece of work. This has to be stated with some emphasis, for the reader has every excuse for thinking otherwise. It is written in a depressing kind of sociologist's gobbledygook and he who would trace the outline of the thought requires both heroism and pertinacity. The procedure is roughly as follows. It is tempting to consider Soviet Marxism as no more than a feeble and dishonest official ideology, intrinsically of no merit and deriving its power from the monopoly of the Party over the instruments of propaganda and terror. That it is all this Marcuse does not deny; but he holds that Marxism is a conceptual instrument that can be used "to clarify the actual function of Marxism in Soviet society and its historical direction." He further undertakes to show that Soviet Marxism in its successive phases reveals in enigmatic forms "the realities of Soviet developments."

Marcuse is a historicist of a somewhat extreme character who believes that the historical process is "rational and irreversible." This seems a bit portentous. By "rational" he can only mean, since he wishes to exclude all teleology from history, that historical development can be understood as falling under laws of a rather loosely-framed kind. One example he gives is:

> the present stage of Western industrial society, with its increasing private and governmental regulation of the economy . . . appears as the "logical," *i.e.*, inherent outcome of the free enterprise and free competition prevalent at the preceding stage.

Generalisations after the fact are all very well. In his predictions Marcuse is no more precise than any more empirically-minded sociologist. To say that the historical process is irreversible seems a strange thing to *say*, just as it would be strange to *say* that men are old after and not before they are young. What view is being contested here? But Marcuse's book has the great virtue of providing a critique of Soviet thought in terms of the premises of that thought, and in this it is like Dante on the Papacy of his day or the mock exhibition of virtue and vice in the fourth book of *Gulliver*.

Particular points which strike me as worth noting are the following:

1. We can only understand the turns of Soviet policy and their reflections in the official ideology if we recognise that with the stabilising and strengthening of capitalism socially and politically the Communist leaders have both to reckon with a falsification of their theoretical analysis and also to produce an explanation of the present situation in terms of the same analysis.

2. From the beginning Bolshevism has to reconcile two contradictory positions; belief in

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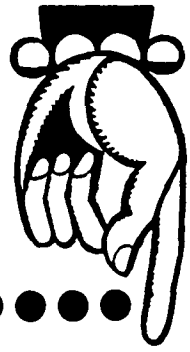
the classical Marxist conception of the revolution as the self-activity of a revolutionary class; and the practical commitment to the semi-Blanquist theory, elaborated by Lenin as early as 1902 (and not, therefore, a peculiar difficulty in the Soviet period), according to which the proletariat is rather the object than the subject of the revolutionary process. The same difficulty continues to trouble the Soviet leaders, for they rule over a directed society by means of exhortations to a revolutionary initiative from below that would immediately be repressed if it were to show itself.

3. "The key propositions of Soviet Marxism have the function of announcing and commanding a definite practice, apt to create the facts which the propositions stipulate." This explains the role of plainly false statements, such as that the class-struggle is sharpening in the capitalist countries or that there is no exploitation in Soviet society. The utterance of these statements is a quasi-magical ritual which has a pragmatic justification.

4. Soviet ethics are relativistic; but their imperatives are taken as absolute in the light of the end—the future realisation of communism—which is "transcendental" in relation to the Soviet present and thus provides a substitute for religion in the sense in which Marxism understands religion.

5. The struggle against the "remnants of capitalist mentality" which is so prominent in Soviet internal propaganda is really an attempt to overcome the libertarian tendencies present in any régime of growing productivity and is a means of imposing discipline upon the labour force. "The fight against the heritage of the past thus greatly resembles early capitalism's own fight against pre-capitalist values and attitudes." Of course, this brings out very clearly that labour in Soviet society is essentially "alienated" and that this society is grotesquely unlike the free society anticipated by Marx.

ALL THE WRITERS under review put in a plea, implicitly or explicitly, for the libertarian side of Marxism. Certainly, the picture of man as a stranger to himself, loaded with chains of his own making, seeking what he detests and hankering after goods he is not prepared to make the objects of a costly choice, this picture has a certain appeal; but it is hard to find anything in it that was not perfectly well known to Ovid and St. Paul. In Marx it comes to us still inscribed with its metaphysical origin in Hegel and this gives it a certain heavy charm. We have buried the metaphysics of Hegel, and Marx himself had a hand in the operation. Perhaps it is time we buried the strange farrago which is Marxism. Its historical role was to



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direct the sociological imagination into neglected places and this task it has performed with credit. If its central claim is that integrated, spontaneous, autonomous man will be the typical member of a historical society lying on the other side of revolution, this is a claim we have absolutely no reason to accept; at least, the casting out of the demons can only be thought of as taking place under very different auspices and in a time that has shed the pathos of secular history.

J. M. Cameron

New Novels?

A Sense of Reality. By GRAHAM GREENE. *Bodley Head,* 15s.

The Winter People. By GILBERT PHELPS. *Bodley Head,* 18s.

The Icicle and Other Stories. By ABRAM TERTZ. *Collins and Harvill Press,* 16s.

Lindmann. By FREDERICK RAPHAEL. *Cassell,* 25s.

Down to Hope. By ERNEST FROST. *Hodder and Stoughton,* 18s.

Going Away. By CLANCY SIGAL, *Cape,* 30s.

I HAVE SIX NEW NOVELS to discuss. But after all, have I? Which of them is in fact *new*? Which of them in any important sense reflects the fact that Henry James or Proust or Joyce (let alone Robbe-Grillet, say) have written? Surprisingly few of them, really. Let us take the case of Graham Greene's new collection of four stories, and especially the longest of them, "Under the Garden." In this the middle-aged narrator returns to his childhood home with the knowledge that he is dying of lung-cancer, and during the night he, for the first time, writes down the childhood experience—a visit to a grotesque private kingdom under the garden pond—which, dream or fact, has coloured his whole life. Dream or fact? It was a dream of course, and he recognises some of the prosaic features of the scene which gave rise to it. All the same he stumbles on one clue which suggests there might after all, just possibly, have been *something*....

Now, nothing could be more quintessentially 19th century in flavour than this, and though you might jump to the conclusion that Greene is deliberately using a 19th century convention as a technical device (for instance as Thackeray sometimes writes 18th century pastiche) I don't think that is the explanation. What is so old-fashioned about it, of course, is the kind of relationship it presupposes between the imaginary and the real. The ultimate effect of the experiments of the French naturalist school in putting realism on a scientific basis was to upset the unexamined 19th century assumptions as to what was real. It hardly occurs to us to think of the Circe episode in *Ulysses* as any more or less "realistic" than Bloom prodding the kidneys; and again it is impossible to imagine Kafka having narrated *The Castle* as a *dream*.

The point has some interest, since of the three writers of fantasy I have to deal with, the two English ones (Graham Greene and Gilbert Phelps) unashamedly return to the 19th century approach and only the Soviet writer "Abram Tertz" uses the modern one.

But then, oddly enough, in *A Sense of Reality* and *The Winter People* Greene and Phelps have to some extent written the same story—and I wonder what its prototype is? Gilbert Phelps' narrator, like Greene's, returns to his childhood home. He too spends the night re-enacting the childhood myth which has ruled his life (and again the question is posed, did the "Winter People," the miraculous Andean tribe which the narrator's great-uncle found and lost and went mad vainly searching for again, really exist?). In his family, as in that of Greene's hero, there had been a war between the dreamers and the literalists, though in the one case the literalists won the boy's soul, whereas in the other it eluded them.

The comparison between the stories is inevitably to Greene's advantage. Phelps' novel embodies a rather brilliant science-fiction idea—a hibernating people, with no memory beyond the limits of the present year, and with the life-enhancing stoicism which this culture-pattern induces. The gradual process of the great-uncle's initiation into the Winter People's culture, while at the same time he is falling in love with it, is done with splendid ingenuity. Still, it is really not so much science-fiction as fairy-tale, and you could riddle it with objections if you looked for more—these are not a people, but only fabulous speaking animals, like those of Kenneth Grahame and Uncle Remus, and the anthropology applied to them is only whimsical. Moreover the framework of the story, the battle between romance and reason, the dry-as-dust lawyer (who keeps reminding us in exactly those words that he is so) coming upon his great-uncle's diary and reliving through its means the romantic schoolboy he has killed in himself—all this is a convention too shamelessly taken over from Edwardian boys' adventure stories and not really given any adult twist.

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BY CONTRAST, the framework in Graham Greene's story is as credible and adult as you would expect—the embarrassed interview with the surgeon, the entirely plausible explanation (the mother's Fabianism) for the early starving of the hero's imaginative life. And of course this part of the book is engineered with extraordinary swiftness and economy and with all Greene's real originality of manner—the hitting-off of the tone and quality of scenes by dramatic similes (when the doctor expounds the X-ray photographs the narrator immediately feels himself back at a "top-secret" briefing), and the mastery (closely connected with this) of the subtle planting of allegory, so that his narrative is always doing two or three things at once. Moreover, though we may feel dubious to the end as to what value Greene wants us to attach to that paradox-mongering old monster —the type-figure of juvenile emancipation, with his gnomic obscenities and lavatory-throne—whom the child meets under the garden, Greene has almost always forestalled our doubts.

ALL THE SAME there is just a faint impression that Greene is writing down to us. And that is a feeling you certainly don't get from my third fantasist, the dazzling Soviet novelist whose pseudonym is Abram Tertz. The stories composing *The Icicle* (the volume was smuggled out of Russia) are all about losing, or exchanging, one's identity; and whereas the material of several of them (the paranoiac civil servant at supper at a colleague's house, imagining the latter's wife is, as part of a conspiracy against him, a man in disguise) is psycho-pathological, these materials are not put to "psychological" use. The heroes' fantasies are granted full rights; they are given autonomy. In the story "Tenants," about a dipsomaniac writer, the narrator is in fact one of the demons his drinking has conjured up—this familiar of his is a house-spirit, locked in a mortal feud with the water-demons who have disguised themselves as fellow-tenants, sob and curse in the water-mains, and camp out like the Lorelei in the communal bath-room.

Tertz shifts imperceptibly from this most airy kind of fun into bitter political satire. In the title-story the same kind of fantastic comic hypotheses are made—the hero becomes gifted with clairvoyance, and at the same time with an inability to see the faces of his fellow-humans for the crowd of past and future incarnations jostling for room in them. He is arrested and put to work as a secret weapon for unravelling diplomatic problems. This suits him very well, save that he sees by clairvoyance a tiny polypus of ice growing unseen in the house-eaves which on a certain stated day is going to fall and

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crush his mistress' skull. Colonel Tarasov, his employer, offers the whole machinery of his bureaucracy to safeguard her; the instructions pass from tray to tray; until in a vision the hero realises that Tarasov (or the succession of identical police-officials he incapsulates) is the icicle himself. "I couldn't take my eyes off his smooth, icy surface, which was constantly growing new layers." This allegory of the writer vis-à-vis the Stalinist autocracy is sprung on us obliquely and with marvellous cleverness —I have singled out only one thread of its tangle of straight-faced ironies. And though in his piling-up of logical absurdities Tertz certainly comes out Gogol's overcoat, he is, in certain precise and technical respects, a more contemporary writer than Greene.

THERE IS NOT MUCH doubt that Frederick Raphael has learned from the 20th century masters. He is an opportunist writer, and for his new novel *Lindmann* he has raided Joyce extensively. The central idea of the novel is really rather a stunning one. During the second world war a boat-load of refugees bound for Israel is, through bureaucratic timidity and inhumanity, allowed to sink off the Turkish coast. A young English embassy official concerned in this diplomatic crime has a breakdown, during which he suffers a complete personality-change. He becomes one of the people he has betrayed. Lindmann, the middle-aged philosophical Jew, living drably in a bed-sitter in Earl's Court, and believed to be a survivor of the ill-fated *S.S. Broda* is in fact himself. And in his new role he has become a touchstone of integrity to his young bridge-playing friends; for Milstein, who is on the make and is easing himself out of Bohemia, he is a kind of religion. (And how well Raphael catches the pseudo-Lindmann's self-contained Wittgensteinian intransigence.) There are brilliant things in the novel, for instance the scene of Lindmann's second and fatal breakdown. He has begun to suspect that he may be a fake —he has had to read Milstein's film-script about the *Broda* disaster (what can he possibly say about it?); he has become jealous and violent over a woman (would Lindmann have been so?). Penniless and on the run from himself, he is attending a fund-raising meeting for the Zionist cause, when his hostess bears down on him for the special contribution she is sure he has to give. He offers her (it is his last gesture of logic) his penis (uncircumcised).

The trouble with Raphael's novel is that he has wildly miscalculated about its length. It would be all very well for him, in Joycean fashion, to give his street-preacher's sermon verbatim (seven-and-a-half pages of it) if it

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were, like the sermon in *Portrait of the Artist,* of extraordinary interest for its own sake; but it isn't. It is a real effort to get through it, as it is through Milstein's film-script (also given complete), or Lindmann's delirious ravings. These lifeless blocks of material give the novel a dummy bulk which sets the reader (probably quite unfairly) suspecting charlatanism.

CERTAINLY Frederick Raphael, in many sections of his novel, has made an effort and calculation which Ernest Frost has entirely shirked in *Down to Hope.* It is a mistake you would feel no novelist coming after Henry James need commit, to confine the reader, without redress, to the viewpoint of an untrustworthy witness. The novel, about a North London adolescence, is narrated by its adolescent hero, with apparently no attempt, by emphasis, omission or any other means, at suggesting an independent adult account. We get the boy's awful jokes, his callow cultural-name-dropping, his self-dramatising emotions (we get an adolescent boy, in short) but presented in such a way as almost to suggest the author hadn't noticed any callowness. We are never sure where to locate the wall between the boy and his creator, and indeed sometimes it isn't there; the boy is made to say things like "a nonconformist upbringing had made me wary of possessions," a purely authorial comment.

So to my last novel, and the words "new" or "old" hardly seem to apply, it is, to my mind, so completely abortive. As an idea for a novel it sounds promising. The hero, brought up in the American labour movement (the names in his family pantheon are Clarence Darrow, Big Bill Haywood, Joe Hill and "the great unsung Pat Reynolds"), feels that the union movement has gone soft on him, that his friends can talk of nothing but their mortgages and their deep-freezes, that America is no longer home to him (but where is his home, and who are his brothers, now that the Russian tanks are rolling into Budapest?) He sets out, with a whisky-bottle and a De Soto automobile, on a despairing journey from the West to the East coast, looking up his friends in every town he passes through, determined to try to make them listen and understand. But they don't listen. They don't understand. He drives on, choking with unwritten letters, unmade telephone calls, and unlistened-to-tirades, and his novel is the overspilling of these. For he cannot get through to us either, he is so helplessly locked within his own self-regarding attitudes. His novel, which is enormously long, is the very antithesis of the Tolstoyan novel. It is the least plastic of writing. It takes its

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rhythms not from the natural shape of incidents but from the set, self-induced rhetoric of the typewriter. It is, in my view, a monument to failure in co-communication.

P. N. Furbank

The Populist Nightmare

Power, Politics, & People: The Collected Essays of C. Wright Mills. Ed. Irving Louis Horowitz. *Oxford University Press*, 52s. 6d.

Scratch an American politician, of whatever party and whatever political complexion, and you will almost always find an early nineteenth-century Jeffersonian democrat —sometimes, it must be admitted, plausibly disguised as a late nineteenth-century Mid-Western populist. This is most obviously true of the American Right. The central fact about American history since the end of the civil war is that there have been no Conservatives in American politics, only failed liberals. Senator Goldwater and the fanatics of the John Birch Society like to describe themselves as conservatives, no doubt, but in the classical European sense they are not conservatives at all. They are laissez-faire liberals who have failed to realise what century it is and who object to paying income tax: throwbacks to Adam Smith, not descendants of Burke or de Maistre. When one turns to the demagogues of the Radical Right, political categories derived from Europe become even more obviously inapposite, as the term "Radical Right" itself suggests. Even the Bourbons of the Deep South are conservatives only in a very dubious sense, for the Conservative Myth they celebrate is so clearly a bogus literary invention that no-one has been able to take it seriously, not even its defenders and prisoners.

But if the American Right has failed to offer a serious and coherent challenge to the reigning liberal orthodoxy it is equally true that the American Left has failed to move significantly beyond it. As Professor Hofstadter showed in his analysis of the American political tradition, the American Left has never outgrown its commitment to Jeffersonian liberalism in principle; it has merely been forced to ignore it in practice. The practical innovations of the New Deal—bold and dazzling though they were—were not matched by corresponding theoretical or ideological innovations. In this to-day's New Frontiersmen are simply yesterday's New Dealers writ small. Indeed, many American liberals have actually made a virtue, almost a fetish, out of their ideological barrenness—forgetting that the "pragmatism" they prize so highly is, almost by definition, unable to grapple with social problems until they have actually reached the point of crisis, and that in consequence many issues of vital concern to society never reach the political arena at all, and are settled, so to speak, behind society's back.[1]

None of this would have come as a surprise to the late C. Wright Mills; indeed it is the major theme of many of these collected essays. But what Mills does not seem to have realised is that he was himself a prisoner of the same liberal orthodoxy whose limitations he was so quick to detect in others. He thought of himself as a Socialist, just as Senator Goldwater thinks of himself as a conservative; in fact he was as much a Jeffersonian liberal in disguise as Senator Goldwater is. Indeed, the similarities between Senator Goldwater and Mills are greater than most partisans of either would care to admit. Like Goldwater, Mills was ill at ease in the complex, increasingly bureaucratic America of to-day. Like Goldwater, he was moved, at least in part, by a nostalgic vision of the scattered frontier communities of the nineteenth century, in which sturdy yeomen farmers stood on their own feet, took for themselves the decisions that shaped their lives, and doffed their hats to no man. In Mills' case the vision was less overt than it is in Goldwater's. Nevertheless, it was there, and assumptions drawn from it coloured much of his writing.

His most important contribution to social thought was, of course, his theory of the power élite. It won him considerable applause in certain Socialist circles in Britain and on the continent; and became part of the mental furniture of the New Left. Strangely enough, however, Mills' theory of the power élite has little in common with Socialism as it has usually been understood, while its practical consequences would almost certainly be inimical to the success of any Socialist movement which

[1] Race relations in the Northern states are the obvious example. They have now reached the crisis point. And, however unwillingly, the politicians are obliged to grapple with them. But race relations were a problem long before the politicians started to bother about them; and it seems to me that at least one reason why the politicians did not bother, in addition to sheer cowardice, was that according to Jeffersonian orthodoxy no problem existed. North of the Mason-Dixon line the Negroes have votes, and are equal before the law: from the standpoint of traditional American liberalism, the rest is up to them.

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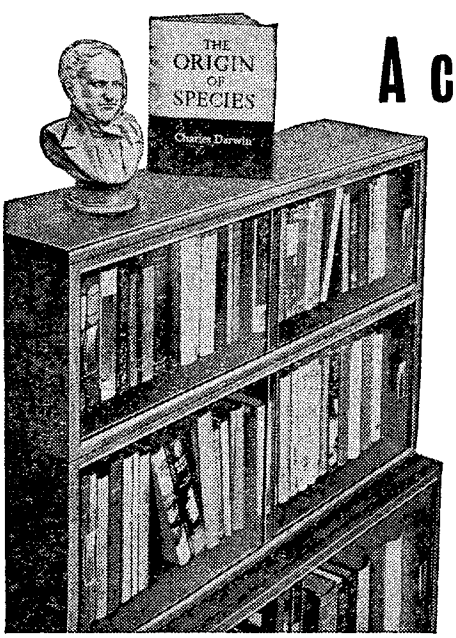
might try to act upon it. Most of the great Socialist thinkers have attempted, with varying degrees of success, to combine description with prescription, and both with prophecy: to isolate the dynamic factors in a given society and to show how the social evils that exist at present can be overcome in future. This is conspicuously true of Marx, and it is also true, in a more humdrum way, of the Fabian Socialists in this country. But Mills did not do this. His analysis of society was oddly static; and the picture he painted was so black that the only conclusion which could logically be drawn from it was that the distribution of power which exists at present cannot be altered—which was to say that Socialism is impossible.

For Mills' theory is a twentieth-century version of the nightmare which inspired the Populist Revolt seventy years ago. Its essence is that the power élite is, in fact, all powerful. America, he tells us, is run by an interlocking network of hierarchies, which meet at the top; the men who control these hierarchies of power are able to manipulate the politicians, and ultimately the voters, to whom they are theoretically subject. The labour movement, which Socialists have traditionally looked to as the engine of social revolution, has been tamed or captured by the power élite, as have the universities and the press. There is therefore no real hope of removing the power élite by the normal processes laid down by the Constitution. If the politicians have all been brought in or bought off there is no point in voting. If all possible countervailing interests have been absorbed there is no point in striking, or writing articles for the Press, or joining the NAACP. There might conceivably be some point in fomenting violent revolution, but if the American people are as passive and inert as Mills' theory holds them to be, it is hardly likely that they would be much good at building barricades—and if the power élite is as powerful and united as he says it is, the barricades would soon be knocked down. The only hope, in fact, is War; and in war the society would be destroyed. Heads they win, tails we lose.

SUCH A THEORY, it seems to me, is not likely to inspire any very active movements of protest. If the odds are stacked so heavily in favour of the status quo, there is not much point in trying to upset it. Indeed, if Mills' power élite did in fact exist, it might be well advised to disseminate his writings among its subjects, in order to teach them the futility of revolt. This point is not an academic one. From



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my own observation as a graduate student at the University of California some years ago, I am sure that Mills' writings played at least a minor part in convincing liberal-minded students that the "system" was so well-entrenched that it would be futile to try to alter it. It is true, of course, that Mills also believed that the intelligentsia had replaced the working class as the main agent of social change. But this belief is quite inconsistent with the major part of his teaching. For how, in practice, could the intelligentsia carry out this mission? Presumably by persuasion and argument. It is obviously futile to try to persuade the power élite itself to surrender its power, so the only available targets for intellectual persuasion are the ordinary people of America. But since the power élite is hard at work manipulating the American people by means of the mass media, it seems unlikely that the thin and reedy tones of the intelligentsia will carry sufficiently far.

IT IS POSSIBLE, of course, that I have exaggerated and distorted Mills' theory, and made it sound cruder and more hopeless than he meant it to be. His literary style was a powerful instrument, but not a precise one; and although it is always possible to realise what he feels it is often difficult to understand what he says. It may be that he meant the *Power Elite* to serve as a horrid warning of what might happen, rather than as an academic analysis of what actually does happen; that in isolating and exaggerating the anti-democratic and élitist trends which undoubtedly exist in present-day America he hoped to stimulate his readers to do something about them. But if that was in fact his purpose, some of his pronouncements on the other issues sound distinctly odd. For if the *Power Elite* is to be interpreted as a stimulus to protest rather than as a description of what society is like, it follows that the élite is not, in fact, all-powerful and impermeable; that some countervailing pressures still remain to be mobilised by radicals and dissenters; and that therefore America is still, if only to a limited extent, an open society. But if America is still an open society, Mills' attitude to the cold war between America and the Soviet Union is perverse. For in his writings on international politics he undoubtedly suggests, or appears to suggest, that the differences between East and West are trivial; that the cold war is therefore nothing more than a senseless and amoral confrontation of power blocs; and that the only honourable course for an individual or a nation is non-commitment.

This attitude to the cold war would be perfectly consistent with a watered down version of the *Power Elite* if it could be shown that the Soviet Union is also an open society, that the degree of openness in Soviet society is approximately as great as it is in American society, and that the best way to make the two systems more open still is to cry a plague on both. These questions are to some extent questions of fact. A great deal of evidence exists about the degree of openness in Soviet society, and about the ways in which the present state of affairs is likely to evolve in future. So far as I can see Mills made little attempt to study or evaluate this evidence, or to master the immense volume of scholarly work which has been produced by those who have. Instead, he simply assumed the existence of what he should have tried to prove.

As a result he helped to discredit more moderate advocates of a *détente* between East and West, just as the *Power Elite* helped to discourage potential radicals from dirtying their hands in the political arena. Again and again, three-quarters of what Mills said was true—and the effect was destroyed by adding an extra quarter which was untrue. Thus, the picture painted in the *Power Elite* is a caricature, not a lie; but just because it is a caricature it can be dismissed by those for whom it comes too

Prof. Trevor-Roper, Lord Woolton and André Malraux have expressed disbelief that Shakespeare wrote the plays attributed to him. Cyril Connolly in the SUNDAY TIMES has expressed dissatisfaction with our present knowledge of Shakespeare. Kenneth Tynan, Philip Toynbee and Prof. William Empson have written letters of support to members of the Shakespeare Action Committee. The public is becoming increasingly aware that something might be "out of joint" in Stratford.

read

PAST and FUTURE

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near the bone. In the same way Mills' attitude to the cold war is not wholly mistaken. Soviet society is more open to-day than it was ten years ago, and there is some reason to hope that it may eventually become more open still. But by suggesting that there is already no real difference between Soviet and American society, Mills merely made it possible for cold-warriors to dismiss him as a fellow-traveller. This, in fact, is Mills' tragedy—and ours. In spite of his follies and exaggerations, the voice which emerges from these essays is a humane and compassionate one, and the moral impetus behind them is salutary and moving. In the deepest sense, Mills was on the right side. He hated inequality and injustice; he sensed the insecurity and emptiness behind what he called the "Overdeveloped Society" and what Tawney, more aptly, called the "Acquisitive Society"; he wanted a democratic society in which the decisions that shape our lives would be taken in the open, after rational debate, by free men. And yet, thanks to a self-destructive and at bottom self-indulgent extremism, he ended by giving comfort to his enemies and embarrassing those who should have been his friends.

David Marquand

Life & Letters Today: I

New York

An Open Letter to James Baldwin

My dear James,

As your old English teacher and literary adviser, I have followed your career with great interest. However, I have been disappointed by your repeated harsh criticisms of New York with nary one good word about us. In Life *you referred to New York as the "most hostile city I've ever been in." In Sunday's* Tribune *you said, "It's always been difficult for me to write in New York—now, it's impossible. I've always hated this city." In* Harper's *in a letter to your agent, you said "People say 'Where are you from?' And it causes me a tiny and resentful effort to say: 'New York—what did I ever do to deserve so ghastly a birthplace?'"*

But I feel your stay at DeWitt Clinton High School from 1938 until 1942 was a happy experience particularly because of your work and contributions to the literary art magazine, the Magpie. *I find that we published nine of your articles—short stories, essays, a play, and poems. You served under Paddy Chayefsky who was editor in 1939, and in 1940, you were appointed a member of the Literary Staff. In 1941, you were promoted to the Editorial Board, where you served with the photographer, Richard Avedon, who I recall was a pal of yours. In 1941, you really became the "big wheel"—Editor in Chief!*

To prove that we of the faculty recognised and promoted your talent, I quote from character cards which three teachers voluntarily wrote and placed in your file:

Feb. 19, 1941—James Baldwin showed outstanding character in unselfish work as Editor of the Magpie. *A talented and modest boy, who will surely go far.* MARCELLA WHALEN

May 21, 1941—James Baldwin was outstanding for his modest, unassuming attitude in a class where he was an intellectual giant.

GERTRUDE LAVERY

May 28, 1941—James Baldwin has contributed brilliant articles to the Magpie *and has also put in many hours of work in reading, suggesting improvements in, and passing judgment on the work of other young writers.* WILMER STONE

Well, I am still adviser to the Magpie *and still proud of you. In our Anniversary Issue last year, we ran a biography of you entitled "Clinton's Native Son" in which we referred to you as one of Clinton's and the* Magpie's *proud boasts. We have just published the Spring 1963 Issue and its theme is New York. As usual, we were completely unaware of the colour or racial backgrounds of our editors who were (to name a few) of Japanese, Negro, Hungarian, Jewish, Irish, Italian, and Puerto Rican extractions. The editorial maintained that "the intellectuals—authors, poets, artists, musicians, thinkers—have built New York City into the greatest social complex on earth." And now may I remind you that you, in 1942, interviewed Countee Cullen for the* Magpie. *This is what you reported:*

"'Have you found,' I asked, 'that there is much prejudice against the Negro in the literary world?'

"Mr. Cullen shook his head. 'No,' he said, 'in this field, one gets pretty much what he deserves.... If you're really something, nothing can hold you back. In the artistic field, society recognises the Negro as an equal and, in some cases, as a superior member.'"

Come now, Jimmy, New York is not completely hostile!! MARCELLA WHALEN

National Review

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LETTERS

Anonymous No More

IN THE POSTSCRIPT to the special issue on Britain [July] Arthur Koestler writes, apropos the prayer repeated at the end of each meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous,[1] that "its source is unknown." In the June 28 issue of the *The Commonweal,* a weekly edited by Catholic laymen in this country, John Cogley says, "The famous prayer of the Alcoholics Anonymous movement, which incidentally was first composed by Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr. . . ." I think the author of the prayer for Alcoholics Anonymous is no longer unknown.

JAMES FINN
Editor, Worldview

New York

Postscript to "Negro Crisis"

WHEN I wrote [ENCOUNTER, August], things were changing minute by minute, and it was difficult for a journalist to think of what might be true or worth saying when the summer was half gone. I note that the *Spectator* that has just arrived here holds the Profumo affair to be an event of "something of the same order" as the Baldwin-Kennedy affair. Poppycock. I just heard that Baldwin intends to take-off for some island to get away from autograph-hunters and lecture-agents. *The Fire Next Time* is a great and powerful document of what looks very much like a revolution; one hopes that his island will be congenial to the production of others like it.

Of the Baldwin-Kennedy affair, the *Spectator* says, "In the light of that signal, everything was suddenly clear; nothing would ever be the same again." The signal that *did* mean something of this sort came from the President on June 11. The administration is now going for broke on civil rights. Up to recently, it had been saving its strength for its economic proposals—tax reduction, area re-development, and various other approaches to the general problem of unemployment. Many people in the administration quite honestly believed that these were more important even for the Negro—or especially for the Negro—than civil-rights bills. ("What good is a de-segregated hamburger stand if you haven't got the price of a hamburger?") Now it has decided to (or been forced to) jeopardise its economic programme for the sake of its civil-rights programme. There is nothing new about the programme the President is now fighting for. As I reported, it was in Congress already and had a chance of passing. What is new is the total and irreversible commitment of the President and the new order of priorities it established. The principal aim of the New Frontier to-day is the opening of movie-houses, motels, snack bars, ranch-house developments, and dress-shops to all persons regardless of, etc. How ridiculous it is to have to say that if it succeeds it will have built a great and lasting monument to itself! Ridiculous but true. It is over these things that the cry for justice is being raised, and from this fact they gain their importance. The administration was wrong in saying that jobs were more important. It is true that the Negroes have vastly more unemployment than anyone else, but unemployment itself is a misery they *share* with whites. They want to share all our miseries, and Kennedy will be a great man if he makes this possible.

Can it be done? There's a good chance certainly. It is hard to say whether it is better or worse than it was a few weeks ago, for his commitment changes so much. His Congressional leaders will be fighting harder than they had planned to fight, and so will their opponents. There can now be no abstentions, no evasions, no deals. He has called it a "moral crisis," and that is what it is, but it may bring on a profound political and economic crisis. If he loses, there will be no monuments of any kind, for he has lessened the chances for the success of his economic programme. It's going to be very hard for a white-supremacist Congressman to support him on anything for quite a while. Within a few hours after his commitment, he lost about thirty Southern votes in the House on a slum-clearance appropriation. The measure was defeated. If the American economy is as desperately in need of Kennedy's anti-recession measures as he claims, then a direct consequence of all this may be a good deal more unemployment. And, in the event of failure, no end of demonstrations and perhaps the fulfilment of Baldwin's predictions about an end to non-violence. (He is perfectly right in pointing out that Dr. King's followers haven't read Gandhi and Tolstoy. They are American to the core and haven't much patience with "un-American ideas.")

But a remarkable commitment has been made. It was late in coming and came not as a *beau geste* but because the arm was twisted beyond political endurance. Still, a moral crisis has been proclaimed, and this is a rare thing for a head of State to do. I do not think I will take back my few words about pride.

RICHARD H. ROVERE

Washington, D.C.

Khrushchev on Culture

ENCOUNTER is to be congratulated for its special pamphlet containing Khrushchev's speech on culture. The perceptive notes and comments make it a specially valuable document, illustrating amply the level of intellectual "sophistication" of the present Soviet leader. It seems to me, however, that perhaps one point not made by your associates still ought to be made. Khrushchev's speech, in

[1] *God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change;*
The courage to change the things I can;
And the wisdom to know the difference.

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my judgment, was not meant primarily for the intellectuals as such but for the Soviet masses. This, I think, is revealed by the extraordinarily crude language, including the references to perverts, used to attack some of the artists; the ridiculous objections to allegorical messages found in some Soviet films; and by the simple-minded prescriptions for "good" art, sculpture, etc. It is doubtful that even in the Soviet Union a prepared speech by a Soviet leader need be as intellectually primitive as was Khrushchev's performance, unless its very crudeness was to serve a special function.

In my view, it was. Khrushchev was appealing primarily not to the intellectual community but to the first generation urban proletarian masses. These masses, as is suggested by some recent studies, are prone to be more orthodox and responsive to doctrinaire appeals than the more established social strata. The Soviet leadership, through its appeals, is thus trying to stimulate social anti-intellectualism (which is not incompatible with respect for scientific-technical competence)—and McCarthy's experience suggests that groups of this sort are not unresponsive to such stimuli.

The Soviet leadership calculates, I suspect, that it can compensate for the relative decline in terror by institutionalising mass social orthodoxy, thereby isolating the dissenting intellectual from the masses while suppressing him from above. In a way, this could involve a repetition for the Russian intellectuals of their experience under the Tsars: pressed from above, they never succeeded in establishing contact with the largely passive and illiterate masses. To-day, the masses are not illiterate but still rather simple-mindedly orthodox. The régime is trying to take political advantage of it, and this was both the import and the purport of Khrushchev's speech.

ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI

Centre Universitaire,
Paris

[Editor's note: The pamphlet referred to above is available from ENCOUNTER, price 3s. 6d. or 50 cents, postage 4d. (5 cents).]

The Reform of the Universities

Some Comments on Annan and Vaizey

FIRSTLY one must salute Noel Annan [ENCOUNTER, May] for saying so clearly and so forcibly what so many of us feel. It is an odd situation that the immense creative abilities both in science and in the humanities at Oxford and Cambridge become totally impotent when faced with the problem of University administration; and that the vast ingenuity of dons should be focused on destructive criticism and not creative enterprise.

Yet, as Annan points out, both Oxford and Cambridge are in essence democracies; he blames their democratic systems for much of the sheer blind conservatism of their practice. This is only half true. The fault partly lies with those liberal forces of which Annan himself is such a shining example. As he must realise, the liberals have done little to further any of his causes in his own University. Every year Cambridge elects its governing bodies; yet unless one has happened to have met the candidates for election, it will be most unlikely that anyone will know their views on any controversial University issue. The system is one of direct democracy, suitable to a tiny University in which everyone knew everyone else, but it is totally unrealistic in the circumstances of present-day Cambridge. If liberal opinion formed an organised party in Cambridge, presented the voters with a declared policy, it would probably sweep the elections. What is needed is for men such as Noel Annan and Sir Eric Ashby to invigorate deliberately the electorate, to make University politics public. And, of course, such a party would have to be prepared to force constitutional as well as political change, to reduce both the power of the colleges and of the faculties.

It is improbable that even with revitalised politics much could be done, but at least minor reforms might be achieved on admissions, teaching methods, and faculty organisation.

More fundamental problems, the relation of colleges to the University, the balance between graduate and undergraduate studies, the administrative and financial structure, and the basic problems of educational policy will have to wait for a Royal Commission. It should be clear to the most optimistic politician or civil servant that neither Oxford nor Cambridge will voluntarily change the nature of their societies. Self-interest will dominate their thinking as it did in the past. However socially necessary change may be, it can only harm the personal position of those who wield power at both Universities—the Fellows of Colleges. Change for them will mean harder work, fewer hidden benefits, less prestige. Proud possessors of privilege never divest themselves. Sooner or later there will have to be a Royal Commission; one can only hope that if there is, the Provost of King's will lead it.

On the wider problems, there is, I think, this to be said. The government's policy of smaller Universities is to be deplored. Universities of ten thousand students would be far more efficient, less costly, and probably more creative than the small-scale Universities of three or four thousand as now planned.

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And like Annan, I would like to see the best features of American Universities applied to the British Universities—a wider education to graduate level, and a new role for graduate studies. This would be much more easily achieved in a large rather than a small University. The sensible evolution of Universities, other than Oxford and Cambridge, does not seem to me to be an insuperable problem; the crux of the difficulties lies in Oxford and Cambridge.

And there will be no solution until someone in authority bares his teeth.

J. H. PLUMB

Cambridge

I FOUND MYSELF in general agreement with Noel Annan's article on The Universities. But he spoke looking out from Cambridge; my own vantage point—I speak from the midst of the first of the seven new universities to open its doors—is naturally somewhat different, and from it I comment on two of his points.

1. *"The universities are in politics whether or not they like it."* When I was in America I used to boast to presidents of American universities of our elegant British machinery for getting Government money for the universities without Government control. The UGC seemed to them—and indeed to me—to be a marvellous example of the pragmatic British genius for finding a way of having one's cake and eating it. The rapidly changing university picture in this country, and the almost certain consequences of whatever the Robbins Committee will eventually say, suggest that this machinery is no longer adequate to serve the needs of British universities. But the problem of getting Government money without being subjected to political control remains. Certain kinds of public control are of course inevitable and desirable. If, however, the Government responds to Robbins with a crash programme of utility higher education, it is important that the voices of those who really know about teaching the young in universities should be heard and listened to. The more our universities attract first-generation students (and they are bound to do so in increasing numbers); the more we discover, as we shall, that whole classes of youngsters who previously never thought of the university can in fact profit by a university education; the more necessary is intensive individual tutorial teaching. Oxbridge, the home of the tutorial system, in a sense needs it least. It is the student from the "culturally impoverished" home, who has not absorbed from his background any notion of reading or studying on his own, who needs tutorial teaching and who will be educationally destroyed if subjected only to the large lecture course. You can't educate new classes of students on the cheap; in fact, the newer the more expensive. How do we solve this problem?

2. *The problem of entrance requirements.* At the University of Sussex, because of our refusal to have subjects organised in separate departments and our organisation in flexible "Schools of Studies," we are able to reduce formal entrance requirements to a minimum. A minimum spread of "O" level subjects and two "A" levels (whether or not the "A" levels include the subject they intend to specialise in at the university) are all we ask for Arts students, except for linguists from whom we have to demand an "A" level in the appropriate language. The problem of "suppressing a department," noted by Mr. Annan as being so difficult, is no problem if you begin a new university with no departments in the first place. This at once simplifies admissions procedures for, as Mr. Annan also observes, it is not university but departmental requirements that cause the trouble. To reduce formal entrance requirements to a minimum is not to lower your standards; it may well be to raise them. One ceases to look for the often bogus sophistication in prematurely taken university work done in the VI Form at the expense of a more widely ranging genuine education, and looks instead for intellectual curiosity, breadth of reading, and ability to relate to each other separately acquired bits of knowledge. All this involves the problem of VI Form studies, the nature of the GCE examination, and the old argument about too early specialisation at school. These problems are closely connected with the structure of the university curriculum. The University of Sussex, with its "contextual" and "bridge" subjects surrounding its "core" subjects studied in depth, offers one way of solving complexities of entrance requirements and at the same time of encouraging a more educationally helpful curriculum in the upper forms of schools. It is the universities that must give the lead here: the schools are waiting for them.

DAVID DAICHES

University of Sussex, Brighton

AMONG THE VARIOUS ARGUMENTS that are put forward for expanding our universities more rapidly than in the past one of the most common is that other countries including France have a relatively larger university population than our own. This argument is to be found in *Signposts for the Sixties*. It is also the opinion of Mr. John Vaizey, one of the authors of the Taylor Report on Higher Education. In the July number of ENCOUNTER Mr. Vaizey wrote: "The universities [in France] will have half a million students in 1970. The whole organisation of this expansion, which has been superb, has taken place against a background of phenomenally rising birth rates. It seems that, earlier than the British, the post-war French decided to reorganise education effectively and well."

Mr. Vaizey's remarks are so bold and sweeping that one feels that one would be as bold and sweeping oneself if one were to say that they are untrue. I suspect, however, that he has very few qualifications for making them if only because he says so little in his article about the kind of education which the majority of French students receive. Do French universities provide, as Mr. Vaizey and others argue, a model which we should imitate? Whether they do or not it is important that we should know more about them than he himself tells us.

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London

IN THE VAST *amount of sociological literature at present being published the formulae "X and Society" and "The Sociology of X" are by far the most popular sellers. But so far I have not been able to find any book on "Ice Cream Vans and Society," or more specifically "The Sociology of Ice Cream Chimes." This I set out to rectify. The hypothesis to be tested was: that ice cream chimes will follow distinct patterns according to the social class predominant in certain neighbourhoods, and further, that the specific type of chime will reflect the cultural background of the inhabitants of these neighbourhoods. Most of the evidence was collected in four distinctly one-class areas of Sheffield, but the study also includes evidence from London.*

NEW SOCIETY

London

"NEWSPAPERS, *especially those which are edited by long-haired journalists, might exercise reasonable care as to whom they employ." I quote from Lord Morrison of Lambeth, speaking on Monday in the House of Lords.*

I'm afraid that Lord Morrison, if he still thinks that editors, artists, and intellectuals are long-haired, is about 30 years out of date. The men who are now wearing their hair long are: (1) pop singers (long back and sides); (2) satirists (quiffs and fringes); and (3) hairdressers and advertising executives (beards).

Intellectuals, nonconformist as ever, now wear their hair neatly cropped. DAILY MAIL

London

GENTLEMAN *would like to contact company who might be interested in entertaining business friends to salmon fishing, grouse or stag shooting on his Scottish estate, in exchange for a position within that company.—[Personal ad.]*

THE TIMES

FOR SOME WRITERS, *their home is their world. What I wanted was that the whole world should be my home. This is why I was so drawn to visit every corner of my country. And why I was drawn beyond her frontiers. I wrote:*

Frontiers are in my way.
It's awkward
Not to know Buenos Aires
or New York.
I want to knock about
as much as I need in London.
I want to talk to everyone,
even if in pidgin,
I want to strap-hang like a kid
through morning Paris.

EVGENI EVTUSHENKO *in*
A Precocious Autobiography

Prague

SARTRE *has pleaded for the "de-militarisation" of Kafka: one should cease to try and drag Kafka into the cold war and simply accept him or reject him on his own merits. But before that, one very important pre-condition has to be fulfilled. One has to see to it that not even the most ghastly Kafkian visions of bureaucratic chicanery and cruelty can in any way be identified with conditions in our own country.*

LITERARNI NOVINY

Peking

"THE *race question is in essence a class question."*
—Mao Tse-Tung, August 8th, 1963.

PEKING REVIEW

London

BERTRAND RUSSELL, *the philosopher, said to-day that the number of American negroes killed by torture, murder and maltreatment in the last 300 years exceeded the Nazi death toll. The statement was contained in a message to the civil rights march on Washington.*

"The number of Negroes who have died through torture, lonely murder and systematic maltreatment in this period without doubt is in excess of those killed by the Nazis in the course of their unparalleled barbarism in Europe," the 91-year-old philosopher said.

Ralph Schoenman, Lord Russell's secretary, said that the philosopher was including in his comparison the "countless numbers of Negroes who died in the slave traffic."

A total of 333,500 Negro slaves were imported into the United States up to 1808, according to figures in "An American Dilemma" by Gunnar Myrdal. The 20th anniversary edition of the book, published in 1962 by Harper & Row, estimates that at least a half million more Negroes were smuggled into the country between 1808—when the slave trade became illegal under the Constitution—and 1860. Thus, more than 800,000 Negroes were brought to the United States in the slave trade.

As to mortality in the trade, Mr. Myrdal writes: "Available evidence is contradictory as to the extent of mortality during the period from the seizure of slaves in Africa to their ultimate sale in America. The old standard evidence pointed to a death rate as high as five-sixths of all Negroes captured. Some recent sources of information, however, mention a mortality as low as 13 per cent."

Although the Negro mortality rate in the South during slavery was higher than the whites, there are no reliable estimates of the number of slave deaths attributed to maltreatment. Mr. Schoenman said that he did not have any figure for the number of Negroes who died in this manner.

The comparable Nazi death toll, not including military deaths, has been estimated at more than 6,000,000 persons. NEW YORK TIMES

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It is true that the total number of students registered in France is far higher than in Great Britain. This is inevitable since the fees are the equivalent of a few pounds a year and the entrance qualifications are simply the two *baccalauréats*. It is also true, however, that, despite the post-war expansion, university installations and facilities have expanded at a far slower rate, while the total number of university teachers is still smaller than in this country. Perhaps Mr. Vaizey has never encountered in the Paris streets one of the processions of scientists led by professors in academic dress protesting against the hopelessly inadequate provision of laboratories and laboratory equipment. Perhaps too he has never tried to work in one of the libraries of the Sorbonne. In Paris, Lyon, and Bordeaux the universities have their own broadcasting stations, partly to cater for those students who live a long way out and partly because of the difficulty of finding room for the students in the lecture amphitheatres. These and the institution of the *année de propédeutique* are the only two post-war measures I can think of to which Mr. Vaizey may be referring when he talks of the measures that have been taken to deal with the consequences of the rising birth rate. The *propédeutique* is a first year examination introduced ten years ago in an attempt to *curb* expansion before it became completely out of control.

Mention of these difficulties, however, does not constitute an argument against the expansion of our own universities. Though they are inadequately staffed and financed we can at least assume, together with Mr. Vaizey and others, that French universities are more democratic than our own and less exclusive. Or can we? The example which they offer suggests that the expansion of student numbers does not necessarily achieve this result. What it does show is that when numbers are expanded academic qualifications tend to lose their value, irrespective of whether academic standards are maintained. Consequently it takes longer for the student to earn some recognisable and recognised distinction and it becomes more important that he should receive private financial support.

After he has registered at a university the French student finds himself very much on his own. He can take his examinations more or less when he likes, it is unlikely that he will receive any kind of individual guidance from a university teacher and though he will eat in a state-subsidised restaurant and may have a room in a *Cité Universitaire* he will be totally free from the various kinds of academic solicitude which make the life of an English student seem by contrast like that of an older pupil at an enlightened public school. The only students who receive individual guidance comparable to that which an English student receives are those who, after their *baccalauréats*, stay on in certain *lycées* in the special classes in which they can prepare for the highly competitive entrance examinations for the *Grandes Ecoles* and those in the *Grandes Ecoles* themselves. Those who enter these institutions are a tiny percentage of the number of students who go up every year to Oxford and Cambridge and their prestige is as a result far greater than that of any English university.

UNDERSTANDABLY, given such conditions the failure rate at French universities is far higher than in England, while at the same time the generally accepted value of some of the old university degrees has been lowered. The *licence*, which is still officially recognised as the equivalent of an English B.A. or B.Sc. is not now a qualification for a permanent post in a *lycée* or an *école normale*. In order to qualify for this it is necessary to pass one of the two competitive state examinations, the *agrégation* or the C.A.P.E.S. In order to pass even the C.A.P.E.S., the easier of these two, students may have to work for four or five years. During most of this time they will receive grants far smaller than those which most English students receive (admittedly the fees are smaller too) and often in return for the services they render as *pions* (clerks and maintainers of discipline) in schools which, if they are lucky, are reasonably near the university at which they study.

When I was a *lecteur* at Clermont-Ferrand a number of students would come in once a week from towns thirty or forty miles away. In order to arrive in time for the eight o'clock lectures and prose classes they would have to set out in the early hours of the morning. It is the difficulty of surviving financially and without parental help which explains why relatively few working class men and women attempt to last out in the *chasse aux certificats*. This may also be why the French teaching profession in both *lycées* and universities tends to be recruited from the middle classes.

Can one generalise about the kind of education which French students receive? Can one compare French standards with English? This is the kind of generalisation which it is most difficult to make and for which no statistical evidence exists or possibly could exist. Perhaps this is why the subject is so rarely broached by those who none the less point to French universities as a model. I certainly have no statistical information to prove my case, but I have studied and taught for five years in various French universities and I have also taught for five years in an English provincial university.

My own general impression, and it is a fairly consistent one, is that in the two subjects which I feel qualified to talk about French universities are academically inferior to our own at the level at which they are supposed to offer instruction equivalent to that given in an English B.A. Honours course. This is yet another consequence of the size of the university population and also of the fact that many of the students are only formally qualified for a higher education. The French lecturer confronted by his terrifyingly large audience tends on the whole to be more painstaking than his English counterpart in the preparation of his *cours*. He is also a much more accomplished public performer. Yet partly because of his awe-inspiring remoteness and partly because of the demands of acoustics and the consequent note of ringing confidence which he is compelled to strike with majestic regularity his judgments and opinions are regarded with an uncritical deference which to the Englishman can seem appalling.

It is the uncritical attitude both towards his subject and towards those who teach it which is

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one of the most striking characteristics of the French university student. It is seen in the eagerness with which the lecture notes of *Monsieur un tel*, duplicated and distributed by the local branch of the Students' Union, are passed from hand to hand. It is one of the more unfortunate aspects of the general reverence for the academic and the intellectual for which the French have always been admired and envied.

Uncritical deference to the academic and academic authoritarianism are both strengthened by the concentration of virtually all control over university life in the hands of the Ministry of Education. The *agrégation* is the same throughout France and its examiners are approved by the Ministry. In the English *agrégation* eight texts are prescribed every year to represent English literature over the centuries. These have included in recent years *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, *A Phoenix Too Frequent*, and the essays of Charles Lamb. A controversial choice, to put it mildly, but the controversy, if there was one, was confined to the small jury appointed by the authorities in Paris. I certainly don't wish to suggest that our own universities are in every way superior to the French and that we have nothing to learn from them. But we certainly have no reason to envy them for the way in which they are organised from the capital. Nor have we any reason to envy them for their size. In this respect French universities could serve as a warning to a future English Minister of Education.

GEOFFREY STRICKLAND

University of Reading

"Suicide of a Nation?"

YOUR RATHER TRYING ISSUE on Suicide of a Nation (trying because I happen to be a British economist working in Paris—an experience which, if interesting, is intensely unpleasant and evokes the most Anglophile sentiments) places a disproportionate emphasis on economic growth as the cure for Britain's ills. Austen Albu even goes as far as suggesting that such growth "is the essential basis for a liberal and humane society."

Compared with that of the French, it seems to me that incontestably the British do have a liberal and humane society—a society in which there is effective respect for and freedom of the individual. It is also incontestably apparent that there has been little economic growth in Britain. On the other hand, France is a country which has apparent economic growth (the economy remains dependent on official pump-priming); but it is also a country which has an authoritarian government complete with the rudiments of a police state and a people who appear to me to positively shun social responsibility, who are (please note, Mr. Shonfield) impolite, vicious and aggressive in their anonymous day-to-day intercourse.

I am not yet convinced that in order to have economic growth a society must be uncivilised, *i.e.* be aggressive, vicious, and neither liberal nor humane, but the comparison does seem to point in this direction. Michael Shanks might want to sacrifice British "social justice" and "fair play" for national efficiency. Perhaps they are not mutually exclusive. I doubt it. If a choice has to be made, Mr. Shanks should study the trappings of French growth from closer before deciding to jettison those liberal and humane assets which make Britain such a civilised country.

S. E.

Paris

I DO NOT feel we have to wait for Mr. Koestler's prophecies to precipitate our doom. The era of mass holidays is doing it for us. Our crowded island, made even more so by demographic pressure and the increase in autos (for one new birth add twelve feet of road space for a future ecological account) is at a point where, if we all went like lemmings to the sea, we could enjoy a massive, collective suicide. According to a recent statistic in *New Society*, if all of us in England and Wales claimed a space at the coast at the same time, we would each get a strip 3½ inches across—that is, if we held our breath. Once we let go, poof goes the nation.

FREDERIC LEPLAY

London

Marilyn Monroe

THE PREDICAMENT of a pretty woman who is afraid of growing old is always a sad one. Yet many women have been able to come to terms with it, including a number of Hollywood actresses. Some of the most talented of these were probably at least as neurotic as Marilyn Monroe [Diana Trilling's article, ENCOUNTER, August], and as isolated in their troubles, but were in possession of a quality she may have lacked—the capacity to endure.

Great entertainers—and Marilyn Monroe, as well as being a charming and innocent "child-woman" with the ability to enchant, was obviously one of them—have always captured the imagination of their audiences, particularly when they act out in their private lives the fantasies of masses of emotionally frustrated people. But one becomes uneasy at the intense romanticism that seems to be projected nowadays on to certain film stars by writers of distinguished intelligence. Bardot and Monroe have both been the subject of sensitive and perceptive studies by mythmakers apparently in search of some goddess of the feminine.

One suspects that the cult of the Virgin Mary evolved in the Roman Catholic Church to meet the same kind of psychological needs. But, by comparison with some other contemporary manifestations of this need for heroine worship, the Catholic version appears dignified—and even rather sophisticated.

PATRICIA DUNCAN

St. Margaret's-on-Thames, Middlesex

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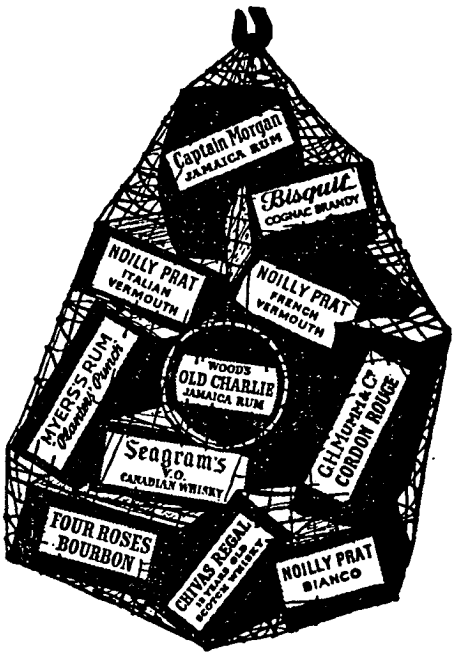
Cover design by **Colin Banks** and **John Miles.**



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The editorial and business offices of ENCOUNTER are at 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1. A stamped addressed envelope (English stamp) or international reply coupons should accompany MSS, otherwise they cannot be returned. For subscription details please see page 1.

ENCOUNTER is published by Martin Secker & Warburg Ltd., 14 Carlisle Street, London, W.1. for THE CONGRESS FOR CULTURAL FREEDOM, 104 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris 8, France. PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: Denis de Rougemont. SECRETARY-GENERAL: Nicolas Nabokov.

The views expressed in the pages of ENCOUNTER *are to be attributed to the writers, not the sponsors*

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES

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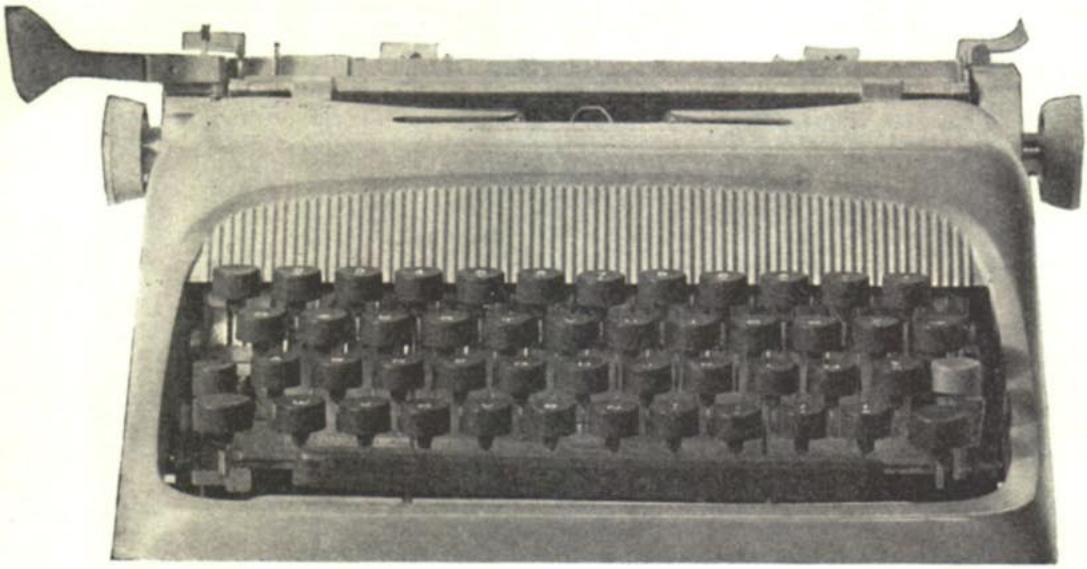

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